

PUNCH

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PUNCH.

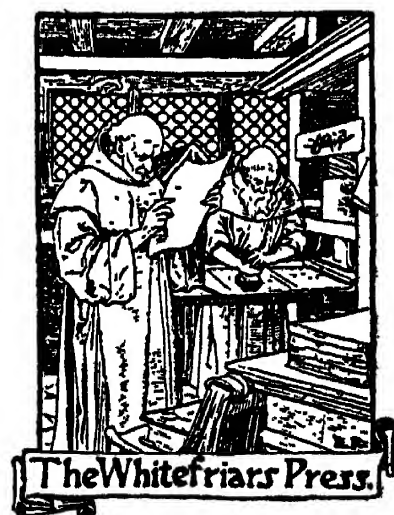


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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, DECEMBER 25, 1907



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A WELL-WASHED ISLE.

TRUE native of the ocean, whence
You suddenly (as songs allege) rose,
My theme, Britannia, is the dense
Green—like a newly-painted fence—
That garnishes your hedge-rows.

How often, blinded by the dust
That held some Gallic spa in bondage,
Impressionable tourists, just
Returning from a week-end bust,
Have wept to see your frondage!

The southern olive, silver-gray,
The palm that in our boyhood gripped
us,
Have they the spell of English may,
Of hawthorn and of rose? Not they!
(Nor has the eucalyptus).

Men who have seen the mango-trick,
Or laid their heads on lotus-pillows,
Of sugar-cane and chutney sick,
Are penetrated to the quick
By rows of pollard willows.

But, England, if a fame that stands
Still where it did, I can't demolish,
There's some excuse for foreign lands
Whose leaves are sere, while local
brands
Retain their bootlike polish.

The glorious green that glads our eye,
And gives exotic leaves a drubbing,
Is due to what the Fates deny
To woods beneath an alien sky—
Interminable tubbing!

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

VI.—IS GREAT BRITAIN LOSING HER SUPREMACY?

MUCH time had elapsed since I last consulted PRENDERBY as to the right opinion to be formed on the trend of affairs. The annals of Parliament had been dull to the point of boredom, and I only cared to intrude upon him at moments of crisis. But now so dark and heavy a cumulus of clouds had piled itself across the face of the national sun, attracting the notice of the more observant among our half-penny newspapers, that I felt bound to call and inquire if he had anything to offer me by way of a silver lining.

"Things," I said to him, "are looking very black for the supremacy of the Old Country. Within the past few weeks the championships of Tennis and Golf have gone to America and France respectively; at Ascot, in competition with *The White Knight* (chess was never our strong point), a French horse came near to securing one half of the missing Gold Cup; and now, to crown all, the South Africans have vanquished our Champion County by a margin of no fewer than two runs!"

"You have stated the facts," said PRENDERBY, with an air of concession. "It is true that in M. MASSEY we have a Basque who can push a small white pellet into 72 consecutive holes with greater craft than any living Briton. It is true that Mr. J. GOULD, on a meat diet, has hit balls along the top of a penthouse rather faster than the best of our home vegetarians. The rest is also true, and you might have added that in the soft-ball department of Tennis there is every prospect, at the time of speaking, that the palm will be lifted by a representative of the Antipodes."

"England!"—I interposed passionately—"England! with all thy Tennis-faults I love thee still."

"But," continued PRENDERBY, "I view these signs of the times with resignation. I grant that the old *Panem et Circenses*!—Give us our Big Loaf and our Spectacle!—is still the cry of Democracy. If my friend Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY will accept the compliment, this is peculiarly the age of Free Food and *The Spectator*. The spirit of the looker-on is with us, and we shall soon engage none but the best gladiators from overseas to make sport before us. Yet there are many forms of activity in which we preserve, and even extend, our supremacy. Thus——"

"The Old Country," I said, "still retains the Draughts Championship."

"Thus," resumed PRENDERBY, "it has long been our boast that, for our size and the magnitude of interests at stake, we have the smallest army in the world; and to-day its dimensions are appreciably smaller."

"When it comes to ridiculing the necessity for self-sacrifice in defence of our national honour we stand unrivalled. No other country, placed as we are, approaches our standard in this particular."

"Again, we contrive to subsist on more meat and fewer ideas than any other known race of civilised beings."

"No people takes so keen a delight in a national sport in which a single game requires three whole days before you can arrive at an indecision."

"Can you cite any other country where it is impossible to walk out-of-doors without colliding with an historical pageant?"

"Where is the Ideal of The People's Will so fixed in principle and so volatile in practice?"

"Has any free nation produced a Labour Party that is less distracted from its private ends by the disturbing claims of the public good?"

"Finally, in what sane country have the People's Elect shown a more overwhelming majority in favour of reducing the Second Chamber to a condition of impotence?"

"I do not wish," concluded PRENDERBY, with a fine touch of modesty—"I do not wish to appear swollen-headed, but I confess that I cannot contemplate my country's place among the nations without a pardonable satisfaction. Surely we can afford to let a few barbaric trophies go, if in the highest qualities of head and heart we still remain supreme."

"You console me enormously," I replied. "I shall not despair even though the Grass Tennis Championship is filched by an Australian. I leave your presence very sanguine about our Island's future." O. S.

TO THE FIRST CATCH.

IN IMMEDIATE PROSPECT.

COME not as, if I recollect aright,
You came last year, with sudden-soaring flight
Rising, and falling from a monstrous height,

Where I (that am not fond of fielding deep
Thus early), struck all over of a heap,
Watched with pained eyes, and gauged your downward
[sweep,

And raised beseeching hands to clutch you round,
Whence you escaped, and with one mad rebound
Insanely dashed yourself upon the ground.

Not from the bat's edge come, with that weird swerve
By golfers called the slice, whose double curve
Foil the keen eye and shocks the high-strung nerve;

Nor in the slips approach me, with a spin
That grinds you from the palm before you're in;
And oh, if straight I stand, or square, or thin,

Whate'er my post, in whatsoever wise
You come, I trust I may at least devise
Some plausible excuse, if need should rise.

That either I may urge: "Good Such-an-one,
Almost I had it, but I was undone
By the surpassing glory of the Sun";

Or haply, "See, how slippery lies the grass!
How dark yon tree, wherein the ball did pass
Clean from my ken! Good Captain," or "Alas,

Good Bowler, blame me not; such happening
Had foiled the most elect; our very King
(God bless him!) would have missed the rotten thing."

And, if this dread ordeal must needs befall;
If I see no excuse, however small,
Likely to serve; why then, confound it all,

Come in no gentle shape; but come, and be
The Catch Impossible—too fierce to see,
Too far to reach—it makes no odds to me!

That I, with one wild leap upon the sward,
May stretch a hand (the left for choice) and lord!
May find you sticking of your own accord

Warm in the palm; and, after one hushed sigh,
Rabble and connoisseur alike shall cry,
"A Miracle! A Miracle!"—while I

Lightly may toss you from me, with an air
Of one that holds so trivial an affair
Mere commonplace; or, even if my prayer

Lack fulness, if this glory be denied,
I yet may gleam a melancholy pride
In the condoning tribute of, "Well tried!"

DUM-DUM.



THE HOUSE OF PEACE.

PEACE. "ALWAYS GLAD TO LEND MY HOUSE FOR A GOOD CAUSE. STILL, THEY MIGHT PERHAPS HAVE ASKED ME TO JOIN THEM. BUT EVIDENTLY, IT'S MY ROOM THEY WANT, AND NOT MY COMPANY."



INVITATIONS WITH AN OBJECT.

THE COUNTESS OF BROKELEIGH AT HOME, WEDNESDAY, JULY, 3, 4.30—7. BROKELEIGH HOUSE, BELGRAVE SQUARE. Admission £5 5s. Od.

IN A NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE CALL: A ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION.

"I SHOULD have come earlier only I was not quite sure which of us came to this part first. I had an idea that it was you, but my husband says that we moved in two days before you. Still your curtains were up before ours, and I know you had water first, because we borrowed some. Still it doesn't really matter, and if I have made a mistake you will forgive me, won't you? My husband and I are so unconventional.

"Has any one else called on you, I wonder? No doubt they will. There are some very nice people here—very nice. Mrs. BELLINGHAM is certain to come, because Mr. BELLINGHAM is the doctor, and she calls on everyone—makes a point of it. Do you play croquet? Because she'll want you to play; but that's very dull, isn't it? Golf-croquet is just possible; but the real game—too tiring altogether.

"And Miss LYE will be sure to call. She is quite charming—such a dear, but a little peculiar, perhaps. You must not mind her odd ways. She

knew MORRIS and that set, you know. After a while one gets quite used to her. She's a Buddhist, too, you know—such a charming religion if one can really believe in it.

"Then there are the new people at Hillside. I don't know them yet, but I hear they're very nice. He's a barrister. I am told she was the daughter of Sir THOMAS BOND the engineer. Their children are perhaps a little too noisy, but—

"No, no sugar, thank you. Yes, cream.

"The Vicar's wife of course you have had here? A little bit masterful, perhaps, but very well-meaning. A distant relation of Mr. HALDANE, I have heard. But if I'd known the church was so low I doubt if we should have come here at all; we thought very seriously of Raynes Park. Tom—my husband—you see, plays golf every Sunday, so the service matters nothing to him. Poor fellow, he works so hard during the week that I can't object. Perhaps when DORIS and GUY are a little older he will have to be more careful.

"I doubt if you will see anything of the FULLERTONS. They live at that odd house,

The Shelf. Mrs. PLUM declares they're Atheists, but I hope not, because their little girls look so nice, and they are just about GUY and DORIS's age. Only Free-thinkers, I hope. He's a writer, I believe, though I know nothing about his books.

"The county people probably won't call. This is one of the most snobbish neighbourhoods in England, I am told. Not that they're any loss; but, after all, society must hold together. They think of nothing but motoring and bridge and their own set.

"No, no more tea, thank you.

"I suppose you are quite finished settling in now. I wonder what sort of a range your landlord gave you. Ours is a Phoenix—most excellent.

"I wonder if Mr. — ah — Mr. — if your husband plays tennis. My husband is very keen, and we have a lawn which will be quite good in a year or two.

"You have the *Sketch*, I see. We take the *Tatler*. I wonder if you would care to exchange? But they're just alike, aren't they?

"Thank you. Oh, don't get up. Good-bye."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

IN THE MOVEMENT.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Darling *Pom-Pom* was At Home yesterday from 4 to 5.30. His invite cards were things of joy. The dearest, weeniest things, cream and gold, with his monogram and crest in colours. A crowd of his little friends came (at least, perhaps I oughtn't to say *friends*, for the angel tried to bite them whenever they got near enough), and the yellow drawing-room was like the Agricultural Hall during a dog show. WEE-WEE brought her lovely little Siamese spaniel—a triumph of breeding, my dear; it can hardly walk or see! No big doggies were *invited*, but BOSK brought his champion St. Bernard, *Charlemagne*. The dear old boy was very good, and sat as grave as a judge (as people *used* to say, before judges became professional funny men) till refreshments appeared, when he annexed his own share and the shares of all his neighbours. There was a holy scrim among the tiny people, and amid wailing and gnashing of teeth, BOSK took *Charlemagne* away waving his tail and licking his chops.

People are telling a funny little story of the Duchess of DUNSTABLE'S last dance. It was as well done as *she* ever does anything; there was adequate provision of sitting-out nooks and places where you can say just whatever occurs to you; and when dancing began the rooms were full. But gradually the dancers thinned down so that people wondered. Were they going on somewhere else? No. Were they sitting out? Oh, *dear*, no! Sitting out isn't good enough now. What do you think had happened? My dear, half the girls and their partners were off for a spin in autocabs. Some of them didn't get back till supper, and had been miles and miles into the country. We're getting on, aren't we? Old DUNSTABLE, I hear, put on her best Sunday frown (her own demure CUCKOO was among the culprits, if you please, with a *perfectly* ineligible partner), and said severely, "If this sort of thing is to obtain, it will be sheer waste of money to engage a band." *C'est bien elle, n'est-ce pas?*

There's been a story going about since Ascot that Mrs. BULLION-BOUNDERMERE has split with her bear-leader because she couldn't get the new woman a card for the Royal Enclosure. Mrs. B.-B. said it was in the bond. Lady LACKSILLER said it wasn't. So there are rows and rumours of rows.

Limerick Teas are a good deal in the air just now. But you ought to

be careful as to the people you ask. There are *lots* who *can't* be made to see the dif between an ordinary verse and a Limerick. I had a very successful Limerick Tea last week, and gave prizes for the best ones. NORTY got the first prize, as his was generally considered to deserve it. Here it is:—

"Oh, Limerick Teas are a bore,
And the cup that once cheered is no more,
For we're all looking down,
With a Limerick frown,
And searching for rhymes on the floor."

That reminds me, I must tell you a pretty thing the Yankee boy CLINTON VANDOLLARBILT said to me the other day. I was ragging him about his national spelling, dropping a letter out of words like "favour," "parlour," and so on. "Well," he said, "I guess you've converted me *some*, Mrs. MULTIMILL, for I'll always think in future that *parlour* looks best with *u* in it, anyway."

Pageants are raging all over the country, and I feel that London *ought* to be in the movement, so I'm organising one, in which I shall take the chief part myself. I asked a lot of people to find some *reason* for a London Pageant just now, and BOSK TRESYLLYAN (he's awfully clever and well read) said he thought it was on a Monday in July one or two thousand years ago that BOADICEA took London away from the Romans. So *there's* my Pageant! BOADICEA with her hair down (my hair is past my waist, you know, and waves naturally), a golden circlet round her head, big gold bracelets on her upper arms, going on a triumphal car to give thanks for her victory. The Pageant will start from Hyde Park Corner and go right to the Mansion House, where a thanksgiving service with Druid rites will be held. It will come back by another route. We shall wind up with a dinner and dance. BABS and WEE-WEE and BERYL CLARGES all say it's *quite* enough for me to do all the organising, and that they can't let me sacrifice myself by doing BOADICEA as well. They're each of them *quite* willing to do it. But I said No, I meant to go through with it all. And they turned positively *catty*, my dear. The defeated Roman General, SUET—something, ought to be in the Pageant, but I can't get anyone to do him. NORTY has the right features, but he says he wouldn't care to be "part of a rareeshow." That's just like the men, as I told him; they won't endure being stared at, even for a good cause. Now, I'm prepared to endure all the staring quite patiently.

"Oh, well, *you're* in training," he said; "you're *used* to stares—whole flights of them. But what's the *Cause* in this particular case?"

"Why," I said, "to teach Londoners about their City. To make them love History."

"With *you* representing History," he answered, "we shall all find that only too easy." He's an absurd boy. I'm up to the eyes in preparations. The best of a far-off period is that one has quite a free hand as to costume. The triumphal car is designed, and I'm choosing my British courtiers and Roman captives. I never felt so happy about anything.

Miss JERMYN was married on Tuesday. The old dear evidently thought "Better late than never." She's one of the best, and a big crowd of us went to St. Agatha's to give her a shove off. The bridegroom, General DODDERIDGE, is enormously old (he was in the charge at Balaklava, or the Old Guard at Waterloo, or something) and didn't seem quite to know what they were doing with him; but the wedding went with a roar. The bride, who looked delightfully ugly, was married in her racing colours, and a *deliciously* original bridesmaid waited modestly for her in the porch—her celebrated filly *Give-'em-beans*, in a big, white sash, with a posy of orange-blossom tied round her neck. Isn't that lovely?

Toujours à toi,

BLANCHE.

CHARIVARIA.

THE American memento craze is being taken up by our own countrymen. On the occasion of the King's Garden Party a number of distinguished guests lost valuable watches in the crush at the station.

"War," says an eminent military man, "will not be abolished until something is invented so deadly as to make it impossible." But could anything, we would ask, be more deadly than the War Office?

News of the wild state of excitement prevailing in every part of the country in regard to the Resolution against the House of Lords has been crowded out of all our newspapers.

"I know of no wiser maxim of behaviour than 'Love me, and tell me so,'" said Mr. BIRRELL at the Pilgrims' luncheon to MARK TWAIN. Irish papers please copy.

"City Clerk" writes to point out a simple means by which employers may

escape liability under the new Compensation Act. The Act only applies to persons receiving a salary of less than £250 a year. A word is enough for the wise.

Intense satisfaction is expressed in canine circles at the news that the President of the Board of Agriculture has at last appointed a Committee of distinguished medical men with a view to discovering a preventive for distemper. By this step the Government has done much to recover the popularity which they lost over the Dogs Act. It is hoped that even if no preventive can be discovered means will be found to put a stop to the immunity of cats from the disease.

The dairymen are indignant at the "Bad Milk" campaign which has been started against them. They declare that the matters complained of are not the fault of the milk but of the impurity of our water supply.

A wonderful cricketing feat seems to have escaped the notice of all the newspapers except our good friend *The Daily News*. "Notts," says our enterprising little contemporary, "defeated Northamptonshire, Leicestershire (twice), and Essex all in two days."

In view of the decision to which the L.C.C. came last week an old lady writes to say that she hopes we shall not have the disgusting spectacle of Living Statues begging in the streets.

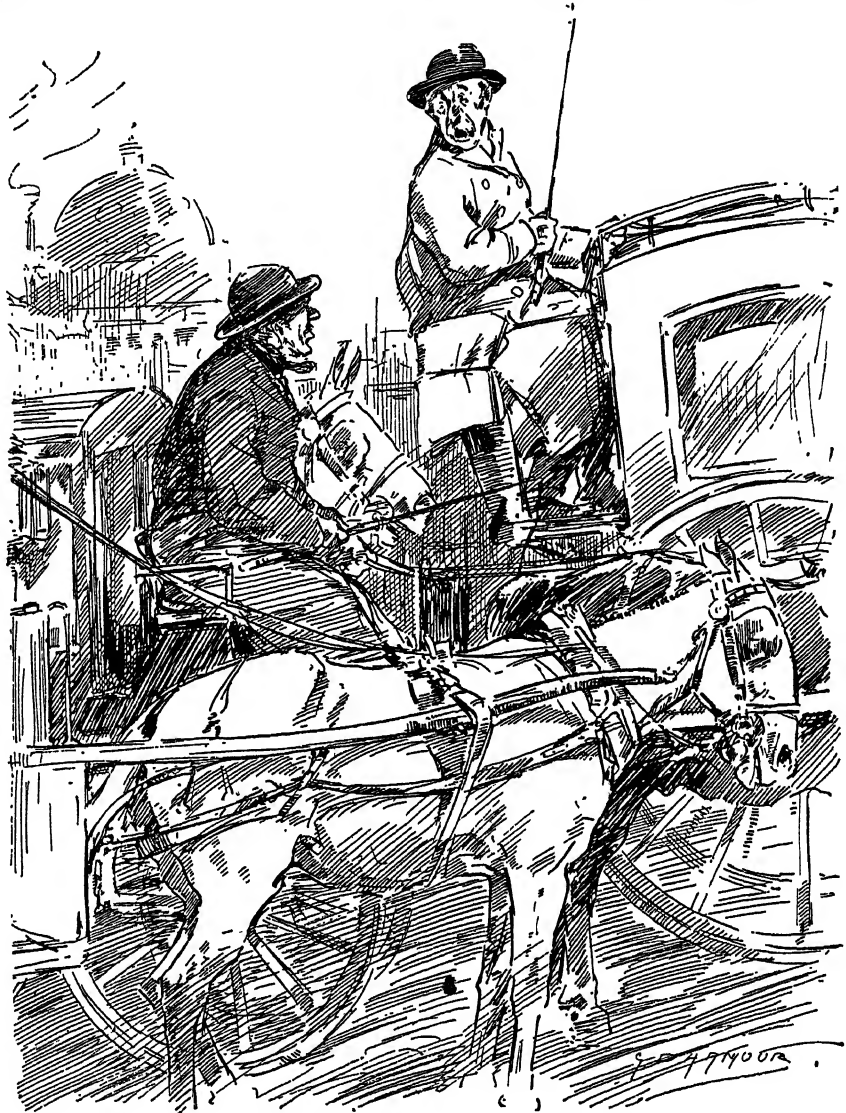
It is reported that a liner is to be built a foot longer than the last Cunarder. Once more we ask, Why not build one which will reach from England to America?

Close on the news that some valuable jewellery has been returned to its owner by a burglar comes a report that the GERMAN EMPEROR is contemplating the restoration of Kiao Chau to China.

Autres pays, autres mœurs. The band of the Coldstream Guards has been fêted at Boulogne. Dispatches from Adrianople report that a Bulgarian band of six men has been destroyed by Turkish troops. The Concert of Europe is not yet perfect.

It is refreshing to find that classical study is not neglected by the modern newspaper man. *The Daily News* informed its readers that the stolen Ascot Cup was "oviform or egg-shaped."

The L.C.C. steamboats have been attracting fewer customers than ever, and it is suggested that with a view to



"THE RETORT COURTEOUS."

Old Cabdriver (at the end of a somewhat heated argument). "I KNOW WOT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU—THE WIND'S GOT IN THAT 'OLE IN YER 'EAD AND SET YER TONGUE WAGGIN'."

obtaining more passengers the fact that there is no crowding on these boats shall be advertised.

A correspondent has written to *The Times* begging that dogs may be allowed to travel on the Tubes. The shape of these new tunnels would certainly seem to be especially adapted to the convenience of dachshunds.

How to Brighten Cricket.

The New Method of Scoring, with personal notes on each player:—

"Mr. G. G. Napier, no tout 10."—*Daily Mail*.

Old Metaphors brought up-to-date.

"The speaker maintained that Friday's ceremony was to be the pill which was to gild over the rotten fabric."—*Jersey Evening Post*.

Boys, as is well known, will eat anything; but this from the prospectus of the "Secondary Schools Camp" surprises us a little:—

"There will be a well-supplied canteen where wholesome delicacies beloved of boys—bootlaces, bathing drawers, bicycle oil, &c., &c.,—can be purchased at reasonable prices."

Meteorological Note.

"On the other side of the line a youthful batsman of sixteen summers was engaged in making a name for himself. . . Hill was at that time 18 years old."—*Captain*.

He seems to have missed a brace of summers. Probably in England.

The striking success of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's motion has not been without its effect abroad. We read in *The Standard* that:—

"According to a correspondent of *El Liberal*, a resolution in Portugal is imminent."

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

AMONGST those who render faithful service and display a peculiar type of virtues engendered and produced by their occupation, the Boatmen of our great rowing clubs must always have a conspicuous and an honourable place. It has been my privilege in the course of a considerable space of life devoted to carsmanship to meet many of these Boatmen on terms of cordial friendship. For me they have repaired boats, rasped oars, adjusted stretchers, or altered the height of riggers. Together we have launched the frail shells of cedar which are known as racing boats. I have listened to their criticism of crews and their varied memories of a past which always outshone in its brilliancy the feeble glimmer of the shifting present, and having thus passed many pleasant hours in their company I am qualified, I believe, to write of them as they deserve.

Amongst these Boatmen two must have their special niche in the temple of aquatic fame. I speak of the late WILLIAM ASPLEN, who for innumerable years acted as Boatman to the Cambridge University Boat Club, and of TOM TIMS, who is still, as it were, the living embodiment of all that a Boatman to the Oxford University Boat Club could ever hope to be. Since I first met BILL ASPLEN I have twice fulfilled the *grande mortalis avi spatium* of which the Roman historian speaks. Indeed, it is close upon thirty-three years since I first set eyes upon his pleasant face, as he went about his work in the yard adjoining the poor shed in which the Cambridge Club then housed its boats. He wore a light-blue ribbon round his battered straw hat, and freshmen looked upon him with an awe for which his genial manners and his affable address gave but little warrant. Later on I came to know him well, and, though reverence perhaps diminished, affection certainly increased in the process. I do not think he had ever been very young. Imagination indeed could not well conceive him other than he was, and age as it advanced seemed to make no difference to him. He could always combine two apparently contradictory articles of belief, for he was convinced that the men and the crews of the past were not to be equalled, and he was at the same time fundamentally sure that the crew with which he happened at the moment to be engaged was in material and in capacity for performance the very best that had ever sat in a boat. He was bred and born in Cambridge, and it was said of him that in the course of a youth, the existence of which I have presumed to doubt, he had been a quick man of his temper and a ready man of his hands. He neither denied nor did he admit the impeachment that he had once knocked down a brawling opponent and had been compelled to suffer (pecuniarily, but not, I think, in his liberty) as a consequence. Certainly when I knew him there was about him a sunny and unchanging good humour which endeared him both to those whom he served and to all his colleagues in the many boatyards of the sluggish Cam. He was the most cheerful man I ever saw.

As a workman, too, he was admirable. No job ever came amiss to him. If he had been asked to raise every seat and

to depress every rigger in a boat he would have obeyed and would have carried out the task with unquestioning alacrity and assured punctuality. Had he been told so to arrange the ship that she might be propelled stern-first through the water he might have smiled in wonder, but it would not have occurred to him to doubt the wisdom of the President or coach who gave the order. He himself was a good waterman and could send a sculling boat along. It was one of the proudest memories of his later life that he had once, in the early eighties, been matched to scull his old friend and rival TOM TIMS from Putney to Chiswick during the practice of the two University crews. The veterans entered their boats in gallant style and started with great determination. TOM made the pace at first, but BILL soon drew up to him and passed him, and finally secured a victory over the greater bulk and rotundity of the Oxford man. The defeat of the Cambridge crew a few days later, while it consoled TOM, plunged BILL into an abyss of depression.

ASPLEN is dead, but TOM TIMS still lives, and duly performs

the arduous duties of his post. The death of ASPLEN greatly affected him. When he heard of it he was suffering from illness, and I have heard him say that the news seemed to him to carry a warning that his own end was at hand. "I thought," he said, "that my call had come when I heard that poor old BILL was gone." Fortunately, however, though many years have passed, he is still hale and vigorous. He has seen countless generations of rowing men follow one another upon the Isis, but he has never been known to forget a face even long after its owner had put off the joyousness and the beardlessness of youth, and had assumed instead the whiskers and the baldness of middle age. To every President in turn he has communicated his patent plan for winning, or going as near as may be to winning, the toss for stations immediately before the Putney race. "Don't you call, Sir," he has been heard to say, "for if you call Heads and it turn up Tails you're done. Let him call, and then if he calls Tails and it turns up Heads, where is he?" He is



SHAKESPEARE IN GALWAY.

"STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING."

impressed with the belief that the fact of calling halves a man's power of choice, and thus places him in an inferior position in respect of the coin. One other function also he accomplishes with great regularity. He may be seen laboriously blowing air through an india-rubber tube into the canvassed bows of the boat just before she is launched for the race. Thus he renders her more buoyant. As he justly observes, the Oxford eight has never sunk in the race.

In the O.U.B.C. Barge at Oxford may be seen a tiny little zephyr, religiously preserved against the attacks of time and the washerwoman. Far back in the past century it clothed the boyish chest of TIMS. It is a pleasant pastime to compare it with the massive bulk to which that chest has now attained. Yet, whatever else about him may have changed, the spirits and the faith of the man are still those of a boy. Long service is his, and loyal devotion to the club that employs him. He has the friendship of all those to whom at one time or another he has ministered. Long may he live to enjoy it, and such other rewards as a life well spent in the handling of boats may afford him.



Facetious Youth. "I FEEL IT MY DUTY TO WARN YOU THAT THERE'S A POLICE TRAP ROUND THE CORNER!"

THE CHILD'S GARDENING ALPHABET.

"A" stands for Asking for things. It's what Mamma does when she goes to tea with people.

"B" is Bulbs. They are silly things to have. The hyacinth bed is spoilt for good because I tumbled into it.

"C" is Cuttings. You stick in bits of anything you can get, and sometimes they grow. I've planted three of Mamma's hat-pins.

"D" is the Dead things. They've got a churchyard in the rubbish-heap.

"E" stands for Earth. There's nothing nicer than a bit of Earth if you can do what you like in it. When all the rest of my plants are dead, I shall turn my garden into a fish-pond.

"F" is all the names she Forgets. Aunt JANE has proper labels.

"G" stands for Gnats. They sit on your face and bite it, when they know both your hands are earthy.

"H" is the Hare who ate all the carnations in one night. We ate him.

"I" is Me. But I only care for my own garden.

"J" stands for JONES. He says 'tis a hard thing to have to do what anybody tells you when you know 'tis all wrong.

"K" is our Kitten. He's asleep on a pan of seedlings.

"L" stands for Lists. They get lost.

"M" is Manure. Nurse says 'tisn't fit for a little gentleman to talk about. But Mamma does.

"N" is her Notes about pruning. JONES doesn't hold with them.

"O" is her Old skirt. She can't do much gardening without that. LANE has to dry it in the dining-room when it's dirty because Cook calls it a disgrace to the kitchen.

"P" stands for Planting out. I always want to get on their backs.

"Q"—that's Quassia chips. It makes soup to kill the greenfly on the roses.

"R" is Rain. The garden always wants it. I never do.

"S" stands for Slugs. Mamma hates them. I found a big spotty one yesterday.

"T" is Tying up. That's a thing

that must be done. JONES throws away the plants he treads on. When it's Mamma she pats them about a little and hopes they'll forget it. But her feet are smaller, even in goloshes.

"U" stands for Untidy. That's what JONES's friend said about Mamma's border. So I put some worms into his Sunday gloves.

"V" stands for Various. It means that you don't know.

"W" is Weeds. Mamma is always hoeing them. Last time she hoed she broke off six verbenas.

"X" is Xan-tho-cer-as. That's one of the names she forgets.

"Y" stands for Yuccas. They do prick so!

"Z" is the end. But there's never any end to Gardening.

To a Distant Despot.

THERE once was a cricketing Prince
Who mashed all the bowling to
mince.

He achieved a grand slam
By becoming a Jam,
But he hasn't scored anything since.



OUR SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Anxious Daughter (to parent playing in the Fathers' match). "DON'T FORGET, FATHER, TO STAND WELL IN FRONT OF THE WICKET, BECAUSE IF YOU GET OUT FOR A DUCK LEG BEFORE IT WON'T LOOK QUITE SO BAD ON THE SCORE-BOOK!"

THE CRY OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN.

A LETTER from Dr. KENNARD announces that the "Punch" Kitchens in Samara and Ufa are supplying food daily to 700 poor children, and that Count PETER TOLSTOY is about to provide assistance for several hundred more. The "Punch" Fund has reached the sum of £1,100. Further donations will be gratefully received by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C. A second list of contributors will shortly appear in these pages.

BENEFICENT MIGHT.

[With acknowledgments to an article in *The Nation*, inspired by a recent publication entitled "The Joy of the Road." Herein, adorning his plea with many noteworthy sentiments, Mr. FILSON YOUNG claims for the motor a kingship of the road, which "is in its essence a rule kindly, wise, and beneficent."]

I AM the Lord of the Road;

My right there is none to dispute;
All flee in affright when I flash into sight

And I call on my tooter* to toot.
The cur and the cat, the villager's brat,
The waggoner driving his load,

Let them leave the way clear when their
monarch comes near;
I am the Lord of the Road.

Mine is the right born of might;
With a dexterous twist of the wrist,
I call on the forces of four-score brave
horses

To bear me wherever I list.
Woe to the fools that forget my wise
rules

And stand in the way of my flight.
Mine but to toot—theirs but to scoot—
Mine is the right born of might.

Yet, though my sway o'er man and
brute

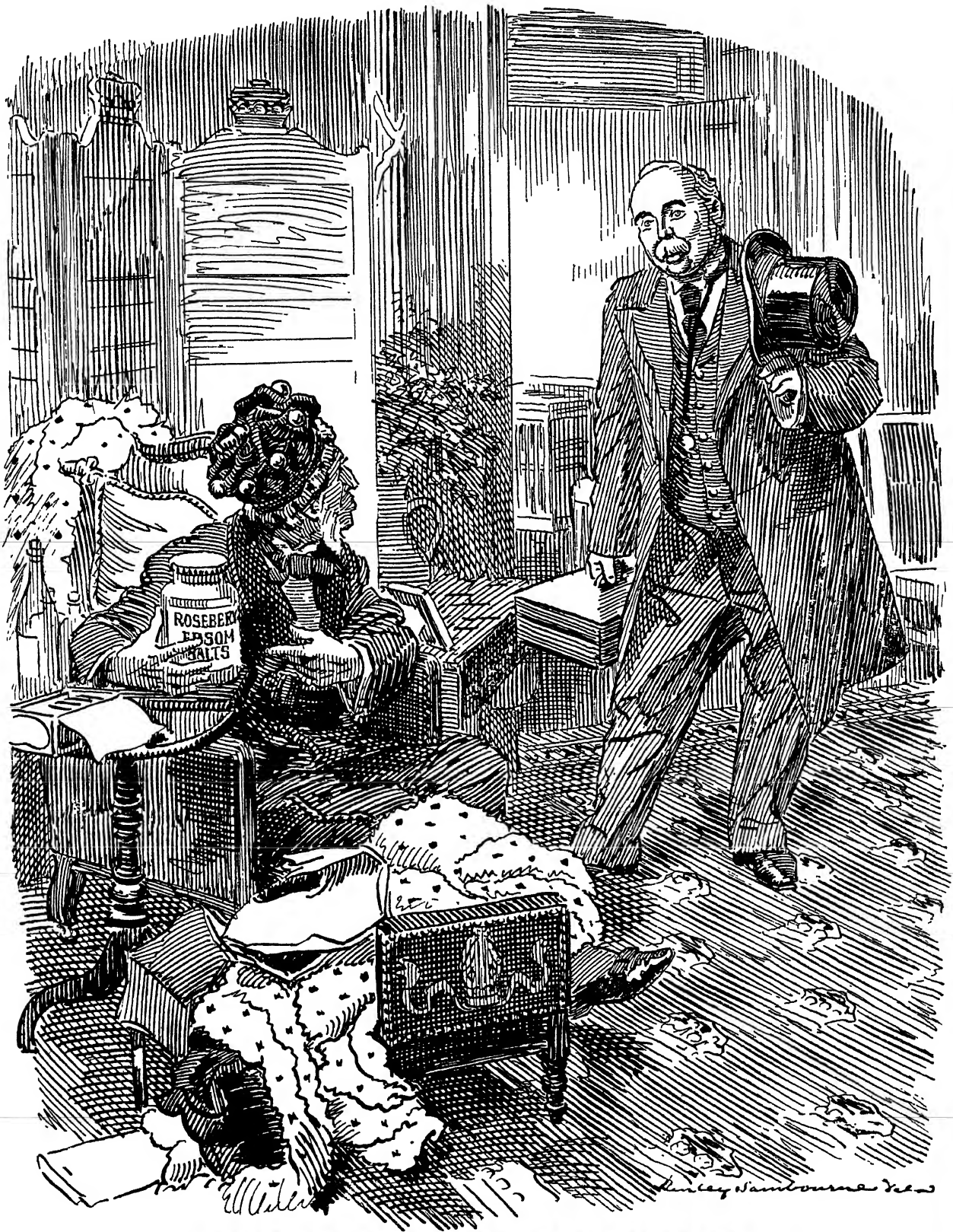
Is absolute
Beyond dispute,
Each thought engendered in my mind
Unbiassed candour still must find
Beneficently wise and kind.

Time was the lazy clerk awheel
Would hurry from his desk,
And bolt the insufficient meal
To seek the picturesque.
By sunny field and Kentish weald
The idle prentice wandered,
And at the "Nag" or "Bald-faced Stag"
His meagre pence he squandered.

But him I'm hustling to the ditch.
Why should these paupers ape the rich?
I'll cure them of their zeal to roam,
And set them singing, "Home, Sweet
Home."

Nor has my kindly heart forgot
The children of the poor;
It has been mine to make their lot
More wholesome and secure.
The urchins, who like berries grew
In every lane and highway,
No longer call for bat and ball
Nor play about in my way;
But, safe from dangers they might meet
And bad companions of the street,
Beneath a mother's loving eyes
Mid home's sweet influence they rise.

And if it happen now and then—
As happen well it may—
That ignorant, misguided men
Should blunder in my way,
My tender breast is quite distressed
To think that I've been spilling
A Briton's blood among the mud—
I have no lust for killing.
However poor may be the man—
Clerk, butcher, baker, artisan—
My secretary always sends
A tactful letter to his friends.



SELF-TREATMENT PREFERRED.

SURGEON C.-B. "A VERY BAD CASE. I SEE NOTHING FOR IT BUT AN OPERATION."

HIS LORDSHIP. "VERY KIND OF YOU, I'M SURE, TO OFFER YOUR SERVICES; BUT I THOUGHT OF TAKING A LITTLE PRESCRIPTION OF MY OWN."

[The Lords have appointed a Committee to consider the best means of reforming their own House. Lord ROSEBERY is its Chairman.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 24.—Once more the Chamber filled from floor to topmost bench of 'Strangers' Gallery. The Peers throng their pen over the clock, studiously looking as if matter at issue concerned someone else. When questions fairly under way, PREMIER entered, carrying the red despatch-box of a blameless life.

At outset Viscount TURNOUR attempted to turn aside the drift of interest. Making his way down to House, observed a flag pole upright on new War Office building. His massive mind moved to profoundest depths. A flag pole, why a flag pole? Never has there been such flood of human perplexity since King GEORGE marvelled how the apple got into the dumpling.

In tempting row the naked dump-
lings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his
usual way,
Like lightning spoke: "What's
this?
What's this? What? What?"

Noble Lord hurried on to House; sat fidgeting till other questions of lesser interest disposed of. All the while his eyes fastened on well-fed figure of Our Only War Minister. N. B. H. evidently uneasy under supervision. If he could have decently and safely beaten retreat he would have withdrawn from the range of those glowing orbs. Impossible. The Viscount, seizing his opportunity, leaped to his feet and put the question.

"I beg to ask the right hon. gentleman for what reason has a flag pole been erected on the new War Office buildings?"

"For the purpose of flying a flag," N. B. H. meekly answered.

TURNOUR momentarily abashed. Never thought of that. When stated seemed simple enough, almost obvious. All the same there must be something behind it; some deep design affecting Church or Rents or other fundamental interest of Empire. Must talk it over with Captain CRAIG. Gallant Member not in his place at the moment. Preparing a few questions for consideration of ST. AUGUSTINE. Meanwhile something done in direction of focussing public attention on this exceedingly suspicious circumstance in connection with new War Office.

C.-B. greeted with burst of cheering from Ministerialists when he rose to move his resolution embodying the principle that, where on legislative matters opinions of Lords and Commons clash, decision of latter shall prevail. Spirits fell when discovery was made of fact that, recurring to former manner happily abandoned of late, he had written out speech and proposed to read it. This he did at length of full hour. An excellent essay, closely reasoned, admirably phrased.

that lay on the Table before him. The latent personal antipathy of the two statesmen, which had its growth during bitter controversy round Boer War, flashed forth. C.-B. seized occasion to repeat his charge against Leader of Opposition of inciting the Peers to trample on decisions of Commons.

"Neither PEEL nor DISRAELI," he insisted amid clamorous cheers from Ministerialists, "would have committed what I can only call the treachery of openly calling on the other House to over-ride this House."

"The right hon. gentleman," quietly observed PRINCE ARTHUR when his turn came, "has an extraordinary gift of using language the violence of which is strangely disproportionate to the effect it produces."

For icy contempt, infinite scorn, this hard to beat.

Business done.—Resolution declaring the Commons predominant partner in legislative business brought in.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Something nobly pathetic in conduct of Peers. Along the corridor, across the Central Lobby, the Commons are occupying a second night with deliberate preparation for deposing them from their high estate. C.-B. with characteristic suavity submits a Resolution giving them warning that by-and-by, at some indefinite period, they will find themselves tied and bound and powerless. Labour Members, impatient of these circumlocutory ways, move amendment demanding instant abolition of Hereditary Chamber. Ignoring all this, noble Lords set themselves to consider the new Army Scheme. Unconscious of their doom, they, like little children, play at soldiering.

PORTSMOUTH moves second reading of Bill with particularity of detail that leaves nothing to be desired. It may

be, as is rumoured, that the Commons have spent greater part of three months in discussing it. Newspapers have provided columns of report of the proceedings. That may be so. House of Lords knows nothing of any measure until it has been dealt with by its own printer, circulated by its own messengers. These preliminaries just accomplished, it listens to-night with polite interest whilst UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR expounds clauses of measure with a freshness of manner, a minuteness of detail, suggestive of absolute novelty.



OFFICIATING AT A GUILLOTINE IN PALACE YARD.

"Mr. Balfour paid him the doubtful compliment of comparing him to one of the most odious and sanguinary of the statesmen of the French Terror."

(The Attorney-General.)

But crowded audience would have spared something of its perfectness for the inspiration of appearance of spontaneity. Nevertheless the points of attack were quickly taken up by Ministerialists and driven home with thunderous cheers.

Contrast between two styles of debating sharply marked when PRINCE ARTHUR followed. Happily for him and audience, he had no time for preparation. No faint flavour of the lamp hung about his pungent criticism. A note or two jotted down on the familiar half-sheet of newspaper as C.-B. pounded along was all

Viscount MIDLETON (who in face, figure and voice singularly recalls ST. JOHN BRODRICK, long time with us in the Commons) sums up situation in single sentence. Looking back through interval elapsed since NAPOLEON B. HALDANE took the field, he remarked, "I cannot help wishing that the country had been enjoying a little less scheme and a little more Army."

Boss, seated on Front Bench, looked up with twinkling eye. Over his mind flashed memories of an epoch running through first three years of new century when month after month, session after session, there was debated in Parliament a costly Army Scheme through which marched and counter-marched Six Army Corps, presently, like the fabled army that beleaguered Prague, to disappear with muffled step.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star;
The ghastly host was dead.

Later in Sitting, N. B. H., standing by steps of Throne in characteristic attitude, with arms folded and war lock curled on forehead, had satisfaction of hearing Boss admit that his Army scheme as it passed the Commons had some features of distinct advantage. "In some respects it is in advance of anything we have had before." Still it was faulty, lacking in fundamental principles essential to safety of Empire.

Thus the Lords talked whilst the Commons chattered about how, by-and-by, they will "give them a good hard knock."

Business done.—Second reading of Army Bill moved in Lords. In Commons, Labour Members propose amendment to C.-B.'s Resolution, demanding immediate abolition of Hereditary Chamber.

House of Commons, Wednesday midnight.—Possession of absolutely impartial mind occasionally leads a man into singular position. To-night, when House cleared for Division on C.-B.'s Resolution, SLOAN kept his seat, remaining unpolled. Ignoring the Ministerial Whip beckoning him into the "Ay" Lobby, deaf to the voice of ACLAND-HOOD insisting on his voting "No," the Member for Belfast, like his namesake Tom coming round Tattenham Corner on the Derby Day, sat tight. A plague on both their Houses. Doesn't love the Lords, but is not disposed to swell Liberal majority.



AN IDEAL INSTRUMENT FOR PUTTING DOWN REVOLUTION.

"He (the Attorney-General) could contemplate with certainty Mr. Balfour turning the artillery at the barricades against the people seeking to assert their rights."

At opening of Sitting, debate momentarily touched pitch of high excitement, wound up thereto by LLOYD-GEORGE. Contrasting possibility of evil influence as between Legislation and Administration, he pointed out how through agency of latter the country might be led to

embark upon a great war at the cost of £250,000,000.

"With the approval of some of your colleagues," said LYTTELTON.

Across the Table flashed the fierce retort: "Approval obtained on false statements of facts."

Tumultuous cheers of Ministerialists answered by groans and shouts of "Withdraw!" CORBETT, rising on the whirlwind, tried to direct the storm. For several moments he and PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, in defiance of elementary regulation of Order, remained on their feet, storm of cheers and counter-cheers rising and falling. When silence restored, LLOYD-GEORGE stubbornly declined to withdraw.

"I made those statements when I had to face much more dangerous persons than confront me to-day." This with contemptuous wave of hand towards ex-Ministers and Privy Councillors on Front Opposition Bench. "I will not withdraw them now when, after five years, they have been justified."

After this quite a mild thing that, as LAWSON WALTON reminded House in what was one of the best speeches in the three days' debate, PRINCE ARTHUR had drawn a parallel between him (the ATTORNEY-GENERAL) and "one of the most odious statesmen of the French Terror."

Business done.—C.-B.'s Resolution carried by nearly three to one. For, 432; against, 147, Mr. SLOAN looking on.

The Paris-Pekin Race.

Mr. Punch's Representative, who is following this race on a 20 h.-p. emu, reports that the difficulties encountered by the competitors in the Gobi desert were heart-breaking. As *The Telegraph* says: "No human being has ever crossed those regions before, save on horseback, on camels, or on foot." (The remark would apply equally to the leader-writer's room in the office of *The Telegraph*, but let that pass.) Questioned as to which was the Paris road, the aborigines answered evasively. Prince BORGHESI attributes his progress to having steadily refused to drive his car along any of the misleading lines of latitude with which this country abounds. He hopes to arrive early in the New Year, about three months ahead of the next best.

"Bishops, high-class (coloured), 2d. each; 12, 1s.; 30 different, 2s."—*Church Times*.

It is too much.



"WHO SAID 'ORDERER, ORDERER'?!"

(Mr. G-I-L-W-Y-W-R.)

MINISTERIAL MINSTRELS.

["There are several of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's colleagues who, even to this day," says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, "would be quite able, if the need arose, to contribute an agreeable 'turn' to an evening's entertainment. Lord CREWE, for example, still cultivates a pleasant singing voice, and Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE often goes for relaxation to his pianoforte."]

Mr. Punch is glad to be able to state, as the result of careful inquiries conducted at great expense and personal risk by one of his most enterprising representatives, that the foregoing paragraph gives but a meagre and perfunctory account of the accomplishments of our leading Ministerialists.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN until recently was a constant and proficient performer on the Irish harp, but latterly has laid it aside in order to cultivate the Welsh variety, in which he is being instructed by Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE. He is the possessor of a sweet baritone voice, and his favourite song at the moment is "*The Flight of the Earls*," which he warbles with passionate intensity at all hours of the day and night.

Lord ELGIN is also a pathetic vocalist, and few professionals can surpass his rendering of "*I Dreamt I dwelt in Marble Halls*," which he delivers with hereditary gusto. In the intervals of business, concerts of chamber music are frequently given at the Colonial Office, at which Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL officiates as leader, Lord ELGIN proving a thoroughly capable second fiddle.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's versatility is notorious. His skill at fencing dates from his school days, and no public servant has ever been able to rival him in the "quick change" entertainment. In short he is at home in every sort of

"turn," from the most gradual curve to the sharpest somersault.

Mr. BIRRELL is another many-sided performer who would be invaluable, did his engagements permit, at charity concerts and penny readings. Latterly he has added a number of Irish melodies to his extensive repertory, including "*Sweet Bay of Dublin*," and a touching Roscommon ditty entitled, "*O Mary, go*

STONE once wittily remarked, it only required the change of three or four letters to convert "*Morley*" into "*Lorelei*." Curiously enough, when a boy at Cheltenham College, he was renowned for his singing of that stirring song, "*Hark to the Indian drum, the foe they come, they come*," a coincidence to which Sir HENRY COTTON recently called Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND's attention during an all-night sitting.

Mr. HALDANE has confessed that he prefers SCHOPENHAUER to CHOPIN, but is reputed to be a better singer than Lord MIDLETON.

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, besides being an expert angler and shot, is a brilliant performer on the post-horn.

A TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

[Tickets — railway, bus and tram — have been declared to be a very popular medium for the conveyance of disease.]

SUMMONED for travelling without a ticket, a railway passenger has explained that he had a delicate wife and family and dare not risk infection. Summons dismissed.

Bus-conductors are to be compelled by the London County Council to wear indiarubber gloves and respirators, recent statistics having proved that 75 per cent. of the deaths in London occur within a few weeks after riding in a public conveyance. All tickets are to be manufactured of celluloid and kept floating in aseptic fluid.

Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR is about to publish a sensational novel entitled *The Alarum Punch*, dealing with the grossly insanitary condition of tram-tickets.

Wisdom While You Wait.

"Sacristan" — see *Sexton* . . .

"Sexton" — see *Sacristan*. — *Harmsworth's Encyclopedia*.



OPENING DAY OF THE NEW WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT.

and drive the cattle home." He also indulges in duets with Sir ANTONY MACDONNELL; but their voices do not blend very well together, the timbre of Sir ANTONY's being somewhat pronounced and strident, while Mr. BIRRELL's organ approximates to the coo of the turtle-dove.

Mr. MORLEY has long been known for his devotion to music and has a charming touch on the pianola. As Mr. GLAD-

THE BOY—WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

[Being a selection of letters, which were evidently intended for the penultimate page of *The Daily Mail*, but being addressed to "The Leading Paper, London," were naturally delivered at the *Punch* Office.]

A FATHER'S QUESTION.

DEAR SIR,—I have just read in your valuable paper that a boy should be ear-marked by his parents at an early age for a particular occupation. Would you kindly tell me *which* ear it is customary so to mark, and also inform me where I can procure the necessary tools for branding?—PRACTICAL FATHER.

WANTED—A SLEEPING BERTH.

SIR,—I have a little boy aged four months (nearly), and with a view to settling his future career I have been watching him narrowly, as advised in your article, to find out in which direction his tastes lie. As far as I can see he delights in doing nothing all day long, sleeping being, if anything, his pet hobby. Am I right, I wonder, in supposing that he is destined to fill at a later date some high position in the War Office?—OBSERVER.

A BLIGHTED LIFE.

SIR,—When I was a small boy my parents made the unfortunate experiment of watching me closely, as recommended in your article. I am now fifty-eight, and am in a profession or trade—what you will—which is absolutely uncongenial. When quite a youth I was passionately fond of singing, and am to this day an excellent mimic, and I feel certain that, had I been given the start in life which I desired, I should now be a music-hall star of the first magnitude. The net result of my parents' morbid curiosity is that I am now a most indifferent undertaker, and all because they thought, if you please, that the occupation which most interested me when a boy was that of burying cats in the back-garden!—A SUFFERER.

"A SAFE THREE!"

SIR,—If your readers will take my advice they will see that their sons become first-class cricketers before anything else. I have three sons who are practically no good for anything but cricket. Yet one is the headmaster and part proprietor of a prosperous day-school for the sons of gentlemen; another is only an editor, it is true; but the youngest, I am proud to say, has just been appointed judge in a Nonsense Rhyme Competition inaugurated by *Smith's Snappy Snips*.—VERB. SAP.

A LORD OF CONVENTION.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE having just received the Order of the Red Eagle (third class), there is no reason why Mr. CYRIL MAUDE should not immediately be made a peer. Let us do the thing well, and make him an ear—the *Earl of Haymarket*. To *Lord Haymarket*, voting like a good actor against Education Bills, comes the news of the latest Gibson Girl action. He does not want to be called as a witness; what shall he do? "Escape to America." Yes, but, dear old chappie, one doesn't want to get mobbed. You Americans are—haw, haw—deuced fond of a title. What? "Brilliant thought—take my name, CHARLES FROHMAN." Awfully good of you, old fellow. Sure you don't want it? Thanks awfully. I'll



The Earl of Cardington . . Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.

His lordship's clothes are English. The suitings in the background are American.

give it you back when I've finished with it. Ta-ta!

That gives you an idea of the verisimilitude of Mr. AUGUSTUS THOMAS's new comedy at The Playhouse—*The Earl of Pawtucket* ("comedy," you will observe). Mr. CYRIL MAUDE is the noble hero *Lord Cardington*, with voice, laugh, and eyeglass complete. Various American gentlemen take the American parts. Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE is the heroine. It need not be said that while Mr. MAUDE is on the stage there is generally something to laugh at; while Miss CARLISLE is on the stage, always something to look at; but that isn't enough. It is a little late in the day for all those grand old jokes which arise when you take another man's name—(I shall probably sign these remarks "AUGUSTUS THOMAS"); and the preliminary explanations have not been managed at all cleverly. (The story, told by

Miss CARLISLE, of her meeting with *Lord Cardington* on the Great Wheel is the dullest thing I have ever listened to in a theatre.) Somehow I never have any luck with American plays. I can't think how it is, because I do try. And I love MARK TWAIN and ARTEMUS WARD and Mr. DOOLEY. . . .

Oh, but I must just mention something. One of the characters is Mr. Hooper. I am tremendously glad to have met him at last. To look at, he was not quite what I expected, and the other people referred to him as a brewer. But of course I am not going to be taken in by that. M.

BACHELOR DAYS.

IV.—THE CUPBOARD.

It was the landlord who first called my attention to the cupboard; I should never have noticed it myself.

"A very useful cupboard you see there," he said. "I should include that in the fixtures."

"Indeed," said I, not at all surprised; for the idea of his taking away the cupboard had not occurred to me.

"You won't find many rooms in London with a cupboard like that."

"I suppose not," I said. "Well, I'll let you have my decision in a few days. The rent with the cupboard, you say, is—" and I named the price.

"Yes, with the cupboard."

So that settled the great cupboard question.

Settled it so far as it concerned him. For me it was only the beginning. In the year that followed my eyes were opened, so that I learned at last to put the right value upon a cupboard. I appreciate now the power of the mind which conceived this thing, the nobility of the great heart which included it among the fixtures. And I am not ungrateful.

You may tell a newly-married man by the way he talks of his garden. The pretence is that he grows things there—verbenas and hymantiflums and cinerarias, anything that sounds; but of course one knows that what he really uses it for is to bury in it things that he doesn't want. Some day I shall have a garden of my own, in which to conduct funerals with the best of them; until that day I content myself with my cupboard.

It is marvellous how things lie about and accumulate. Until they are safely in the cupboard, we are never quite at ease; they have so much to say outside, and they put

themselves just where you want to step, and sometimes they fall on you. Yet even when I have them in the cupboard I am not without moments of regret. For later on I have to open it to introduce companions, and then the sight of some old friend saddens me with the thought of what might have been. "Oh, and I did mean to hang you up over the writing-desk," I say remorsefully.

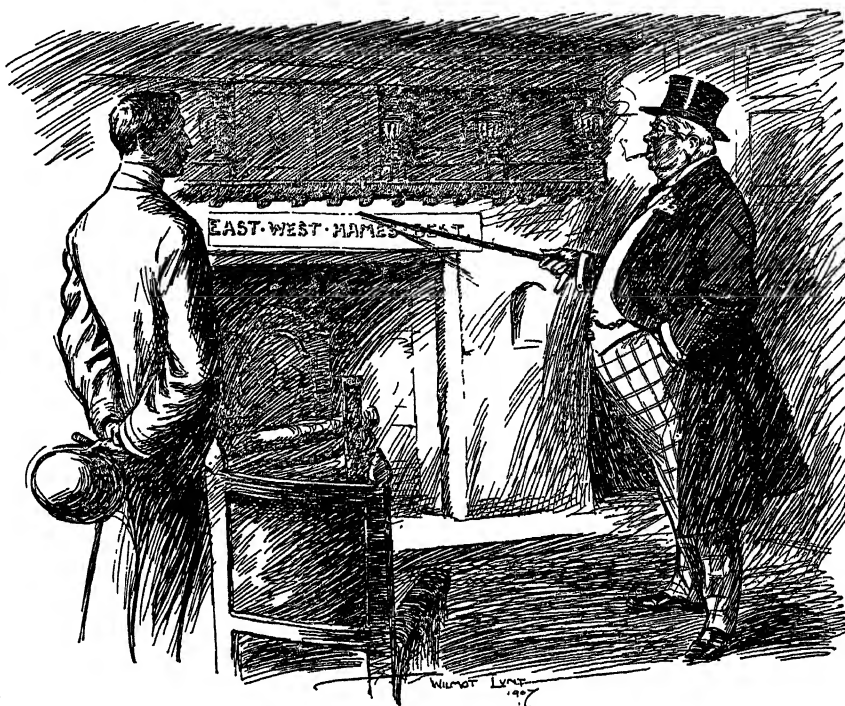
I am thinking now of a certain picture—a large portrait of my old headmaster. It lay in a corner for months, waiting to be framed, getting more dingy and dirty every day. For the first few weeks I said to myself, "I must clean that before I send it to the shop. A piece of bread will do it." Later, "It's extraordinary how clever these picture people are. You'd think it was hopeless now, but I've no doubt, when I take it round to-morrow—"

A month after that somebody trod on it

Now, then, I ask you—what could I do with it but put it in the cupboard? You cannot give a large photograph of a headmaster, bent across the waistcoat, to a housekeeper, and tell her that you have finished with it. Nor would a dustman make it his business to collect pedagogues along with the usual cabbage-stalk. A married man would have buried it under the begonia; but having no garden . . .

That is my difficulty. For a bachelor in chambers, who cannot bury, there should be some other consuming element than fire. In the winter I might possibly have burnt it in small quantities—Monday the head, Tuesday the watch-chain—but in the summer, what does one do with it? And what does one do with the thousands of other things which have had their day—the old magazines, letters, papers, collars, chair-legs, broken cups? You may say that, with the co-operation of my housekeeper, a firmer line could be adopted towards some of them. Perhaps so; but, alas! she is a willing accessory to my weakness. I fancy that once, a long time ago, she must have thrown away a priceless MS. in an old waistcoat; now she takes no risks with either. In principle it is a virtue. In practice I think I would chance it.

It is a big cupboard; you wouldn't find many rooms in London with a cupboard like that; and it is included in the fixtures. Yet in the ordinary way, I suppose, I could not go on putting things in for ever. One day, however, I discovered that a family of mice had heard of it too. At first I was horrified. Then I saw that it



Wealthy Pork King (prospective buyer of old Scotch manor). "WAAL, I GUESS THE PLACE 'LL DO BANG UP. BUT OLD MAN HAME'S ADVERTISEMENT WILL HAVE TO COME DOWN."

was all for the best; they might help me to get rid of things. In a week they had eaten three pages of a Nautical Almanack; interesting pages which would be of real help to a married man at sea who wished to find the latitude by two fixed stars, but which, to a bachelor on the fourth floor, were valueless.

The housekeeper missed the point. She went so far as to buy me a mouse-trap. It was a silly trap, because none of the mice knew how to work it, although I baited it once with a cold poached egg. It is not for us to say what our humbler brethren should like and dislike; we can only discover by trial and error. It occurred to me that, if they *did* like cold poached eggs, I should be able to keep on good terms with them, for I generally had one over of a morning. However, it turned out that they preferred a vegetable diet—almanacks and such.

The cupboard is nearly full. I don't usually open it to visitors, but perhaps you would care to look inside for a moment?

That was my first top-hat. What do you do with your old top-hats? Ah yes, but then I only have a housekeeper here . . . That is a really good pair of boots, only it's too small . . . All that paper over there? Manuscript . . . Well, you see, it *might* be valuable one day . . .

Broken batting glove. Brown-paper

—I always keep brown-paper, it's useful if you're sending off a parcel. *Daily Mail* War Map. Paint-pot—doesn't belong to me really, but it was left behind, and I got tired of kicking it over. Old letters—all the same handwriting, bills probably. . .

Ah no, you mustn't look at those. (I didn't know they were there—I swear I didn't. I thought I had burnt them.) Of course I see now that she was quite right . . . Yes, that was the very sweet one where she . . . well, I knew even then that . . . I mean I'm not complaining at all, we had a very jolly time . . .

Still, if it *had* been a little different—if that last letter . . . Well, I might by now have had a garden of my own in which to have buried all this rubbish.

The Journalistic Touch.

"TIME has its strange revenges, however, and none is stranger than the fact that to-day, wherever German is spoken, LIST is a name held in honour only second to that of STEIN, BISMARCK, MOLTKE, and the great KAISER WILHELM."—*Daily Mail*.

The Literary Instinct in High Places

EXTRACT of letter from the Archbishop of the WEST INDIES to Sir ALFRED JONES:

"I think that your taking out undergraduates to Jamaica at a specially cheap rate for passage, at those times of the year that these can the most easily be done, is certain to do good to Jamaica."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE jubilee of the Savage Club, happening this year, is fitly and pleasantly celebrated by the issue of a volume described by the author as a medley of history, anecdote, and reminiscence. "A Chapter by MARK TWAIN," prominently announced, turns out to be a brief memorandum by the cheerful American of a visit he paid to the Club thirty-five years ago. Regarded as a source of sound information on the subject matter it is a little disappointing. When the Savage Club was modestly founded, its local habitation was a hostelry in Vinegar Yard, opposite the pit entrance of Drury Lane Theatre. In the list of original members there figured four BROUGHs—ROBERT, WILLIAM, J. C., and LIONEL, the last happily with us to this day. Others with familiar names were SALA, ANDREW HALLIDAY, JAMES HANNAY, GODFREY TURNER, and HENRY J. BYRON. Later came JEFF PROWSE, HENRY S. LEIGH, GEORGE GROSSMITH the elder, JOHNNY TOOLE, and BENJAMIN WEBSTER. Onelingers over those early days when the club was really Bohemian; when a steak and a tankard of stout sufficed for dinner; when, as SALA in reply to inquiry told YATES, the subscription was "just whatever the members chose to owe"; when none dressed for dinner and all would have used bad language to one who proposed to enliven a Saturday night dinner by speech-making. In *The Savage Club* (FISHER UNWIN) Mr. AARON WATSON traces the decadence of the club from this high estate to the commonplace condition of a sort of exhibition where the members are on view for the entertainment of Dukes, Ambassadors, and eke Princes of the Blood. The portly volume is adorned by many illustrations, in the main reproducing the menus contributed by artistic members on the occasion of state dinners. There is included a marvellous sketch by PHIL MAY, presenting IRVING as *Mephistopheles*, which is of itself worth the price of the book.

In the speeches delivered by Mr. HALDANE in 1906 on the subject of retrenchment, and reprinted in his *Army Reform and other Addresses* (FISHER UNWIN), there is abundant proof that he was thinking very clearly indeed; but when, in the later speeches, his scheme for organising a "nation in arms" assumes a tangible form, one is forced regretfully to admit a great sense of disappointment. As regards the First Line, the Regular Army, Mr. HALDANE's proposals will enable it in the event of war to maintain itself in the field for six months; but at the end of that time he grants that an appeal must be made to the nation itself to supply the necessary support to the Army abroad. During these six months the Second Line, the Territorial Army, composed of men enlisted for service in the United Kingdom only, is to be trained, and then, Mr. HALDANE argues, "finding themselves in their units" they will doubtless desire to go abroad not only in their battalions, but in their brigades and even divisions. This may sound heroic, but it simply means that every man in the Territorial Army will be placed in a false position, and will be expected to accept conditions of service absolutely opposed to those he has undertaken to fulfil, unless he wishes to be regarded as failing his country in the hour of need. Mr. HALDANE may term this "purely voluntary enlistment," but other

people will regard it as a very subtle method of compulsion. Again, on the question of the training of officers for this Second Line, Mr. HALDANE states that a year's attachment to a regular battalion is a necessity if any degree of efficiency is to be obtained, and almost in the same breath proposes that any officer who has been a member of a Public School Cadet Corps for two years shall be permitted to take a certain "Diploma A," which is to bring him to "the level of instruction of a second lieutenant of Volunteers," and will let him off no fewer than four months out of the necessary twelve. The value of this qualification may be judged from the fact that, provided he has learnt the rudiments of squad drill (a matter of a few hours), any Volunteer subaltern can obtain a Special Captain's Certificate by attending the School of Instruction at Chelsea for one month.

I have come to the conclusion that under Mr. HALDANE's scheme we may easily secure the minimum of economy combined with the maximum of inefficiency.

What Surrey really wants is a good left-hander. I beg therefore to suggest that the Committee should approach *Dare Musgrave*, the hero of Miss THEODORA WILSON WILSON's novel *A Narry from King's* (CASSELL), and persuade him to qualify for the county. *Dare* was the "record bowler for Cambridge University," having taken three wickets in two overs at Lord's. Like all true cricketers he is modest about his merits, and confesses to a friend that they generally put him on "to stop chances, and keep down heavy scoring on a batsman's wicket." His action is curious—"Slow with his right for a change, and terrific with his left, and coming hard off the pitch." The advantages of this are obvious. As a girl spectator puts it, "He jolly well knows how to bowl and changes his hands too! That is what makes them so shy of hitting, and blocks their score!" I need hardly point out to Lord DALMENY that a fast left-hand swerver in the middle of an over of slow rights would block anybody's score. However, I must warn him that *Musgrave* takes a little time to settle down—his first ball, in the match in question, being a "beauty to leg" which was "pulled for two." Also he must be rested carefully. After getting three wickets in four overs the captain took him off—wisely, no doubt. But *Dare Musgrave* was not only a bowler. He used, when at King's, to write verses for the *Granta*, and debate at the Union. A good sociable fellow the Surrey amateurs would find him, who could, at a pinch, write snappy reports for the *Daily Mirror*, or argue with his captain as to which hand he should start with. However, Lord DALMENY must read the book for himself. He will find it quite interesting, full of good sentiments, and in places mildly dashing.



THE VACUUM POCKET-PICKER AT WORK.

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Greedy.

"Lady, having small Bungalow, would like another as companion."—*Church Times*.

"NEW YORK GIANT HOTEL.—850 rooms and bath."—*Standard*.

It is nice to think that even away from home everybody can take his turn at the bath in the morning.

THE SECRETS OF LONG DRIVING.

THERE is some doubt as to the authenticity of the signatures of the following letters on the subject of "Long Driving at Golf." On the other hand, the letters themselves bear an extraordinary resemblance to those appearing over the same signatures in *C. B. Fry's Magazine* for July:—

My opinion is that the secret of long driving is being fairly strong and hitting the ball *at the right moment*. If one's calves are not hard one does not get enough out of one's back.

E. BLACKWELL.

In my opinion the principal thing in long driving is *hitting the ball properly*. Some days one seems to hit the ball all right, other days one does not.

JOHN GRAHAM, JUN.

To my mind the most essential part of long driving is hitting the ball at the right moment. You see, so many men hit it at the wrong moment. The consequence is that they will not get as far as some. Of course some use their wrists more than others, but I don't think it is so important as *hitting the ball in the right way*.

A. V. HAMBRO.

Length is attributable, in the first place, to strength in the usual places, and secondly to *hitting the ball perfectly*; and to do this you must hit in the right way.

H. W. DE ZOETE.

I have always taken a great interest in this question. Of course a youth can swing more quickly than a man who is set, and still more quickly than a man who is upset. *I believe that all extra long drives are due to the proper hitting of the ball.*

W. HERBERT FOWLER.

The art of driving a long ball consists in *hitting it correctly*. This means hitting it at the moment when all one's forces, working harmoniously, open themselves out, so to speak, like a fan at the proper time.

R. H. DE MONTMORENCY.

I find I get the longest ball when doing everything *in the right way*. But in order to get a long ball I think a player must also have a certain amount of strength. The stronger the man the further.

J. S. WORTHINGTON.

My opinion is that the real secret of long driving is getting one's weight and strength into the shot at *exactly the right moment*. Everyone must have noticed that sometimes the ball does not travel any distance. This, I am quite sure, is due to the fact



A SPECIALIST.

Mistress. "BRIDGET, HAVE YOU CEMENTED THE HANDLE ON TO THE WATER-JUG WHICH YOU DROPPED YESTERDAY?"

Bridget. "I STARTED TO, MUM, BUT MOST UNFORTUNATELY I DROPPED THE CEMENT BOTTLE."

that the player has struck the ball *in the wrong way*. MAIDSTONE.

I have made a very close study of the subject. My opinion is that the secret of the whole matter is *putting everything into the stroke at the right moment*. Then the ball, after it leaves the tee, is carried forward quite an appreciable distance. The best way I know of getting an idea of what "timing" means is to swing a cane with one hand and listen to where the "swish" sounds loudest. (Head-masters and small boys ought to know something of this.) This is rather long, but not so long as a good long drive.

R. W. ORR.

AN advertisement of the charms of Ventnor contains the following statement taken from a distinguished writer:

"Best of all, the place is certainly cold rather than hot in the summer time."

We see nothing very exceptional in this.

The New Age, in noticing the first issue of *Women's Franchise*, a penny weekly, says:

"The promoters of the venture are to be congratulated on having succeeded in securing the enthusiastic co-operation of the various suffrage societies, whose tactics differ, but whose aims lead to the same goal."

"Gael" is a nice touch.

TO VENUS, SHOT IN HER TRACKS.

'Twas but a week, a little week away—
Beneath the usual scowl of summer skies,
Pending the absence of the orb of day,
I sunned myself against your glowing eyes,
Until my blood, whose temperature was *nil*,
Got fairly off the chill.

Gold were your locks, and some of them your own;
Your lips were stained a nice geranium red;
And on your cheeks the cherry's ruddy tone
Was not too ruddy. Briefly, from your head
Downwards, and ending in your dainty feet,
I thought you rather sweet.

But now what change is this, what sudden blight?
For I have seen you in the halfpenny press
Snapped at a garden-party, and the sight
Of what was lately so much loveliness,
Blistered and blurred and damaged past repair,
Has blanched my raven hair.

Your features, as reported in the print,
Are simply pulp and black as any crow's;
Your eyes, a brace of blobs, reveal no hint
Of speculation, and your charming nose,
Your charming nose that had my chest in thrall,
Cannot be traced at all.

What devastating cataclysm has wrought
The hideous shock that leaves your face so marred?
Can you yourself have been (distressing thought!)
The prey of passion hopelessly ill-starred?
I too have lost my heart, and mourn the theft,
Yet have *some* features left.

Can Art have played you false? Ah no, I cry;
The Kodak-film that pranks our morning sheets,
Mirror of Actuality, *cannot lie!*
So for a solace I must turn to KEATS:
Truth equals Beauty!—that was KEATS's view.
Let's hope he really knew. O. S.

THE COURAGE OF HIS CLOTHES.

(From the Diary of an Impressionable Enthusiast.)

Saturday, June 29.—Striking letter by E. BELFORD BAX in *The Nation* of to-day on "The Duty of being Singular," denouncing our "mechanical uniformity in clothing and personal adornment." As the writer justly says: "There is many a man who, while he would not hesitate to express views of the most heterodox or bohemian nature, would shrink at appearing 'singular' in the matter of dress . . . it is not so rare nowadays to find a man who has the courage of his opinions, but it is very rare to find one who has the courage of his clothes, if they happen to be unconventional." Then he shows "the only way of overcoming the tyranny of ugliness in male costume." Really very simple. Merely "to aim at the destruction of uniformity by insisting on the duty of every right-minded person to dress differently from other people, to cultivate individuality in dress." Again, "If the departure from convention be beautiful, so much the better; if ugly, it matters little. When every individual has an individual dress, singularity will have become the rule, and uniformity will then be stared at as singularity." Don't quite follow this; should have thought that then uniformity would be too individual to be at all singular; but, anyhow, think I see Mr. BELFORD BAX's idea. Should like to help him to realise it, if only I could. Why not? Perhaps I have found my mission at last! How true is his remark that "He who can deter-

minedly break the conventions in dress shows evidence of being capable of great things in other directions, so far as courage is concerned." Have never shown that yet—here is my chance! Rather wish I was less constitutionally shy, indeed, almost morbidly self-conscious. But, as Mr. BAX observes, non-conformity in dress "often involves a serious moral discipline." No one was ever the worse for that. Resolved to make a beginning to-morrow.

Sunday, June 30.—Have begun. Attended Church Parade in brown leather motoring suit and white pith helmet (both borrowed for occasion). Met very few people I know, and even they did not seem to know me, so had no opportunity of mentioning that I was carrying out Mr. BELFORD BAX's injunction "to break down the dread of appearing singular." Didn't stay in Park very long. On reflection not sure that my appearance was quite singular enough. Decided to look in at costumier's first thing to-morrow.

Monday, July 1.—Spent morning in Bow Street selecting costumes which I fancy even Mr. BELFORD BAX would admit are really individual. As "moral discipline," they ought to prove excellent. Dined with the GRANDISON-GORES at Eaton Square. As I alighted from hansom in green velvet dinner-jacket, Georgian embroidered waistcoat, Turkish trousers, top-boots, Elizabethan ruff, and wreath of roses, driver remarked to groom on kerbstone, "*Doesn't he look nice!*" and even the cab-horse turned to have a last look at me. All the same, felt a little shy in the hall and up the stairs, though neither men in livery nor butler seemed to notice anything. On entering drawing-room, somewhat disconcerted to discover that I was last and had kept everybody waiting. Mrs. GRANDISON-GORE's greeting a trifle chilly in consequence. Saw that it would be mistake to attempt any explanation of my costume just then. Rather a dull dinner. Tried to introduce topic of hideousness of conventional male costume, but really no opening. Left early, without feeling that I have brought Mr. BELFORD BAX many converts as yet. But can't expect to succeed all at once.

Tuesday, July 2.—Pulled myself together and went to the LOTHBURY-COPTHALLS' garden-party in Kensington Palace Gardens. Wore waders, Roman toga with broad purple hem, and grey Trilby hat. Annoyed by general impression that I was engaged to "do something funny." Think I succeeded in correcting this by explaining that I was simply "preaching the cult of eccentricity in dress," and that, according to Mr. BELFORD BAX, "mere theoretical advocacy of beauty in personal attire was no good." They assured me that they quite understood—but I could see their eyes wandering. Came away depressed. Still, no doubt about the moral discipline. Not nearly so self-conscious as I was yesterday.

Wednesday, July 3.—Didn't feel quite up to going out.

Thursday, July 4.—Decided that I must make another effort. Telephoned for stall at Opera to-night. When I arrived at Covent Garden, however, in carefully-thought-out combination of sky-blue satin Norfolk jacket, tartan kilt, parti-coloured hose, "gym" shoes, and sou'wester, found that officials insisted on some regulation of theirs as to no one being admitted to the stalls except in the hideously conventional uniform known as evening clothes. Ridiculous red-tape! Told them I was "aiming at making life brighter than it is at present," quoting Mr. BELFORD BAX, but don't believe they had ever heard of him, for they wouldn't let me in. So tried a music-hall instead, and even there only admitted on taking a box and promising to sit well back! Never inside a music-hall before, but delighted to find that



ON THE PUBLIC'S SERVICE.

MR. PUNCH (to the HOME SECRETARY). "LOOK HERE, SIR. IF YOU'RE REALLY THINKING OF WAKING UP, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE THESE TAXIMETERS COMPULSORY WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT? THEN WE SHALL ALL KNOW WHERE WE ARE!"



LOOKING A GIFT HORSE IN THE WAIST.

Squire (who has given his gardener a cast-off suit). "So you've got the clothes on, Biffins?"
Biffins. "Yes, Sir. BUT, LAW! THEY'LL COST ME A DEAL FILLING OUT!"

several of the performers evidently took in *The Nation* and were followers of Mr. BELFORT BAX. One appeared on stage in a short black cloth blouse, with tights of the same, and large Eton collar—really very neat and distinctive. Another wore a Scotch cap, a sailor's jacket, flesh-coloured tights, and knee-caps. The third was in a white drill suit with very short trousers, socks striped red and white, baby's shoes, and a lady-doll's hat. Brave fellows! they, too, are preaching the cult.

Friday, July 5.—Wire from JENKINSON asking me to lunch with him to-day at the National Liberal. Accepted. Remembered that Mr. BELFORT BAX's letter was dated from Club, so made a rather careful toilet, just in case I met him. Toreador jacket, football jersey, riding breeches, cricket pads, and shooting boots. Bothered about head-dress—almost decided on fireman's helmet, till I recollected last night. Stopped cab at toy-shop on way to Whitehall Place, chose doll's chip hat and feathers, which they assured me was the latest style. Effect saucy—still, eighteenpence does seem rather a stiff price for it.

While I was waiting quietly in hall of Club for JENKINSON, one of the members came out and raised rumpus; threatened to complain to Committee, declared I must

be raving lunatic. Told him I was only "aiming at complete reversal of present condition of dress," and that "the worst vagaries of individual taste could not be more hideous than modern costume." Assured him, in Mr. BELFORT BAX's own words, that "out of this chaos in costume must inevitably emerge in the end the cosmos of æsthetic taste as standard." Begged him to send for Mr. B. B. if he happened to be in the Club. Member more indignant than ever; said I must be an absolute idiot, or I couldn't have so entirely misunderstood what the writer of letter to *The Nation* was driving at. Advised me to go quietly home and not make a fool of myself; offered to make my excuses to JENKINSON, also lend me a hat and overcoat of his own, in which I should avoid attracting attention. He made such a point of this, and seemed so positive that I had taken Mr. BELFORT BAX too literally that I began to feel that perhaps he knew best.

Saturday, July 6.—After all, it is a comfort to go about dressed like everybody else again. Very kind of that member to lend me his hat and overcoat yesterday. Should like to return them with thanks, but can't. Oddly enough, he quite forgot to mention his name.

F. A.

IN A NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD.

JUPP.

I.—“*The Nook's*” Needs.“*The Nook.*” Is Mr. JUPP in?

Mrs. Jupp. No, lady, I can't say as he's in just at the moment, but I daresay I could find him. He's very likely at “*The Limes*,” or “*Bellagio*,” or up at our other garden.

“*The Nook.*” I want to see him very particularly. It's about my garden. I live at “*The Nook*,” you know, and I want Mr. JUPP to come to me regularly.

Mrs. Jupp. Yes, lady; but I think you'd better see JUPP yourself. I'll go and find him if you'll take a chair.

“*The Nook.*” But I could go perfectly well. Both those houses are on my way back.

Mrs. Jupp. Oh no, lady; you sit down; I'll fetch him.

[Mrs. JUPP fetches Mr. JUPP from “*The Green Man*.”]

“*The Nook.*” Oh! Mr. JUPP, I want you to come to my garden every Friday. What do you charge for that?

Mr. Jupp. Fridays, mum, I'm engaged at “*Bellyvista*.”

“*The Nook.*” Then Wednesdays.

Mr. Jupp. Wednesdays, mum, I go to “*The Red Bungalow*.”

“*The Nook.*” All day?

Mr. Jupp. Yes, mum, all day. By rights I ought to be there all the week, there's that work to be done.

“*The Nook.*” Mondays, then? Are you engaged on Mondays?

Mr. Jupp. Yes, mum; on Mondays I belongs to “*Sans Souci*.”

“*The Nook.*” But this is Monday. Why aren't you there now?

Mr. Jupp. I am, mum. This is my tea-time.

“*The Nook.*” Couldn't you give me your tea-times? You shall have tea—anything you like—in the garden, and if you gave me that hour every evening all through the week I daresay it would do.

Mr. Jupp. What, mum, work all through my tea-time?

“*The Nook.*” I should pay you for it, of course. And really you're much better without tea. You'll enjoy your supper all the more, you know. Wouldn't he, Mrs. JUPP?

Mrs. Jupp. Oh! I never interfere with JUPP's affairs. JUPP must answer for himself.

“*The Nook.*” Well, then, Mr. JUPP, couldn't you give me an hour in the early morning before you start at the other houses?

Mr. Jupp. What about my own garden, mum? When am I going to do that?

“*The Nook.*” Of course I should pay you well for coming then.

Mr. Jupp. What were you thinking of giving, mum?

“*The Nook.*” Well, I would give you eight-pence an hour—that's four shillings a week. Will you come? Are there no other gardeners here?

Mr. Jupp. No, mum, no one; and even if there was, he wouldn't be any use. He wouldn't understand the soil. It's very curious soil about here.

“*The Nook.*” Well, will you come?

Mr. Jupp. I'll let you know, mum. I'll think about it and let you know. There's so many after me I have to be careful, mum. But I'll let you know.

“*The Nook.*” Can't you decide now? I'll give you tenpence an hour.

Mr. Jupp. I'll let you know, mum.

II.—“*La Hacienda's*” Needs.

“*La Hacienda.*” Is Mr. JUPP in?

Mrs. Jupp. No, sir. I can't say he's in just at the moment, but he's not far away.

“*La Hacienda.*” Where do you think he is?

Mrs. Jupp. Well, he might be at “*Sans Souci*,” and he might be at “*Bellyvista*,” or up in our other garden, perhaps. You see, being the only gardener about here, he's so much in request. If you'll take a seat I'll fetch him.

[She fetches JUPP from “*The Green Man*.”]

“*La Hacienda.*” Mr. JUPP, I want to arrange with you about my garden. What day will suit you best?

Mr. Jupp. I don't know, sir, as I've got any day.

“*La Hacienda.*” You don't mean to say you're full up? The whole week?

Mr. Jupp. I might be able to squeeze in an hour here and there. Suppose—I only say suppose, mind—I was to come for an hour every morning before I started in regular at my day's work, wherever it might be—at “*The Nook*,” or “*Bellyvista*,” or “*Sans Souci*,” or “*The Red Bungalow*,” or “*The Corner House*,” or wherever it was? Although, of course, I ought to be in my own garden then, as the missus here well knows. What would it be worth your while to give me?

“*La Hacienda.*” For an hour every morning early?

Mr. Jupp. Yes, sir, time I ought to be giving to my own garden.

“*La Hacienda.*” Well, as it's im-

portant, and you seem to be the only jobbing gardener about here—

Mr. Jupp. No, sir, there's no other, and even if there was, he wouldn't be any good. He wouldn't understand the soil. It's very curious soil about here. It's a matter of a lifetime to learn it.

“*La Hacienda.*” Well, I wouldn't mind as much as a shilling an hour, at any rate at first. Would that do?

Mr. Jupp. Well, I'll think about it, and let you know, sir. I can't decide anything till I've seen the gentleman at “*The Trossachs*.” He has the first claim on any of my spare time, such as it is; but I'll let you know.

[Exit “*La Hacienda*,” and enters “*The Cedars*” on a similar errand. And so it goes on.]

THE BLUE BABY.

BLENKINSOP and I were alone, alone in the Blenkinsop flat, with the BLENKINSOP baby.

“I know what you're going to say,” observed BLENKINSOP confidently.

“What?”

“That he's got my nose. Everyone sees it at once.”

“You are quite wrong,” I replied; “that is the last thing I should care to say about anybody. Besides, as far as I can see, he doesn't seem to possess a nose at all.”

“No nose?”

“I defy you to find one.”

BLENKINSOP pointed with his right forefinger to the child's countenance. “What's that, then?” he demanded.

“A baby.”

“No, that, just there?”

“I don't know,” I answered; “I'm not a specialist.”

He regarded me with contempt. “That's his nose.”

“Oh, well,” said I, seeing that he was becoming annoyed, “I'll take your word for it.”

Suddenly the baby opened his eyes and, perceiving his father's finger pointing straight at him at a distance of about two inches, uttered a short, sharp ejaculation in a language of his own.

BLENKINSOP started back. “What does he want?” he asked guiltily.

“He thinks you're going to feed him.”

“But I don't know what to give him.”

At this his son emitted a wail of such agonised appeal that we both shivered involuntarily.

“Good lord!” said BLENKINSOP, “this is horrible. I never heard him do that before. Do you think he understood what I said?”

“It certainly looks like it. You should be more careful.”

The baby, who now appeared to be

thoroughly awake, eyed us both suspiciously for a few moments; then, wrinkling his face into an expression of almost inhuman ferocity, he commenced to voice his opinion of the universe.

"Rock him," I advised.

BLENKINSOP rocked him vigorously.

"That will do; now leave him for a minute."

We sat and regarded the cradle and its occupant askance. A moment later, at the summit of an appalling paroxysm, the infant abruptly ceased its cries and lay stone still. I mopped my brow with a sigh of relief. But BLENKINSOP was peering anxiously at the bundle in the cradle. "I say," he whispered, "I believe there's something wrong with the little chap; he doesn't seem to be breathing." He poked him gingerly with his finger. "Why, he's quite stiff; and, good lord—yes, he's turning blue!"

I bent over the baby. It was true. His fists were clenched, and his face was slowly assuming a bluish tinge.

"It's convulsions!" I said, and we gazed at each other with horror.

"What's to be done?" BLENKINSOP exclaimed.

"Haven't you one of those medical emergency books—'Every Man his own Mother,' or something of that sort?"

He looked at me wildly. "We've got 'Every Man his own Mechanic.'"

I shook my head. Then in a flash I remembered. "I believe—yes, by Jove! we must give him a hot bath at once."

"It may be too late by the time we've heated a bathful," said BLENKINSOP.

"A large saucepan will do," I said; and with that I picked up the baby, cradle and all, and we dashed into the kitchen.

"Fill one," I commanded, "while I undress him."

BLENKINSOP hastily selected the largest saucepan and filled it from the boiler, while I struggled with strings and safety-pins. But my efforts were fruitless; the baby's garments proved impene- trable.

"He's all knots. You have a try."

BLENKINSOP failed hopelessly. "Why not put him in as he is?" I suggested.

"How could we dry him afterwards?"

"It's the only chance; we shall have to risk that."

BLENKINSOP groaned, but did as he was directed. Babies in convulsions are admittedly rigid, but we managed to bend the child somehow, and finally got him into the saucepan in a kind of sitting position. I dipped my finger in the water.

"This isn't hot. He'll catch his death of cold."

Then BLENKINSOP did the one thing possible. Seizing the saucepan, with the



Musical Critic (to host). "VERY FIRM TREAD, YOUR DAUGHTER HAS."

blue baby inside, he placed it on the range, drew out all the dampers, and attacked the fire with the poker.

"We can do no more," he whispered hoarsely.

At the end of three minutes there seemed to be a change in the baby. He was still apparently lifeless, but his blue was not so intense. At the end of five minutes he looked almost pink again, and shortly afterwards we noticed him stir his right eyelid.

"He's coming round!" I cried. "Get ready to take him off."

BLENKINSOP grasped the handle of the saucepan, and then—the kitchen door opened. It was Mrs. BLENKINSOP.

I will not pursue the story further. I am no longer on Mrs. BLENKINSOP's visiting list. And yet, but for my assistance, her baby would undoubtedly have succumbed to convulsions.

Besides, as I pointed out, it wasn't I who put the saucepan on; it was BLENKINSOP.

"Peace hath her Victories"...

"PEACE CONFERENCE.

THE OPENING OF HOSTILITIES."

The Times.

More Candour.

I.

"French chef requires situation in private family, permanent or job; 10½ good personal references."—*Morning Post.*

SOMETHING very suspicious about that half.

II.

"Ten houses for sale, all let to most respectable tenants, with one exception."—*Auctioneer's announcement.*

III.

"A most amusing and delightful book. Take it along in the train, and you won't have to struggle for sleep against comfortless cushions and exiguous seats."—*The Standard.*

IV.

"For Sale. Second-hand. Gentleman's leather dressing-case, brush, combs, and tooth-brush."

The Bazaar.

A Large Pocket.

"A JUVENILE PICKPOCKET. URCHIN STEALS A GOAT."

Indian Daily News.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

MANY things have happened to me since the days when I used to ride across country with the Frampington Hunt. This is not its real name, but I prefer to call it by this, though truth would forbid me to relate aught but good of its members, of the Hunt servants, and the frequent casualties who came to its meets. This Hunt was established, let me say, in a southern county. The pack was not what is called a fashionable one, but, in my own estimation and that of others better qualified to judge, it did not fall short of more celebrated packs in all that pertains to straight riding, gallantry and genuine sportsmanship. It had been for a long time in existence and had traditions and a history of its own. The country showed great variety and taxed the skill and versatility of horses and riders. On one day you might find yourself travelling, with the scent breast-high, over a succession of rolling downs; then almost in a moment you would plunge into a big patch of woodland, only to emerge suddenly into a great grass park, where a series of posts and rails gave you an opportunity of witching the world and pounding your friends. On another day, in another quarter, you might ride over some of the prettiest grass-fields in the world, with hedges and ditches to try your mettle; or again you might have all your work cut out for you by a region of tricky water-meadows. It was a true sporting country, and the quality of those who rode over it, as I remember them, in no degree fell short of their country.

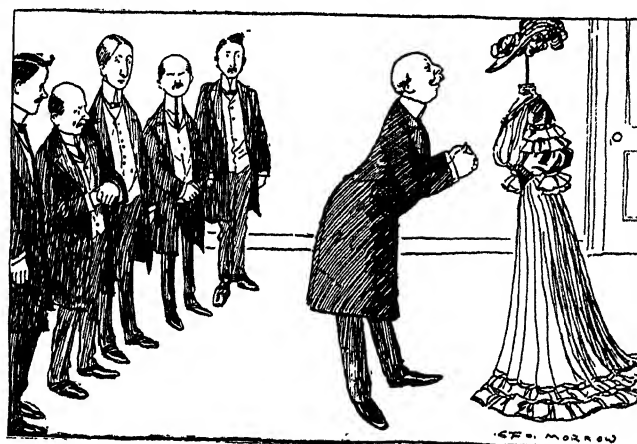
In the days of which

I speak, some twenty-five years ago, the hounds were hunted by the Master himself. A sturdy Centaur he was, bluff, downright, and a bold leader of men. He was a short man, but very powerful. The winds and rains of many seasons had beaten a deep ruddy colour, the pledge, as it seemed, of health and manly courage, into his bearded face. Nothing daunted him. Many a time I have seen him take his horse up to wire netting or iron rail and leap over it as lightly as a bird flies. Yet he was far from being a break-neck daredevil. His object was to keep with his hounds, and in this he never failed. Every wile and shift of the hunted animal he seemed to realise by instinct, and about scent, that secular mystery, he knew as much as mortal man may know. What great days he gave us, and how cheerily his horn sounded through the coverts, and again, with decisive blast, when the fox at last broke away and headed for the open! Not in this world, I fear, shall I hear it again; but some day, it may be, it will wake for us the shadowy echoes as we stream, a company of red-coated ghosts, over the Elysian fields.

It was not, however, of the Master only that I designed to speak. Another sportsman of a different type has a place in my memory and deserves the tribute of my celebrating strains. This was FRED, who was rough-rider and general utility man to a horsedealer in the county

town. If FRED had another name I can only say that I never knew it, though I often rode his employer's horses and purchased more than one of them to my profit and pleasure. FRED was a thin fellow, with a pair of spindle legs that had a wonderful grip on a horse. His face was pale and there was a sort of—how shall I describe it?—a hungry, apprehensive look in his eyes, as though he yearned for danger, but hardly relished the risk of breaking his bones. Yet he was absolutely fearless; and I can see him now, a respectable scarecrow in his battered bowler hat and his weather-stained breeches, leading the field (but not the Master) over our stiffest country. He was a man of few words, but he could bring many horses to a meet and was able to sell not a few from time to time. He had the curious faculty (born, I suppose, of a complete knowledge of the country) of disappearing soon after a run started and turning up quite fresh and punctual when hounds pulled down their fox. No man ever took less pride in his skill, for he seemed to be a natural pessimist, a speculator, as it were, for the fall, and to look upon riding as an occupation in which a man

was compelled to expiate the sins of many generations of his forefathers. Yet I never saw FRED in trouble with a horse save once. I had bought a fine powerful and highly recommended chestnut in Suffolk and had brought him down with me to be tried at a meet of a pack of beagles. I soon found he was a bolter. For an hour or two he pulled my arms out of their shoulder-sockets and then at last he got away with me. We ended down a twelve-foot drop into a lane and on to the shafts



A HINT FOR THE BUSINESS EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.

WHY NOT HAVE DEMONSTRATIONS IN THE ART OF SHOP-WALKING?

of a field-roller, which, without damaging ourselves, we splintered into match-wood. This adventure caused me to look with some suspicion on the chestnut as a follower of hounds. I asked FRED to take him over with a view to finding a purchaser, and FRED, nothing loth, consented. He rode the fiend a day or two afterwards, and, I am proud to relate, lasted no longer than I had. "E took me," said FRED, "acrost two fields and slap through two fences like a railway, jumped me into a orchard and got me stuck in the branches of a old apple-tree. 'E lost me there, and we found 'im twenty miles orf next day." FRED's pale and timorous face bore many sanguinary evidences of his painful collision with the apple-tree.

On the whole, however, FRED was a fortunate as well as a brave and skilful rider. He must be an oldish man now, if Fate continued, as I trust she did, to spare him for equestrian feats and the sale of the animals he so excellently bestrode. Probably he lives, retired from active work, and offers advice to a younger but not more enterprising generation.

The Mystery Solved.
GREAT SUMMER SALE.

Draper's Notice.

This accounts for the loss of the summer; but who bought it, and what is he doing with it?

CHARIVARIA.

The Evening Standard, in referring to the money raised at the last moment for the Union Jack Club, mentioned that this was largely owing to the energetic appeal of "a London morning newspaper, *The Daily Mail*." We had often heard of *The Daily Mail*, and wondered what it was.

**

Old customs die hard. A foolish *habitué* of the Central London Railway, forgetting that tickets now have to be kept till the end of the journey, threw his into the mouth of an official who happened to be yawning outside a lift.

**

An interesting result of raising the fares is that many more millionaires now use the line. They felt themselves unable to patronise it without loss of self-respect when the charge was only twopence.

**

The portrait of the PRIME MINISTER which is shortly to be presented to him, shows Sir HENRY, we are told, "in his most happy and characteristic attitude." This means, we take it, that he is depicted in the act of postponing the abolition of the Lords.

**

We are in a position to reassure those nervous persons who imagined that the Injured Animals Act, which was before the House of Commons last week, was an attempt to make householders responsible for accidents to domestic pets. It is not proposed to extend the scope of the Servants' Charter yet.

**

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has made a record haul from death duties during the twelve weeks of the current financial year which have just elapsed. It is ghoulish work, this making money out of dead men, and we think that the least the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER might do is always to wear decent black.

**

A sum of four pounds six shillings has been found inside a shark which was caught the other day. It is supposed that the creature was on its way to the Dogger Bank.

**

Sir JAMES BARR, in his presidential address at the Public Health Congress, declared that we were becoming a nation of small heads. Some persons, however, hold the opposite view, and think that we are becoming a nation of fat-heads.

**

The fact that the autograph manuscript of "The Brook," by the late Lord TENNYSON, fetched as much as £35 a page when offered for sale by auction has caused considerable pleasure and



Little Girl (to complete stranger). "Please, Sir, am I out an hour yet?"

comfort to many young poets whose manuscripts have been returned to them by editors.

**

Literary men, who are not always as versatile as they should be, are pointing with pride to Mr. G. L. JESSOP, the famous Limerick Expert who distinguished himself in the Test Match.

**

Henley Regatta is, as any journalist will tell you, our "Great National Water Carnival," and the weather entered thoroughly into the spirit of the thing this year.

**

At the Lincolnshire Agricultural Show last week awards were made "to the labourers in husbandry who had brought up the greatest number of children." "Husbandry" seems the right word here.

**

One is so apt to think that all the wonders of locomotion are of absolutely recent origin that we are grateful to *The Daily News* for informing us that in 1897, when an address of congratulation

was presented to Queen VICTORIA, the SPEAKER proceeded to Buckingham Palace in his state coach "drawn by four brewer's drays."

**

The site of the Old Bailey is to be offered for sale by auction. It is rumoured that a wealthy retired burglar intends to purchase it with a view to erecting thereon, for old association's sake, a private residence for himself.

**

Now that the Jarrow election is over, and he has come out below the Conservative candidate, we assume that Mr. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES ("Sub Rosa") will change his journalistic *nom de guerre* to "Sub Rose Innes."

**

It was Kaid MACLEAN who introduced bagpipes into Morocco. RAISULI has now taken his revenge.

In Cheerful Devonshire.

FROM "To-day's Engagements" in *The Devon and Exeter Daily Gazette*:—

"Exeter Police Court. 10.30."



HISTORICAL PICTURE.

AN ENGLISH GARDEN PARTY IN 1907.

DIVORÇONS.

[In a divorce case just reported from Washington, U.S.A., the judge, in granting the wife's petition, held that the discontinuance of the morning and evening kiss constituted cruelty.]

ARISE, O my suffering sisters, arise!
 Too long have our spouses
 Been kings in our houses,
 Too long have we suffered with silence or sighs
 Whatever these monsters might choose to devise.
 Were they pleased to be bright to us,
 Fairly polite to us,
 How we would bow to them,
 Blindly kow-tow to them;
 If they were crusty, as often occurred,
 We turned away meekly and said not a word.
 Though our tender hearts were broken
 By the tyrant's cruel slights
 Not a word was ever spoken
 Of the married woman's rights;
 Though we pined for osculation,
 Did we hint that we might miss
 The pre-prandial salutation
 Or the matutinal kiss?

Ah, surely 'tis time that our lessons were conned,
 That women united
 To get their wrongs righted!
 See, see how our sisters across the blue pond
 Can deal with the man who forgets to be fond.
 Do they sigh for him, pine for him,
 Helplessly whine for him,

Ply all their arts for him,
 Breaking their hearts for him?
 They take him to court if he shows too much phlegm
 And doesn't prove legally tender to them.
 Then they fall on him with fury,
 And their tears they do not grudge
 To a sympathetic jury
 And a horror-stricken judge;
 And a storm of groans and hisses
 Greets the wretch who dares give less
 Than the statutory kisses
 And the law-prescribed caress.

Oh, truly our sisters are full of resource;
 A cure they've detected
 For being neglected:
 Let us follow them up in their glorious course,
 And cry, not for fatuous votes, but divorce.
 If a man can't be brought to do
 All that he ought to do,
 If he refuses us
 Aught that amuses us,
 Jibs when we take him out shopping, or sneers
 At our social ambition and weakness for peers—
 If he do not show repentance,
 Let the wretch be dragged to court,
 Where the judge pronounces sentence
 And the monster's shrift is short.
 With a little education
 We shall teach the law to see,
 Like the lack of osculation,
 These are acts of cruelty.



“FOR 'TIS THEIR NATURE TO.”

BRITANNIA (to LORD CROMER). “ACCEPT, MY LORD, THIS TOKEN OF MY HIGH APPRECIATION OF YOUR SPLENDID SERVICES, AND PLEASE EXCUSE THE DOG'S MANNERS.”

[A certain member of the Irish National Party has announced his intention of opposing the grant of £50,000 to Lord CROMER for exceptional services rendered to the Empire.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 1.—There are Heads of State



A PENCIL-KODAK OF CAUSTON (KNIGHT).

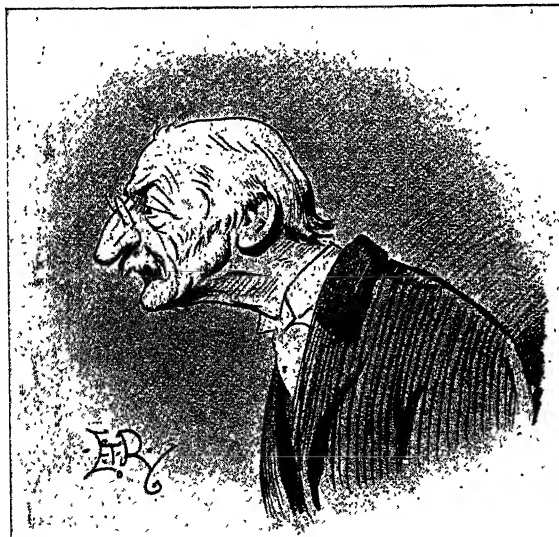
Departments who loom larger in the public eye than does the Chairman of Kitchen Committee of House of Commons. He has no salaried staff with charges figuring in the Estimates. He shares with CAUSTON (Knight) the distinction of holding office without pay. In CAUSTON'S case there is a touch of irony that embitters situation. On the principle that he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat, reasonable to expect PAYMASTER-GENERAL would quarterly hand over to himself a heavy purse. Not a penny of it. Similarly ALFRED JACOBY (Knight) receives no recompense for his tireless, endless services other than the approval of his conscience, and meditation on benefits bestowed upon his fellow men.

Crowning result of perfect organisation, originality of conception and dauntless daring, is creation of the Shilling Dinner. Predecessors in the Kitchen Chair thought they deserved well of their country as represented at Westminster when they served Half-a-crown Din-

ners. With that hankering after severity of style that marks the loftiest nature, JACOBY yearned for the sweet simplicity of the shilling-piece. After many experiments in horseflesh and canned meats, he achieved the desired end. To-day HARRY CHAPLIN or other *gourmets* below Gangway may obtain a substantial meal on the tariff known in popular seaside resorts as "a bob a nob."

A touch of genius is indicated in the freedom of choice permitted in the way of nomenclature. You may, as wayward fancy dictates, ask for *Haricot de Mouton*, Saddle of Lamb, Sirloin of Beef, Veal and Chicken Pie, Roast Pork (with Crackling), or Irish Stew. The foundation will be "the same old 'oss," or the never-failing Armour-plated product from Chicago. There, set before you, labelled as you ordered it, and tasting something like it—with two vegetables, bread *ad libitum*, and free use of the castors—is the appetising meal, all for a shilling.

In a memorable passage of speech delivered on eve of his downfall, Sir ROBERT PEEL hoped he "might leave a name sometimes remembered in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food." That, in appropriately varied phrase, expresses JACOBY'S aspiration. When—may the time be far distant!—his bust is enshrined with those of other great Parliamentarians in the approaches



"FORTY YEARS ON."—HARROW ATHLETICS.
(Mr. P. M. Th-rnt-n, M.P. for Clapham).

to the House, it will need no other inscription than the line:

He gave them a Shilling Dinner.

But *revenons à nos moutons*. At Question time combined international



WELSH LAMB.

"Rees began it."

attack was made upon Chairman of Kitchen Committee on score of mutton. REES began it. Wanted to know why Canterbury lamb should displace Welsh mutton in the kitchen of the British House of Commons?

Chairman diplomatically replied that Welsh mutton is on sale in the London markets between October and March, when he will see that supplies are ordered. As House does not, save in exceptional circumstances, sit in the period indicated, this comfort was (as mutton sometimes is) cold.

Even so, why should Wales claim monopoly of the best mutton?

DEWAR insisted that there is nothing like Scotch black-faced mutton. Taken in conjunction with a noggin of a certain brand of whisky, it supplies ambrosial feast.

Mr. WEIR, in bass voice throbbing with emotion, hymned the praise of West Highland mutton; whilst O'SHAUGHNESSY put in a word for Irish mutton bred and fed on the Curragh.

"The suggestions of

hon. gentlemen," said Chairman, with commanding dignity, "shall have my best attention."

Business done. — In Committee on Budget. On proposal to reduce Tea Duty to 4d., Ministerial majority itself reduced to 59.

Tuesday. — Have occasionally heard of domestic habit of burning a candle at both ends. Remains for FABER (G. H.) to conceive variation of familiar allegory. Protesting against increase in Death Duties, he accused CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER of "squeezing the orange at both ends."

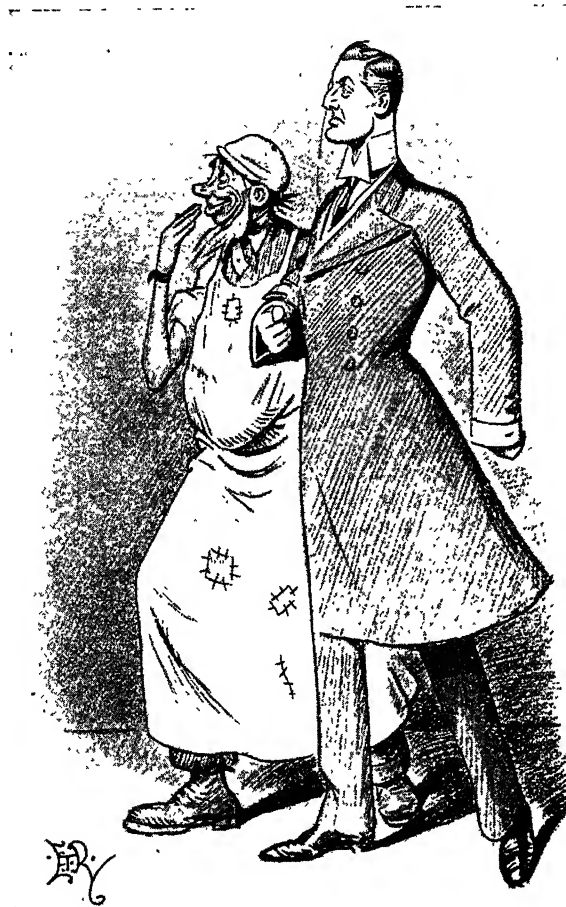
Suggested action a little obscure. Is the peel cut at both ends and pressure applied to the centre? or do we, in the mind's eye, *Horatio*, behold ASQUITH, having caused an incision to be made midway in the rind, applying pressure at both ends? Pleased with success of this new imagery, FABER went on to picture a millionaire standing in a convenient but unnamed place "for every daw to peck at." Here, again, dubiety attends flight of untrained fancy. Why should a daw peck at a millionaire more than at an insurance broker?

Talk through long sitting full of points of personal interest. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN sought sympathy of fellow man on score that he could not effect domestic servants' insurance policy at lower rate than £1. Several Members born under happier auspices declared they had done the trick at half-a-crown.

"Yes," said AUSTEN, gloomily; "but there's the outside person who cleans your windows."

Had given much thought to the subject, spent valuable mornings contemplating difficulty, tossed about on his bed through so-called summer nights in vain endeavour to evade it. Admitted complete failure. Ever the outside person perched on the window-sill, threatening sudden descent, "crossed his vision," as the late MARKISS said about the housemaid. Hopes and aspirations in the still young, once happy, household blasted.

YOUNG BOWLES, with cheery optimism that recalled memories of his lamented parent, attempted to turn



AUSTEN INTRODUCES THE "OUTSIDE PERSON."

flow of thought from this melancholy



A RULER OF THE SEAS.

Nelson and Van Tromp in One.
(Mr. G-rge L-mb-rt, Civil Lord of the Admiralty.)

channel. Mentioned a butler of his acquaintance who found himself on death of his millionaire master left sole legatee. Even ASQUITH, not insensible to gloom cast over proceedings by AUSTEN's dreary story, pricked up when BOWLES mentioned that the butler paid Death Duties at the rate of 10 per cent.

But look how iniquitous is the working of the Treasury under direction of Liberal CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Had the leg (so to speak) been on the other boot, had the butler, grateful for many kindnesses received at the hand of his master, conscious of the appropriation of an occasional bottle of vintage wine and the premature withdrawal from general service of remains of a box of cigars, left his savings to his master, what measure of Death Duties would be levied? Why, only two per cent.!

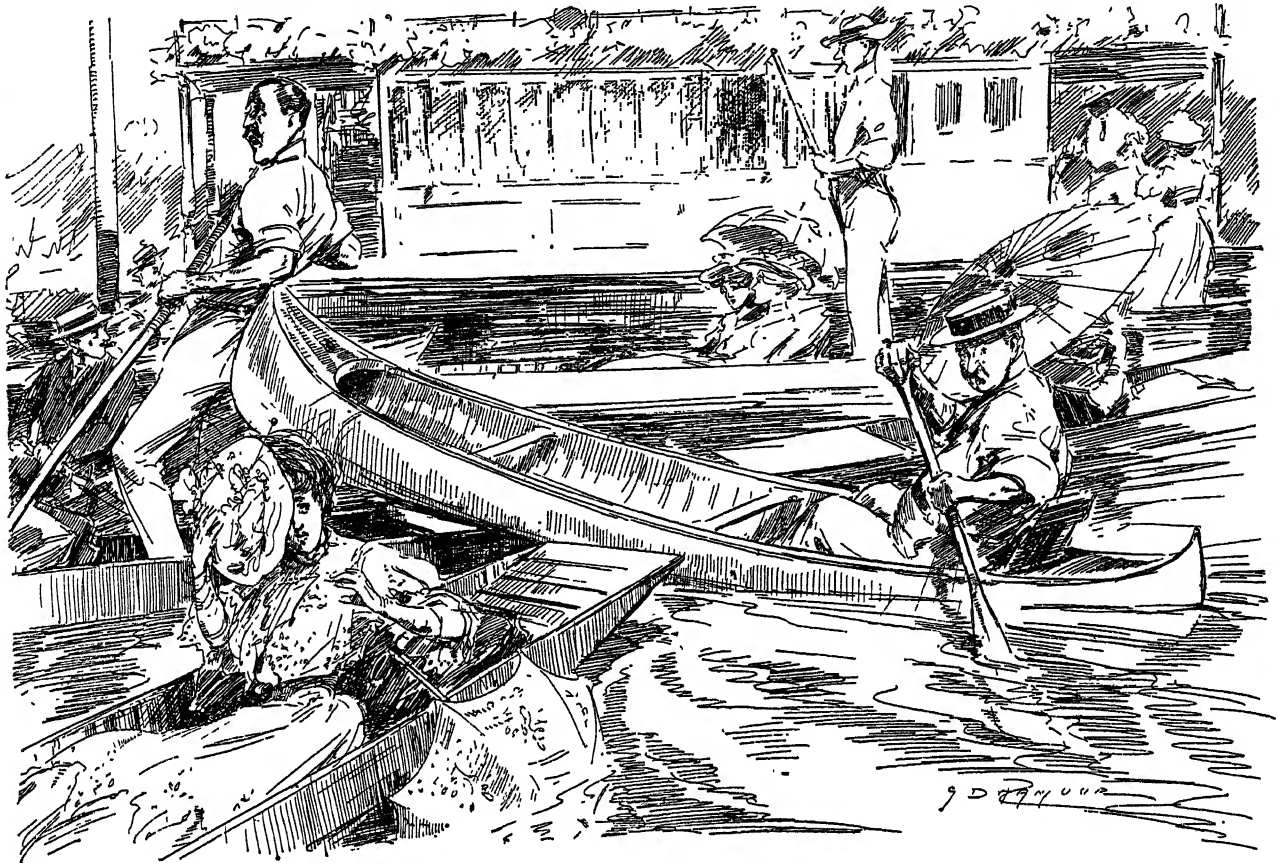
Next BALCARRES, a star on Front Opposition Bench, took up the wondrous tale. Pointed to systematic malversation of property at ex-

pense of revenue in vogue among owners of art treasures. If they retain their prizes, enriching the country with their presence, their death will be the signal for CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER to pop in and take heavy toll. BALCARRES hinted at existence of a movement that will presently denude England of much that is dear to it. Owners of notable art collections secretly go abroad, carrying with them baggage of inordinate dimensions. These are heirlooms in the shape of priceless pictures which they sell, not only in the United States, but in Germany, France, Austria, "even Spain and Italy." Thus their heirs are richer by evasion of Death Duties, and England is poorer by the loss of masterpieces handed down through the ages.

Business done.—Still in Committee on Budget Bill.

Friday night.—"Curl my whiskers!" exclaimed Mr. DUNN, mopping his manly brow as he returned to his seat, having succeeded in bringing in his Bill providing for taking a second ballot at Parliamentary elections. "Am glad *that's* over."

Certainly proved rather compli-



THE REGATTA SEASON. HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

FOR ANYONE GOING OUT ALONE THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A CANADIAN CANOE. IT IS SO EASY TO SWING ROUND IN A CONFINED SPACE.

cated procedure. Leave having been obtained to introduce the bantling, SPEAKER put usual question, "Who is prepared to bring in this Bill?"

Taken aback at such unnecessary inquiry, Mr. DUNN rather tartly answered, "I do myself."

Amid much merriment from bored House, grateful for slightest diversion, several members explained that he should cite the names of sponsors of Bill indorsed upon the back of it. This done, Mr. DUNN set out on a trot to the Table. Hilarious shout of "Bar! Bar!" filled the Chamber. Doubling back, he reached the Bar, and, turning about, made once more for Table.

Troubles not yet over. Etiquette demands that Member bringing in Bill shall halt midway between Bar and Table, and make obeisance to the Chair. In bewilderment of the moment Mr. DUNN forgot this; was brought up by shout of "Chair! Chair!" "Bow! Bow!"

Gasping for breath, with a hunted look in his eyes, a spasmodic drawing in of the parched lips, the Member for Camborne succeeded in controlling his trembling knees long enough

to bend his head. This over, he without further adventure handed in his Bill.

Business done.—Mr. DUNN's.

ON DELIA-SINGING.

(A Study in conflicting emotions.)

WHEN DELIA sings, so grandly floats
The cadence of her silvery notes
So wondrous fair she is to see
(However wide her mouth may be),
That soft, sweet dreams of harps and things

Subdue the soul, when DELIA sings.

For if the song is low and sad
She can make strong men cry like mad;

Or gay, her dainty archness wiles
An audience till it smiles and smiles;
And oft her lullabies have drawn,
Ev'n from Society, a yawn.

And as with tranced ears I drink
Her music in I always think
(Or nearly always) how divine,
How flawless, is this girl of mine;
Indeed, to muse on angels' wings.
Is quite the rule, when DELIA sings.

But when my DELIA madly turns
To songs of Love—of Love that burns

And stings and yearns—of bygone bliss—

Of those last hours and that last kiss—

Ah me! I am not all at ease
When DELIA tackles themes like these.

For then, before a crowded room,
She stands in all her maiden bloom,
While from that peerless larynx gush
Words that would make a turkey blush;

And solemn is the doubt that springs
Into my mind, when DELIA sings.

Maybe she does it unawares;
Maybe she little knows (or cares)
Half what those awful words convey:
I'm sure I hope so, anyway;
For otherwise she'd hardly go
And sing them *coram populo*.

And yet—such force those words inspire;

Such passion—such familiar fire—
That solemn questions come unsought,

Whether she's quite the girl I thought!

Such is the grave, grave doubt that wrings

My trusting heart, when DELIA sings.
DUM-DUM.

AMERICA IN LONDON.

ONE wonders if the authors of Italian Opera-libretti find it a great strain to think out such titles as *Rigoletto*, *Fedora*, &c. It looks easy, and there is this advantage in borrowing the name of the leading character that at least your title reflects the main interest. In *Un Ballo in Maschera* there is not even this merit, since the masked ball does not begin till well on into the third hour. The only excuse for it (historically, that is to say, for any excuse serves in Opera for the introduction of a ballet) was the assassination of a certain GUSTAVUS THE THIRD of Sweden at one of these entertainments towards the end of the eighteenth century. But the Italian censor raised difficulties, and so there had to be a change of names and places. The scene was moved to Boston; *Gustavus* became *Earl of Warwick*, Governor; and by a happy inspiration the names of *Tommaso* and *Samuele* were given to the local revolutionists. Nothing else had to be changed, so cosmic was the scheme in its applicability to just any conditions in the world. I assume that the original century was retained, and that the Stuart costumes were an archaic affectation.

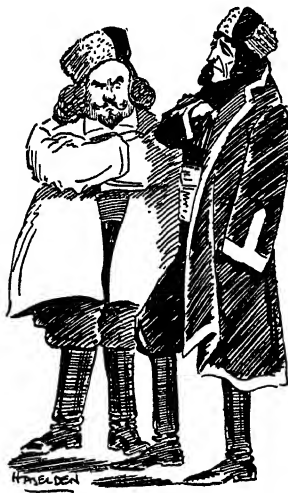
The theme, as usual in Italian Opera, is of the most depressing. Perhaps the gayest music came in the setting of the funeral lines:

Hear'st thou not, with thrilling sound,
Those death-like accents ring around?

while, on the other hand, the ballet was the gloomiest feature of the evening. Signor CARUSO kindly supplied the comic relief. The Governor of Boston had come for a consultation in palmistry, and, as is customary with Pro-consuls when bound on these clandestine errands, he had disguised himself in the following costume:—The top half of a night-shirt, the lower half of a suit of striped pyjamas turned up very high on the left leg on account of the rain, and an enormous cummerbund which riveted the eye upon the generous contour of his middle. All this did not seem to affect his voice, which was at the top of its quality.

Mlle. SCALAR, as the unfortunate *Amelia* (translated into *Adelia* in the English version—a very subtle distinction), sang with good intention in a rather rasping voice. She gave me the impression of being in pain rather than in love. In the scene *sul campo abominato*, when she has to let her lover know that her husband may overhear them unless they

are careful, her whispered warning (*il mio consorte!*) was absolutely ear-splitting. I suppose she had never been allowed to sing quite so loud in the family circle, or her husband



THE BOSTONIAN CONSPIRATORS.

Messrs. Tom Journet and Sam Marcoux.

(The latter not to be confused with Sammarco.)

must have recognised her, veil or no veil.

Mlle. SELMA KURZ, as *Oscar* the page, had a lightish part, and sang it just like a skylark. Madame DE CISNEROS was an excellent *Ulrica*; and



A BRITISH PRO-CONSUL.

Signor Caruso, Governor of Boston.

sorcering is clearly her *métier*. I was a little sorry for Signor SAMMARCO in the rôle of the loyal *Renato*. He cannot help singing well, but he was not happy in the matter of his fine clothes or his honesty. And besides, to be a Creole, and yet have Arragon for your native country (as the book directs) is always a rather tricky combination.

O. S.

EDUCATIONAL UPHOLSTERY.

LORD ROSEBERRY's recent statement that he was in the habit of using the poems of Sir WALTER SCOTT as a pillow has, like all the pronouncements of the Sage of the Durdans, attracted a good deal of attention in literary circles. *Mr. Punch* has ascertained that this is no isolated case of the connection between books and furniture, but that there is a growing tendency to manufacture articles contrived, in the words of the poet, "a double debt to pay."

Thus Messrs. STAPLE have designed and dedicated to Lord ROSEBERRY a very choice Chesterfield sofa, on the cushions of which his famous speech, delivered at that historic town, is embroidered in red, white and blue.

Messrs. GRANVILLE BARKER are exhibiting a handsome Nietzsche overmantel with a panel hand-painted portrait of Mr. BERNARD SHAW in the centre. In this connection we may also note the tasteful everymantel designed by Messrs. DENT, and the Tales of a Grandfather clock patented by Sir WALTER SCOTT & Co.

Messrs. HOOPER AND JACKSON, specialists in literary furniture, have an immense variety of ingenious and attractive articles on view in their splendid show-rooms. We may first notice the Blackfriars bedstead, the mattress of which is secured by powerful Buckles at both ends, while the legs are made of seasoned Bearwood, and an alarum Bell is fixed within easy reach of the occupant. The bolster is sumptuously stuffed with carefully selected padding, the blankets are of the best American make, and each purchaser is supplied with a complete set of Supplement sheets, a suit of Garibaldi pyjamas, and a thousand-and-one Arabian night-lights, the whole outfit being offered for the sacrificial sum of £3 18s. Messrs. HOOPER AND JACKSON are also exhibiting a massive Encyclopædic Ottoman, several copies of which have been recently supplied to the Sultan of TURKEY. The design is, we believe, borrowed from the MACKENZIE-WALLACE collection, but for the tasteful execution Messrs. HOOPER AND JACKSON are solely responsible. Though somewhat composite in its structure, the Ottoman, which is richly upholstered in three-quarter Levant, is practically indestructible, and, as Sir IAN HAMILTON tersely remarks, unites the amenities of a library with the protection of a sandbag.

LITERARY ENTERPRISE.

[The Publishers' Circular states that Mr. WILLIAM HEINEMANN recently received an application from a New York clippings syndicate. The application was addressed to FRANCESCO PETRARCH and invited him to apply for their services. The explanation is given that a notice of a work of his prompts the sending of this card. It appears from the subjoined correspondence, however, that American enterprise is not confined to one house.]

JOHN MILTON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—We believe that you have recently entered the literary profession. We venture to doubt, however, whether you have been put on the right lines, and therefore invite you to apply for our book, *Literature as a Profession*, from which you will gain many valuable hints on how to dispose of your wares. "Poetry Writing in Twelve Easy Lessons" is a course which we particularly recommend; and we shall be glad to receive your instructions for the forwarding of this work per next mail.

Yours faithfully,
THE PUSH & PRINT CO.

W. WORDSWORTH, Esq.

SIR,—We understand that you are interested in excursions, and we herewith beg to enclose descriptive literature of our popular tours. We would direct particular attention to a week in the Lake District for four guineas, including meat breakfast each day and coach drives. If, however, you should care to write us, we would be pleased to quote you for short-date tickets to any spot on this side.

We are yours faithfully,
YALE'S TOURS, LTD. (British Dept.)

SAMUEL JOHNSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—We herewith enclose our booklet, *Advertisements and how to write them*, and shall be pleased to include you amongst our pupils. Why write dictionaries when you can earn a substantial income in a much more pleasant way? Mail us by return for full particulars.

THE 'FRISCO ADVERTISING ACADEMY.
Remember, a letter to us costs 2½d.

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—A published photograph of yourself, which reached us per last mail, shows you as wearing a covering for your head, and we trust we shall not be considered impertinent if we enquire if this is used to hide baldness? If so, may we recommend to your notice our *Mexicoco* for the Hair, in bottles, at 25c., 50c., and one dollar. We guarantee this agreeable preparation to produce a growth of hair in a week. We need

would be good enough to quote us lowest possible terms for a series of fifty lectures, to be delivered here next fall. The lectures would be accompanied by readings from your works, and might be illustrated with limelight views. Assuring you of our best services,

We are, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

THE SASKATCHEWAN EXPLOITATION
CO., LTD.

LEIGH HUNT, Esq.

SIR,—May we venture to enquire with all possible delicacy whether we could be of service to you in the way of a small loan? We understand that circumstances have more than once involved you in temporary difficulties, and venture to address you. Apologising for this intrusion, we are, with all respect,
THE OHIO CREDIT BANK.

Fashions from Coventry.

"BUTTONS are at their best in painted porcelain, and some of the Parisian Diamond Empire and Louis Seize buttons are quite perfect. Two or four of these buttons make a dress." — *Women at Home*.

Latest Ducal Costume.

"All wore official uniform save Mr. WHITELAW REID, who was, as always, in ordinary evening garb. The Duke of SOMERSET came in a short interlude from yachting." — *Daily Telegraph*.

Not too short, we hope.

Blondin Redivivus.

THE ball looked like going to the boundary, but was wonderfully well saved by NOURSE, who ran at top speed along the pavilion rails.—*Evening News*.

Cricket in a Hurry.

SCHWARZ met with immediate success, HARDINGE rushing out to his second ball, missing it, and being bowled before the next batsman could arrive.—*Ulster Echo*.



Mrs. Pushington-Disky. "NOW, DEAR LORD BELCOURT, DO TELL ME YOU'LL BE A NICE, KIND—ER—NICE AND KIND, AND OPEN OUR LITTLE BAZAAR."

Lord Belcourt. "WELL, UNFORTUNATELY I'M RATHER BUST IN THE UPPER HOUSE JUST NOW. BUT I'LL DO SO WITH THE GREATEST OF PLEASURE—AS SOON AS EVER WE'RE ABOLISHED!"

not emphasize the value to one of your profession of having a luxuriant growth.

Yours faithfully,
THE HAIR WASHINGTON CO.
Head Office, Auburn, New York.

EDMUND SPENSER, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to offer our felicitations on the success of your *Faerie Queen*, which we are informed has already run into several editions. We now write you to enquire if you

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

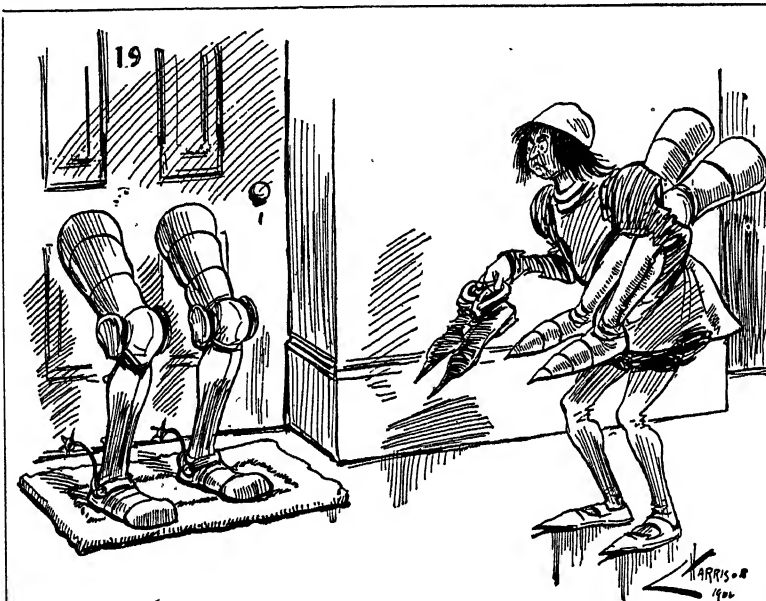
THE public is badly spoilt by short novels, and a writer who transgresses the page-limit runs a risk of being disqualified for boring. Mr. DE MORGAN's *Alice-for-Short* (HEINEMANN) has a deceptive title, for it is quite as discursive as *Pendennis* and as dilatory as STEVENSON's *Wrecker*; the author moves us from place to place, giving a glimpse here, and a snatch of conversation there, and all the time with a curious affectation of manner: sentences that began as narrative end in the words—the very exact words—of a supposed speaker; and the two pretences are maintained that the story is not fiction at all, and that the author doesn't know what is going to happen any more than you do (as he himself would probably put it). So we get a cumbersome loitering narrative. But the matter, in sympathetic observation, insight, and humanity, is beyond praise. The mystery of a curio-ring, and an old-world romance of a great house that has become a dusty studio in Soho, are woven into a delightfully meticulous study of common but eminently likeable characters of yesterday. Charles the unsuccessful artist (but successful novelist), Peggy who strokes his hair, and Alice of the broken Beer-jug who develops into so charming a heroine, are people we really must get to know (to take another dip into the author's ink); and those who have read *Joseph Vance* will certainly not be disappointed.

It is a book that is better taken in doses, and one wishes at times that the bottle could be shaken; but we prescribe it without hesitation to all who can take romance by sips, instead of the usual spasmodic gulp.

None so Pretty (LONGMANS) reminds me of one of those moving pictures on the front of barrel-organs dear to childhood. Being duly wound up, they presented a group of highly-coloured figures, dancing, fighting, or making love. The expression on the countenances of the *dramatis personæ* was equally suitable for any of these exercises. In the many pages of this portly book we have a stately country squire with a past; an actress similarly endowed; a girl of peerless beauty who turns out to be the fruit of their early love; a country lout who becomes a famous painter, loves the peerless beauty, marries another girl whom he neglects, and is finally shot by his wife's lover. There are many more characters, but these will suffice. Being wound up, they go through their ordered paces with automatic precision, but there is no flesh nor blood about them. A really original touch is the statement on the opening page attributing to GROTE the remark that the stories of the gods were the ancient

Greek's substitute for the circulating library or *The Times Book Club*. Considering that the historian has been dead thirty-six years, this indicates a remarkable prescience.

If Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS ever writes a play showing the same ironical perception of character and the same fidelity to life as *A Dull Girl's Destiny* (HUTCHINSON), it must prove an irresistible lure to Messrs. VEDRENNE and BARKER. Mrs. REYNOLDS is one of the happy people who know that the humanity and irony and interest of life are chiefly due to the stupid, selfish, everyday dullards, with whom you and I—with our brighter parts and nobler impulses—are constrained to live. The heroine of her book not only is meant to be but is the reverse of dull. The epithet rightly belongs to the respectable nonentities who hurl it at her. That is where the fun comes in—for the reader. While they are using and abusing her as a slow-witted incompetent Cinderella, she is actually writing, under a pseudonym, a brilliant series of novels which are the talk of the town, and not least of her dearly beloved friends and relatives, who look more foolish and unamiable than ever when her identity is at last disclosed. Rather *vieux jeu*, this affair of the successful author, but it serves quite well as a peg on which to hang the author's satire on dull superiority, wherein lies the real strength of her excellent book.



"BOOTS."

STUDY OF A HOTEL IN THE HEIGHT OF THE PAGEANT SEASON.

The scene of *His Lady's Pleasure* (F. V. WHITE) is laid

for the most part among those nameless creeks and islands on the west coast of Africa, where fever will polish you off in a fortnight unless you happen to be the hero or his friend. The theme is a quest for a derelict vessel which has a valuable cargo. One of the questors goes after it because he wants money to get married with, and the other because he wants, like the people who sample the deserts of Africa in Mr. MASON's books, to show his lady what he is made of. Mr. HAROLD BINDLOSS, the author, seems to know the country and its perils so well that he is loth to let his characters get there. At any rate they are long enough about it to make you want to lighten the freight by jettisoning two or three chapters at the beginning. It would mean sacrificing glimpses of several tolerably interesting persons; but, after all, the story is the thing.

New name for the Stock and Share Market in times of dismay:—The Shock and Stare Market.

What a Policy she will Want.

"Cook (Good); £263 2 years' reference; abstainer; economical; good manager."—*Morning Post*.



Colonel Lackland (uninsured). "ANYBODY HURT, THOMAS?"

Thomas. "MISS HANGELA, SIR, A BIT SHAKEN."

Colonel. "TUT, TUT! I DON'T HAVE TO PAY ON MISS ANGELA. ARE YOU INJURED?"

THE CALENDAR BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

It has long been felt that the nomenclature of the months has become inappropriate and misleading, and the following list of new names has been recommended:—

JAY is the suggested name for the first month, as being brisk and snappy, with a touch of New-Yearishness about it, and a hint of the May-like weather that sets in the day after most people have bought their new skates.

FEBRUENE links together the idea of rain and frost with that of the Mid-summer softness (or madness) which is often experienced about the middle of the month, say on the 14th.

MARTEMBER is a tribute to the sweltering heat of an early Easter, which not infrequently follows a blustering Lent.

APVEMBER is the fourth month, and means that the Summer is really over for good by this time.

MARCH represents the tail of March, which is so often lashed in the faces of those who put aside their overcoats too soon.

JANUARY is a blend of frost and foliage, long days and still longer coal-bills.

JULOBBER is a reminder that in the midst of Summer we are in Autumn.

AUGRIL does not exclude the idea of a broiling day or two, but warns the public to look out for rain and hail.

SEPTUARY signifies the blending of Autumnal peace with the fury and the floods of Winter.

OCTULY is the time when people have got home from the sea-side, and the weather clears up and behaves nicely for a time.

NOVEMBER is the one name left unchanged, the general feeling being that the eleventh month has always been as bad as possible. The old adage connected with this month has been amended as follows:—

"Please to remember
The fifth of November."

DECEMBUST is the last month of the year, when people can sit on the grass or lie in hammocks. The name has therefore a touch of August in it, and at the same time gives a hint of the exuberant cheerfulness associated with the festive season.

It has also been suggested that the four seasons should be renamed as follows:—

SPRINTER, SUMTUMN, AUPRING, WINTUMMER.

It is a hard thing of the *Daily Dispatch*, but very soothing to the police, to publish a portrait of the Earl of CADOGAN "wearing the State jewels and decoration of the Order of St. PATRICK, which are missing from Dublin Castle."

On the same subject, *The Daily Telegraph* says:—

"The regret that a great historic parure—if the word may be used—has by this time been entirely lost is universal."

Why apologise for "parure"? We cannot think of a more suitable word for *The Daily Telegraph* to use. But we regard this diffidence with some alarm. Is it the sign of the crumbling away of a great tradition?

Another Injustice to Scotland.

"THE feature of the competition was the form shown by JEAN GASSIET, who, like BRAID, is a Basque from Biarritz."—*Sunday Times*.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

VII.—CAN A NATION EXIST WITHOUT CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS?

"EXCUSE me, my dear PRENDERBY," said I, "for troubling you again so soon on the matter of British supremacy and the awful cloud it is under. Last time you cheered me up a good deal, but since then such dreadful things have happened. Not only have the Grass Tennis Championships been scattered over the Hemispheres, but the Belgians have beaten Leander by several feet. And now a German has won a swimming race at the Bath Club. And the halfpenny papers are saying "*Ichabod!*" and the more expensive ones "*Fuimus!*"—and, oh, my dear PRENDERBY, have you any more silver lining?"

"I will at least explain the Belgian victory," said PRENDERBY, on a sententious note. "Our rowing traditions are firmly based on the methods required for the protracted four-mile course between Putney and Mortlake. Here a long body-swing will carry you on almost automatically over the last mile when you have become blind to the outer world. The Belgians had the common intelligence to see that totally different methods were required for the Henley sprint. It was not a question of superior physique, merely of the application of ideas to conditions: I think I told you that ideas are not very prevalent among us."

"Well," I said, "after all they only beat us by a few feet. Quite a small idea might have made just the difference. And the same with TAYLOR in the Golf Championship. Quite a small idea might have stopped him from being cross with himself in one of the bunkers, and France would never have avenged Waterloo."

"Do not," said PRENDERBY, in his best pedagogic manner, "do not undervalue intelligence. Physique (including the courage to use it) is a good thing; but intelligence is of no less import. Fought together in their highest form, they render their proprietor invincible. Look at Japan!"

"What is the good of looking at Japan?" I protested. "Japan doesn't hold a Record or a Championship for any single sport, except Ju-jitsu, and nobody else knows the rules of that."

"I grant you," said PRENDERBY, "that the Japanese have never shone prominently at games of ball—leather, india-rubber, ivory, boxwood, bladder-blown, celluloid, or jelly-cored, though they take a lot of beating with the explosive kind. I grant that they have never won hard cash with match-rifles at Bisley, though I am told that they are pretty good at live targets without a wind-gauge. I grant you that they have never carried off the Derby, or the Henley Grand Challenge, or the Pole Jump Championship, or even been honourably mentioned in a Water-polo Tournament; yet, notwithstanding this discreditable record, they happen to have 'the wrestling throws that throw the world,' and the courage and wit to use them right. If I were a great Nation (instead of being the humble individual before you), and had an open chance for the Fighting Championship of the Globe (Mixed Doubles—sea and land), I shouldn't worry much about other varieties of pot-hunting."

"I cannot think," said I, "how they manage to do it without the advantage, enjoyed by us, of experience in cricket and football, croquet and lacrosse."

"Possibly," he replied gravely, "the absence of these very diversions affords them more leisure and energy for the Great Game—that service of their country which is of the essence of their religion. That's why I say, 'Look at Japan'; for nobody ever thinks of looking at her

except when she is engaged in winning a war; and even then we should find a Test Match more distracting. ROOSEVELT, it is true, has half an eye on her in the intervals of hay-making. But then ROOSEVELT has ideas. He has had the idea, for instance, of sending the Fleet round the Horn so as to be there or thereabouts by the time that Japan begins to take real notice of California's manners.

"And one of these days some future President of the U.S.A. will have a further idea, and will invent a Second Fleet for use in Atlantic waters on occasions when Fleet No. 1 is busy exchanging civilities with Japan during the chrysanthemum season; so that there may always be some ships on the right side of the Continent against the time when Germany runs across to mop up Brazil—the obvious objective of the KAISER's growing Fleet, as everybody with even half an idea in his head must be well aware.

"Meanwhile, with the entire American Fleet cruising round Patagonia, a few thousand miles away from anywhere in particular, I suppose you have formed a picture in your mind of Mr. JAY GOULD and Miss MAY SUTTON, armed with Champion Tennis-racquets, defending the Atlantic and Pacific sea-boards respectively against all comers."

"Enough," I said, for I feared that if PRENDERBY continue in this strain he might forget himself and speak lightly of our noblest institutions, such as the Turf, or even allude disrespectfully to the "playing fields of Eton." "Enough!" I said. "You have finally removed my anxiety. And I don't care now if the Battle-dore-and-Shuttlecock Championship *does* leave the Old Country." O. S.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

I DESIRE to-day to say a few words about coxswains, a class of men whom I used at one time to know intimately, and whose peculiarities I have often studied when we were shut up together, as not infrequently happened, for hours at a time in an open cedar box afloat upon a river. When I speak of coxswains I refer to the little men who condescend with small hope of glory and none of profit to steer racing ships.

It has been said that a tenor is not a man but a disease. Similarly it may be said of coxswains that they are not so much individual men as members of a tribe or secret society formed entirely of male human beings weighing on an average 8 stone. They have meeting-places where they come together to devise the torments which later on they inflict on their fellow-mortals. They have signs and passwords. One coxswain recognises the approach of another long before ordinary burly men are aware of it. You may see the little creature cock up his head while his eyes assume a tense look and his body quivers with excitement; a second little man enters the room or turns round the corner of a lane, and in another moment you may witness the charming spectacle of two of the tribe playing together with all the innocence and the *abandon* which mark the intercourse of coxswains one with another. No coxswain, it should be said, has ever revealed the inner mysteries of the tribe to an outsider, for coxswains are very loyal and respect the sanctity of their oath. Still, even the dullest oarsman can see something of the freemasonry (if I may say so) of coxswainship when, for instance, a Leander steersman sets eyes on one from Ghent, or a minute man from Massachusetts shakes the little hand of one who has learned his skill round the fearful corners and along the narrow reaches of our crawling Cam.



BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

(After Charles Keene.)

HUGH CECIL and ALF. LYTTELTON (together). "I COTCHED 'OLD ON 'IM FUST!"

[At the moment when Mr. LYTTELTON, moving a vote of censure on the Government, engages Mr. BALFOUR's support for Colonial Preference, Lord HUGH CECIL, addressing the Unionist Free Trade Club, persists in claiming him as an opponent of Protection.]



Nature of Duffington-on-Sea (with contempt). "IS IT A 'EALTHY PLACE? LOOK AT THE FUNERAL 'ORSE RUNNING IN A KEB FOR WANT OF EXERCISE!"

Coxswains, like white cats with blue eyes, are always deaf—at least during the earlier years of their professional career; and sometimes they remain deaf to the very end. Have you ever heard a coach endeavouring to cause his crew to cease rowing? Etiquette forbids him to do this by shouting directly to his men: he is compelled to use the coxswain as an intermediary. This is how it goes:—

Coach (to his crew). Now then, we'll row about two hundred yards hard and then easy. I'll start you. Get ready! Forward all! Are you ready? Row!

[The crew starts with the usual amount of splashing, No. 5 missing the water altogether and coming off his sliding seat.]

Coach (at top of voice). Oh, that won't do! That's awful! Easy Cox! *(Cox says nothing.)* EASY Cox!

[The Cox sits tight and utters no sound. The Coach becomes purple with passion and begins to howl like a menagerie. At last the crew takes the matter into its own hands and somehow a stoppage is brought about.]

Coach (in a tone of cold and cutting irony). Cox, if you would do me the extreme favour of trying, merely trying, to listen to what I say, it is just within the bounds of possibility that the crew would get on better. Personally I should prefer not to have to shout to you fifteen times. Now then, we'll try another start.

[This time the Coxswain eases the crew long before the Coach meant it to stop, and so the game goes on.]

Many years ago—and this is the only pathetic incident I can remember in connection with coxswains—I required a steerer for a four in an up-river regatta. We secured a little boy weighing between 5 and 6 stone. He had never steered before, but he was very keen, learnt his business quickly, and earned much praise by the coolness and cleverness he displayed during the race. When it was over I said to him jestingly, "You're one of the best coxswains I've ever sat in a boat with. You shall steer us again next year—if you don't eat too much and get too heavy before then." The little fellow flushed with pleasure, and murmured something about "trying not to." Shortly afterwards the holidays ended and he went back to school. Here is an extract from a letter I received from his mother some ten weeks later:—

"I think you will hardly believe it when I tell you that à propos of your suggestion that Sonnie might perhaps cox for you again, if not too heavy, he has kept himself on short commons all the term. One of the masters wrote to me that the boy was not feeding at all properly, but it was quite by accident that I discovered the cause

"Pray send him a line yourself and disabuse his small mind of the impression."

In the records of heroism and self-denial there is no quainter or more gallant figure than that of this little steerer. He was prepared to stint himself for twelve months, to abandon cake, to forswear pudding, to remain constantly hungry, if only he could secure again the honour of coxing a racing boat.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN UPSHIRE.

PREFACE.

It is high time that a guide-book to Upshire was written, for not a single work of the kind has appeared since Easter, and none of those already in existence is to be relied upon. For example, in the voluminous *opus* of Mr. BERNARD BOAKS, which was published last year, there is no mention whatever of the light railway from Colchester to the foot of Mount Clim, nor is the interesting association of GEORGE DERMODY with Castle Compton even hinted at. These are grave omissions that go far to invalidate an otherwise meritorious compilation. Hence the present attempt to bring Upshire vividly before the reader.

For kind assistance in his task the author wishes to thank many friends. First of all he would mention Lord and Lady DE CONQUE, whose hospitality at Bridge Nasal he can never forget or too much extol; and after them Sir ARTHUR MAPPINLEY, of Wides Hall; his Lordship the Bishop of COLCHESTER; the genial and untiring Rector of Wimps; Mr. HENRY PLUMBER, the courteous Town Clerk of Hoo; and lastly Mr. EUSEBIUS FRX, of Melon Regis, the owner of the best *Hortus siccus* ever brought together in this county. Without the kind co-operation of these gentlemen the following pages would have only a tithe of their value topographically, archæologically, and botanically. The author wishes also to express here his acknowledgment to those of his predecessors upon whose work he has levied for historical facts.

CHAPTER I.

Many problems lie scattered in the path of the author of a guide-book to a county, not the least of which is the question where to begin. For counties may be said to begin everywhere, at any point on the boundary lines or the seaboard. One traveller, for example, may enter Upshire from the east, and another from the west; and how annoying it would be to the traveller approaching it from the east if these pages began at the west! And *vice versa*. In my perplexity I put the difficulty before my friend the Master of CLAVERHOUSE, and he at once, with his unerring sagacity, proposed a way out. "Why not," he said, "treat the county alphabetically, beginning with towns or villages, if any, that begin with the letter A; then those, if any, that begin with

the letter B, and so on to Z, again, if any." I give his *ipsissima verba*, which were uttered, I might say, without a moment's hesitation.

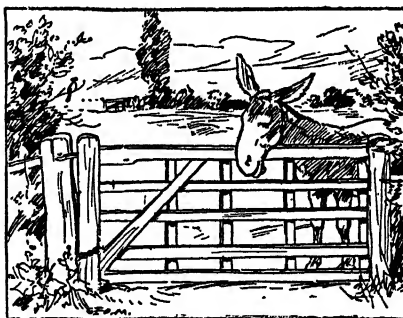
This, then, I have done.



TYPICAL UPSHIRE FAUNA.

(Near Piddingdeane.)

But first we ought to say something of the soil, climate, fauna, etc. The last are chiefly sheep and cattle, which may be seen in most of the Upshire fields grazing or chewing the cud. There are many dogs, too, on the farms, etc., and the household cat of all colours is a common object of the country side. From an interesting talk which I had with a most intelligent keeper one day last year I learned that owls are often heard at night, and hawks not infrequently may be seen hovering over the stubble. Foxes, too, are fairly prevalent; but they rarely enter the towns. This keeper, whose word I have no reason to distrust, distinctly remembered seeing jackdaws circling round the belfry of Chid church.



TYPICAL UPSHIRE GATE.

(Near Fitworth Major.)

The climate of Upshire is variable, sometimes warm and sometimes cold. August sees perhaps the greatest degree of heat, January of cold.

The Upshire flowers are legion. In the spring, primroses may be found in every copse, or coppice, as the local *argot* has it. (Some of the Upshire words, by the way, are very expressive: thus, instead of "to drink," the Upshire villagers say "to swill"—an admirably expressive term; but more of this later.) It is a common thing in April to see the children of these quaint old-world villages bringing home bunches of primroses. Among other flowers that may be sought for

by the botanist in Upshire with confidence are the little *Bellis perennis* and the shy *Ranunculus acris*. This also is a good district for the handsome *Taraxacum dens leonis*.

[To be remorselessly continued.]

MILLINERY MANŒUVRES.

[The new summer millinery, as regards shape, contour and angle, is a complete reversal of the preceding mode.]

Proud, pretty but penniless maid,
Permit me to come to your aid;

You want a new hat,

But your trouble is that

Your milliner's bill isn't paid.

You can't wear the thing

You bought in the Spring,

Its "nose tilt" is now incorrect;

For the hat of to-day

Slants the opposite way

With a sort of sou'-wester effect.

The shade on the brow must be stunt,
The brim being narrow and blunt,

And the trimming's confined

To the wide brim behind

That used to be worn in the front.

But take courage again;

That hat you disdain

As the latest creation may score,

If—no doubt you have guessed

What I want to suggest—

You pin it on hind side before.

RUS IN URBE.

We learn from *The Daily Mail* that there is luxuriant vegetation to be seen in the vacant sites in Aldwych and the Kingsway. The popular wild-flower *Ranunculus arvensis* (buttercup) and the *Carduus arvensis* (thistle) are to be found there. But we have it on the authority of *The Daily Mail's* botanical expert that the soil will grow almost any crops. We see in this a possible solution to the problem of the deserted village. Farm-workers in their thousands come to London yearly, we are told by statistics. Why not set them to work in Kingsway? We commend the suggestion to the London County Council, to Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, Earl CARRINGTON, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, Mr. BART KENNEDY, and others who are likely to be affected.

Much interest has been aroused in the subject in the Haymarket, Cornhill, and Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES has in view a revival, at the Gaiety Theatre, of *The Country Girl*. "The Gaiety Restaurant" will probably change its name to "The Barley Mow," and *The Morning Post* will become the leading agricultural daily.

PAGEANT PROBLEMS.

"ENQUIRER" (Chepstow). — It would perhaps be an anachronism if KING HENRY VIII. carried an umbrella. Still, as your impersonator of the worthy monarch suffers from bronchial asthma an exception might be made in this inclement summer. If all KING HENRY'S wives are to accompany him it would be better to have a gig umbrella.

"ANXIOUS" (Dureham-on-the-Wolds). — It is, indeed, trying, when the most picturesque event in your town's history is the opening of your sewage farm by an ex-Cabinet Minister. I do not see how this could be reproduced satisfactorily as a tableau. Why not have "Arrival of the News of Waterloo at Dureham"? They must have heard of that some time.

"MUSICAL" (Chelmsford). — I am not acquainted with any ancient British melody which QUEEN BOADICEA and the chiefs of the Iceni could chant as they drive their chariots in your pageant. Try something modern. I think "*Riding on top of the car*" would be both appropriate and popular.

"MORALIST" (Pontefract). — Give RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION to understand that he must not smoke cigarettes during the pageant.

"MOTHER OF TEN" (Bath). — Insurance Companies absolutely decline to insure pageants against unfavourable weather this summer. Spectators may be covered against any risk of sun-stroke at a very small premium. Rain spots may be removed from helmets with pumice-stone. Black chest protectors, not red flannel ones, should be worn beneath chain armour. As a general rule with feudal knights brown boots should be discountenanced.

"PUZZLED" (Pudcombe). — It is awkward that your Mayor will insist on representing CHARLES THE SECOND — especially as he declines to shave off his red whiskers. I should change your pageant programme, and substitute WILLIAM RUFUS for CHARLES THE SECOND. WILLIAM RUFUS probably visited Pudcombe quite as often as CHARLES THE SECOND did.

"SECRETARY" (York). — There is no reason, providing that the weather should prove unsatisfactory, that your representation of the Battle of Marston Moor should not be given in the Town Hall. The cavalry, of course, would have to be dismounted; but if all the participants neighed loudly as they charged little of the realism of a cavalry encounter would be missing.



'Arriet (coxing a skiff for the first time). "LOOK, 'ARRY! THAT'S THE SORTER BOAT WE OUGHTER'VE 'AD. IT DON'T WANT NO STEERIN'."

"MODEST" (Melton Pogis). — I like your scheme for the procession. Your Vicar will enjoy being Archbishop LAUD for one day, and the Congregational minister will make an admirable JOHN BUNYAN in chains. But I should not place them next to one another in your show. Public debates on the late Education Bill are not to be tolerated in pageants. Put your skin-clad Ancient Britons between the ARCHBISHOP and JOHN BUNYAN. The public will tolerate a slight deviation from strict chrono-

logical order. They won't tolerate ecclesiastical controversy.

"ANTIQUARIAN" (Duddle). — Your scene "Curfew Ringing in Duddle at the Time of the Conquest" ought to prove impressive. I hesitate to suggest improvements, but perhaps a practicable public-house might be introduced in one corner. From this, at the ringing of the curfew, Saxons would stagger forth shaking their fists at the Norman oppressor. The scene might conclude with a step-dance by HERWARD THE WAKE.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Royal Meteorological Society is to take part in an international scheme of investigation on the subject of the weather. Many persons are sceptical as to whether any practical good will come of this. It is thought by some, however, that a Resolution will be passed.

Last week a visitor to the Louvre made a savage attack with a knife on Poussin's picture of *The Deluge*. It is thought that the weather was responsible for the man's act. He had no doubt entered the building in order to get out of the rain, and became maddened at the sight of more of it.

The weather has had much to answer for. A man was charged at Bow Street last week with stealing thirty overcoats and a number of umbrellas.

The weather, again, was responsible for a number of unseemly squabbles at the various pageants. All the participants wanted to take the part of Men-in-Armour, that being the only rôle which afforded adequate protection against the rain.

July 27th has been fixed as the last day on which Living Statues may appear, and it is still uncertain what will become of them. It is rumoured that a charitable lady has come forward and offered to provide a home for one of them, and that another may be adopted by a childless couple.

Exception has been taken to some of the statuary which decorates the new building of a Provident Institution in the Strand. Certain of the directors demand that the figure, which represents Prudence shall have more drapery—and be changed from Prudence to Prudery.

Any information about the great men who conduct the affairs of the Nation at Westminster is interesting, and our newspapers appear to know this. One of them tells us that Mr. PETE CURRAN, who now represents Jarrow, is known to his intimates as PETE.

The Admiralty has been hauled over the coals for authorising the employment of Chinamen as stokers. The ideal stoker would certainly seem to us to be a black man, as he would not show the dirt.

At a time when we had been losing so many laurels in the World of Sport, it was something of a relief to learn that the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match had been won by an English Eleven.

The miscreants who stole the State Jewels from Dublin Castle would appear to have been very ignorant persons. They did not know that the safe from which they extracted the insignia was burglar-proof.

Mention of this subject reminds us that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has announced his intention of producing *The Thief* in November.

"Look after your teeth" would seem to be a very necessary piece of advice just now. A short time ago the valuable gold stopping was stolen from an elephant's tooth, and now we read that an attempt has been made to steal GEORGE WASHINGTON'S false teeth from the College of Dental Surgery at Baltimore. Cautious persons would certainly do well to have a small electric burglar alarm fitted to the roof of the mouth.

The marmalade trade is said to be viewing with some alarm a possible effect of the new Compensation Act. It is feared that a large proportion of the orange-peel which used to be thrown on the dust-heap will now be kept for accidents.

There is good news for those persons who suck and chew their pencils. A company has been formed to exploit an invention which substitutes for cedar-wood a mixture of which the main ingredient is potatoes.

"Many English people look miserable when they sing," complains Sir EDWARD ELGAR. We have always thought this show of sympathy for the audience highly creditable.

Our illustrated newspapers must really be careful. To a photo entitled "Signor — and the Monkeys," which appeared the other day, was appended the insulting explanation, "The well-known tenor is distinguished by a X."

Bees are on the verge of starvation owing to the cold and wet weather, and several of them were found the other day in the garden of a workhouse.

Another item of news from the insect world is that an American is said to have trained a silkworm to sing cocoon songs.

It is to be hoped that the site which has been chosen for the experimental open-air school for nervous children is one that is free from birch-trees.

Messrs. MACMILLAN are making a new departure. They announce that "book-buyers can have on approval any volume published by them, on the understanding that, if it is returned in good condition, the cost of the carriage will be defrayed by the customer." Please, does this mean that if the book is returned in bad condition the customer will not have to pay the cost of carriage?

There was only one criminal case for trial at the recent Limerick Assizes, which was the smallest record for nineteen years. This is no doubt the result of prosperity, as the Limerick trade has never been so flourishing as now.

The racing yacht *Hamburg*, which recently had the effrontery to beat the KAISER'S *Meteor*, has now been totally wrecked in a storm, the lifeboat being lost, and two members of the crew thrown overboard and drowned. It is hoped in Court circles that this will be a salutary lesson.

HIGH TONE IN 1910.

[According to the Headmaster of Eton "the London district accent is spreading in circles of society where one would least expect to find it."]

The scene is Rotten Row. Against the rails leans the faultlessly dressed figure of that young exquisite Lord RAMSGATE. To him the young Duchess of BROAD-STAIRS, mounted.

The Duchess (reining up, cheerily). Ullo, fice!

Lord Ramsgate. Cheero, mito. Wat's the gime ter-dye?

The Duchess (with a delicious little laugh). Garn! 'Orse-ridin', stoopid; nuffink else. (Patting her pony.) Wot price this fer a little bit o' orlight?

Lord R. (admiringly). Not 'arf!

The Duchess. Didn't ought ter do nuffink wiv 'im in the lydies' events at Ranelagh, should I?

Lord R. (admiringly). Not 'arf.

The Duchess (tossing her shapely head). Bright, this mornin', ain't yer? I don't fink.



AT A MEETING HELD AT LADY TARBOLTON'S TO DECIDE UPON A FAREWELL PRESENTATION TO THE CURATE FROM THE LADIES OF THE CONGREGATION, MANY SUGGESTIONS FOR A PRESENT WERE PUT FORWARD, SUCH AS SILVER HAIR-BRUSHES, SILVER SHOE-HORNS, &C. THESE, AFTER DUE CONSIDERATION, WERE VOTED INADEQUATE.

MISS ARABELLA MINIFIE ROSE TO PROPOSE THAT A PAIR OF SOLID SILVER TROUSER-STRETCHERS WOULD BE A USEFUL AND FITTING GIFT.

Lord R. (admiringly). Not 'arf.
The Duchess. Well, don't stand there all dye, mite, else yer 'll run to seed. Tootle-oo!

Lord R. Pip-pip.
Another part of the same. Lady FELICIA MARGATE and the Countess of WHITSTABLE on chairs beneath the trees.

Lady Felicia. . . . "Gimme a chawnce ter be erlone wiv yer," 'e said, "an' I 'll show yer 'ow the 'ero in my plye mikes love."

The Countess. Oh! the sauce-box!
Lady Felicia. Jus' wot I said to 'im. But there—yer cawn't be engree wiv 'im long, can yer?

The Countess. Nah!
Lady Felicia. Not that I ever would be left erlone wiv 'im, mindjer. My 'usbing—well, yer know wot Alf is, don't yer? Jealous! Not 'arf!

The Countess. Ah! 'e's a corfdrop.
Lady Felicia. There's that sweet Dysy 'Oggen'eimer, let's talk to 'er.

The Countess. Yus!
The Hon. Mrs. HYTE-SANDGATE'S

boudoir at 257, Campden Hill.
Mrs. H.-S. is talking to her provincial nurse, who is in tears.
Mrs. H.-S. . . . Yus, I'm sorry, too, but there's no 'elp fer it. Yer 'll have ter tike a mumf's nowtice.

Nurse. Oh, m'am! I've tried, I'm sure, to give satisfaction.

Mrs. H.-S. It's not that, nuss. I shall be only too sorry ter pawt wiv yer. It's yer unforchunate accingt. The children do pick it up so quick. Only this afternoon Master Halgie came into the drorin'-room, and there, before all my friens, spoke of his "baby" brother. Ho, I felt so ashimed! "Byby," I said—"byby, not baby. Wherever do you pick up sech an accingt?" "Well," 'e said, "nurse says baby."

Nurse (sniffing). But, m'am, I assure you I'm trying every day to improve myself.

Mrs. H.-S. Yus, yus, nuss, I know. But I fink yer must see 'ow 'opeless it is—

Nurse (sobbing). Every day—
Mrs. H.-S. There! Every day. There's no sech word as day—dye, dye, dye.

Nurse (sobbing). Yes 'm.
Mrs. H.-S. Oh, reely and trully yer set me teef on edge, nuss. Yus, not yes. It's no good. It must be a mumf's nowtice.

Smoking-room of the same. Present, the Hon. RUPERT HYTE-SANDGATE and Sir ARTHUR FELIX-STOWE.

Mr. H.-S. . . . Wevver 'e's a bahnder or not perhaps you know better than I. I can only tell yer this, that yesterdye he awsked me ef I'd got anyfink comin' on for the nex' Darby.

Sir Arthur. Nah!
Mr. H.-S. Fac'. "Durby," I said, "I suppose you mean." 'E didn't 'arf colour up!

Sir Arthur. Nah!
Mr. H.-S. Fac'. 'Elp yerself ter a fag.

Sir Arthur. Thenks.



Macfoozler (playing an absolutely hopeless game). "HERE! WHAT ARE YOU LYING DOWN FOR? ARE YOU TIRED?"
Caddie. "I'M NO TIRED O' CARRYIN', BUT I'M SAIR WEARY O' COUNTIN'!"

THE PASSPORT.

[Overheard at Lord's:—"No, he's not a great player; but they had to give him his 'blue'—he's such a good fellow."]

I NEVER was much of a cricketer;

For, the very first ball I got,
I couldn't help having a flick at her,
So as often was out as not.

But did that prevent my getting a show
For the 'Varsity team? Lor' bless you, no!

It was thought quite a *hysteron-proteron*,
If I bowled anywhere but last;
People cried, "Why on earth put that rotter on?"

As the fours followed thick and fast;
And my fielding—well, I muddled a catch
On an average quite three times a match.

Yet, in spite of these irregularities,
I collared my "blue" with ease;
For my port, not to mention my claret, is
Of a quality cert. to please.

N.B. Keep plenty of fine old port,
And you're sure of your "blue"—as a Real Good
Sort!

A Fact.

EXAMINATION FOR NOMINATION TO OSBORNE.

Admiral. Tell me some incident of the present reign.
Aspirant. It has spoilt all the cricket.

ANOTHER DECAYING INDUSTRY. — The garden-hose trade.

"CAN PARROTS UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY SAY?"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your esteemed contemporary *The Spectator* publishes a deeply interesting letter under the above heading. I am in full agreement with the opinion therein expressed, that parrots *do* understand the words they employ. We have had a plain substantial grey parrot for the last ten years. During that time it has perfectly mastered two phrases, "*Pretty Polly*" and "*Good-bye*."

A tedious lady-visitor was worrying my wife, when our bird, who was observing matters, said "*Good-bye*" in the most pointed manner. The effect was instantaneous, and, as my wife said, "No one *could* take offence at a hint from a bird, and such a dear bird too."

Another instance of sagacity. My wife had just engaged a maid of singularly prepossessing appearance. The *first time* the parrot saw the new servant it unhesitatingly exclaimed, "*Pretty Polly!*" Of course the name was not strictly accurate, but how was the bird to know that the girl was "*Susan*," and not "*Polly*"?

I need say no more. Yours enthusiastically,

ALBERT POPINJAY.

From Mr. Le Queux' Latest Novel

"In an angular hand evidently masculine was written the simple words, without address or signature, 'I have seen LA GIOIA' . . . The words were in a man's hand without a doubt—an educated hand which by its regularity and the formation of the 'd's' might have been acquired on the continent."



A TOUCH OF THE SUN.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT. "NICE, GENIAL ORB, BUT A BIT DAZZLING. WISH I'D GOT MY PANAMA."
[The despatch of the U.S.A. Fleet to Pacific Waters emphasises the pressing necessity for the completion of the Panama Canal.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 8.—Chamber presents curious aspect. Opposition Benches crowded as on field nights. Peeresses, daintily frocked in spite of weather, bring a whiff of summer to the side galleries. They have heard that Army Bill comes on in Committee to-night. A big business; within its folds safety of Empire rests. Thing to do, in order to encourage patriots, is to show oneself in the gallery. Cannot expect to understand debate; but can look interested. Carry a fan in case there is tendency to yawn.

Whilst seats to left of Woolsack thus animated, Ministerial quarters are almost empty. Long rows of benches without a single Peer. ARMITSTEAD, faithful found among the faithless, keeps solitary watch above Gangway. Not a Bishop to bless quarter below Gangway with benevolent presence. Half-a-dozen Ministers, including PORTSMOUTH in charge of the Bill, face the Opposition Leaders. What has happened? Have Liberal Peers, in anticipation of C.-B.'s action, disestablished themselves? Or have they, in view of overwhelming Opposition majority, thrown up the sponge, declining any longer to take part in farce of divisions?

"Reminds me," says MEMBER FOR SARK, regarding the desert place, "of Ministerial benches in ultimate Session of last Parliament, when PRINCE



DEFENDER OF A CHRONIC "ROCKE'S DRIFT."
Lord Cr-we holds the fort for the Ministry in the Lords.



WELLER SENR.'s ADVICE DISREGARDED.

"Yes, Sir; I do give the preference to widows."

(Mr. "Lulu" H-re-rt.)

ARTHUR, threatened with debate on Tariff Reform question, was wont to retire, leaving BANBURY and another to represent the majority."

First Order of the day, Committee on Army Bill. Some business assemblies would forthwith have got into Committee. They manage these things better in the Lords. Before LORD CHANCELLOR could leave Woolsack, up gat HARDINGE and submitted what HALSBURY would call "a sort of" Shorter Catechism designed to put PORTSMOUTH through his paces. Fourteen questions in all. UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR half risen to wrestle with his task when MOUNT-EDGECUMBE interposed with another bucketful of interrogation.

Debate followed on Ministers' categorical replies. CREWE timidly pointed out that proper place for dealing with points raised was in Committee.

"The discussion," he added, plucking up courage as he caught sight of WEARDALE entering and be-

ginning to people the plains behind him, "is most irregular."

This brought SALISBURY to his feet with stern reproof.

"Irregular!" he cried aloud. "It is one of the most regular discussions upon which your lordships have ever been engaged."

Proceeded to submit a few more supplementary questions, just as if he were an Irish Member in another place. Finally Marquis RUPON besought noble lords to get into Committee, when all these matters might be dealt with. This it did at end of forty minutes, the questions already put and answered being straightway reiterated, occasionally in form of amendment upon which many speeches were made. PORTSMOUTH, forlornly glancing over empty benches behind him, avoided divisions by liberal concessions.

Business done.—Lords, having wasted forty minutes on going into Committee on Army Bill, do penance

by sitting till half-past eleven. Commons, after dull debate, read Evicted Tenants Bill a second time by majority of 217.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—"The Angel of Death has passed over the House."

At a quarter past ten the benches were thronged. Urgent whips brought members on both sides back from hurried, in some cases unfinished, dinners. Whilst MARKHAM was on his legs and the audience grew restless at delay of the division, Major SEELY hurriedly entered and made his way up to the side of WALTER FOSTER seated below the Gangway. Passed between the Chair and the Member addressing it, an unforgivable breach of Order for which he was sternly rebuked by the CHAIRMAN. He explained that a Member was taken ill in the Lobby and he was in search of medical assistance.

It arrived too late. ALFRED BILLSON, one of the Birthday-Honour Knights, feeling that further discussion of a foregone conclusion was waste of time, had half an hour earlier seated himself at one of the writing-tables in the Division Lobby, intent on utilising the precious moments by working off his correspondence. By-and-by the Division bell would ring, and he would be ready to pass on with the rest in support of the Government.

In due course the division bell clanged through the Lobby. But it fell on unheeding ears. The Member for North-east Staffordshire had recorded his last vote; and as the shrouded body was carried forth the tide of life surged through on its way to the divisions.

Friday.—Opinion sharply divided on proposal to have debates reported by official stenographer, whose notes shall be written out and printed on following day. This done as matter of course by the morning newspapers. According to present system, a depressed disappointed nation must wait a week before it has opportunity of reading full report of remarks of Mr. O'GRADY, Mr. LEA, and other eminent men.

Delay largely due to fact that manuscript of report is submitted for revision of Members personally concerned. This offers opportunity for illuminating the page with *l'esprit d'escalier*. Brilliant bits forgotten when the hon. Member was on his legs are deftly inserted for the edification of mankind. Under proposed new system this opportunity would be lost; which gives Members pause.

Per contra there will be the ad-

vantage gained of early and full report of speeches such as those which the other night blocked Committee's Supply. As DICKENS with prophetic eye wrote in the opening sentence of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, "The kettle began it." Having begun with disquisition on state of University Education in Ireland, Mr. KETTLE in no hurry to finish. Tap turned on, there flowed for a full hour and a half a tepid stream of pompous nothingness. GWYNN supported resolution, appropriating what was left of second hour and a bit over for luck.

Here, out of possible sitting of eight



"THE YOUNG PRETENDER."

The Idol of the Upper Midland Classes.

(Mr. A-st-n Ch-mb-rl-n).

hours, upwards of two were appropriated by a couple of Members. That is good, but the pleasure was reserved for those privileged to seat themselves within hearing. Hereafter, under proposed new arrangement, we shall have these speeches reported and printed at length, at cost of a grateful country.

Business done.—Motion for an additional Judge of the High Court.

"—'s Boot Polish does not stain the fingers, and the less you use the better the shine."

"If he failed with his first service, his second was almost invariably equally good."

Sportsman.

THE NEW CULTURE.

[Being some letters prompted by the recent illuminating and erudite correspondence on An Old Latin Drinking Song in *The Standard*.]

THE ORIGIN OF THE CLASSICS.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—The interesting and epoch-making discovery of *The Standard* that the famous drinking song, "*Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori*," was written by "WALTER KEATS" is full of exhilarating potentialities in the domain of literary authorship. Personally I have always been convinced that the ancient writers, whether medieval or classical, were greatly over-rated authors. The discovery of *The Standard*, though subsequently declared to be a typographical error, suggests that they may never have existed at all. For my own part I am of opinion that Sir LEWIS MORRIS, who wrote *The Epic of Hades*, is quite capable of having written DANTE'S *Inferno*; that BACON, amongst other masterpieces, perpetrated the *Code of Hammurabi*; and that Lord AVEBURY wrote, as well as selected, *The Hundred Best Books*.

Faithfully yours,

SEPTIMUS BOWLONG.

DID BYRON WRITE HORACE?

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

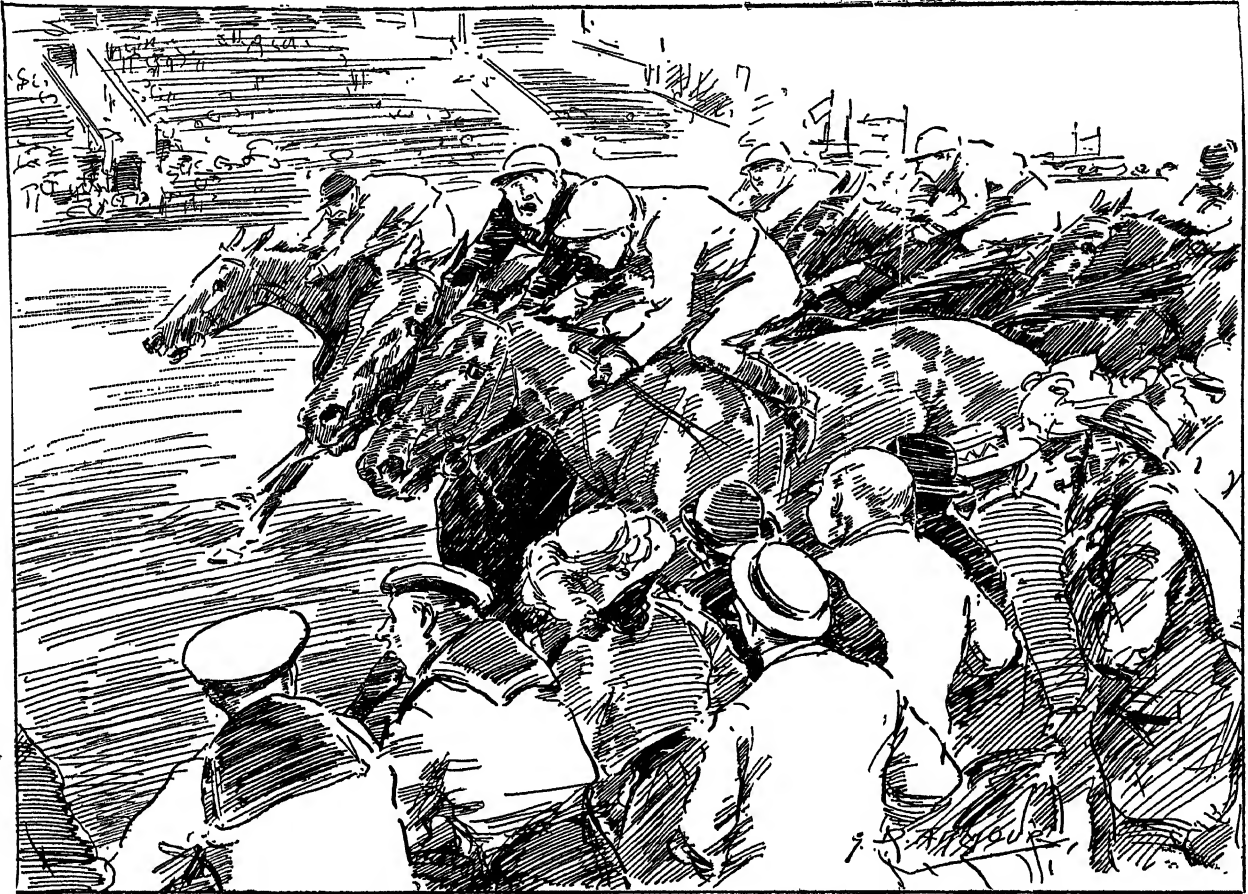
SIR,—While recently perusing the works of Horace in the fine folio edition of ORELLI, I came across these lines, which seemed to me strangely familiar:—

Juvenis sum rure nuper
Sed non venies me super.

I consulted the editor of *The Banner*, and he assured me, on the authority of his Oxford correspondent, that, as far as he knew, they had never been translated into English before. But in an old copy of *Kottabos* I have encountered the couplet with the following spirited, if somewhat colloquial, version appended:—

I'm a young man from the country,
But you won't get over me.

There is a distinctly Byronic flavour about these lines which suggests to me that they were originally composed by BYRON, or perhaps COLERIDGE, and subsequently appropriated by HORACE. This is, of course, a question that can only be finally settled by chronological tests. I have hitherto failed, in spite of repeated applications to the editors of *The Daily Distress*, *Harmson's Weekly*, and other literary papers, to ascertain the precise century in which HORACE flourished, but perhaps some of your more accomplished readers will be



THE MODERN RACING SEAT.

First Bluejacket (watching a close finish). "CRIKEY, BILL! LOOK AT 'EM BUMPING ONE ANOTHER."

Second Bluejacket. "GARN, YE SILLY. YOU WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH OF A SHAPE AT STEERIN' ANY SORT O' CRAFT IF YOU WAS SITTIN' ON THE BOWSPRIT LIKE THEM LITTLE CHAPS."

able to supply me with the necessary information.

Thanking you in anticipation, I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
MISERRIMUS DEXTER.

DOES GREEK PAY?

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—I venture to appeal to you, or one of your wide circle of readers, to advise me on the following point:—I propose to send my eldest son, ORLANDO, to Winchester next September, but I have reason to believe that unless special arrangements are made in his behalf he will be obliged to learn Greek. My own knowledge only extends to an oral familiarity with the first four letters of that alphabet, but that is sufficient to convince me that the strain to which ORLANDO will be subjected is likely to prove very harassing for a highly-strung and sensitive youth. I can see, however, that the intellectual exertion might be considerably lessened by the employment of good transla-

tions. What I wish to know, therefore, is (1) Has DR. EMIL REICH translated HOMER and VIRGIL as well as PLATO? (2) Is Greek of any use on the Stock Exchange?

Faithfully yours,
ANXIOUS PARENT.

WHO WAS HOMER?

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—Can any of your myriad readers kindly oblige me with any information as to the meaning of the phrase, which an old uncle of mine was very fond of quoting, "BALBUS ædificabat murum." I am under the impression that the language is Latin, and that the name of the author is HOMER, but I cannot find out anything about him either in PEARSON'S *Self-Educator*, HARROD'S *Encyclopedia*, or the Army and Navy Store's Catalogue. On writing to the manager of *The Times Book Club* I received a courteous reply, saying that on the return of Mr. HOOPER they hoped to communicate with me

in detail, but for the moment could only say that there were no American novels dealing with the subject.

I am, dear Sir,
Respectfully yours,
SELF-HELP.

WEATHER IN THE GREEN ISLE.

Extract from the Daily Orders of the Brigadier-General commanding 3rd Cavalry Brigade:—

VISIT OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

On the occasion of the visit of His Majesty the King to Dublin on 10th instant, the Brigade will furnish 400 Cavalry, as under, for the display in the streets:—

3rd Dragoon Guards ...	100
11th Hussars	200
19th Hussars	100

These men to be selected, as far as possible, from men who are able to swim.

Dress.—Review order.

HINTS ON DIET AND DRINKING.

A SYMPOSIUM OF EMINENT EXPERTS.

MR. P. A. VAILE, the famous lawn-tennis expert, attributes the decadence of the leading players in part at least to the conspicuous moderation of their diet.

"At the last championship," he writes, "I was struck by the want of snap and life in the work of some members of the American team. I was horrified when I found that 'John Barleycorn' had been shut off completely. Training as they do, I think a glass of ale every day, and, when they 'feel like it,' a good bottle of wine, would do them far more good than otherwise—but one must not 'feel like it' too often." (*Standard*, July 9th.)

In view of the intense interest shown at the present moment in food and feeding, Mr. *Punch* has been at pains to secure the opinions of a number of representative men on the relation of diet to culture—physical and mental.

Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P., the famous golfing humourist and educational expert, holds strong views on the subject of diet and athletics. "Why is it," asks this witty but uncompromising democrat, "that no peer has ever won the amateur or open championship? I attribute this fact not merely to the enervating and vitiated atmosphere of the Upper Chamber, but to the habitual indulgence of our effete aristocracy in the pleasures of the table. If the nobility practised abstinence and went into strict training, they might yet find a useful and remunerative sphere of activity as golf professionals, club-makers, or caddies."

Mr. J. A. SPENDER, the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, writes: "I find the best preparation for

writing leading articles to be a light breakfast of barley-water and bananas, followed by two or perhaps three whiffs of a Russian cigarette. When a crisis has to be dealt with, I occasionally add a raw egg, beaten up in ginger-beer, with a dash of *sal volatile*."

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON writes: "The character of a musical composition will generally be found to vary according to the nourishment taken during the process of incubation. For Funeral Marches I strongly recommend baked potatoes. For Elegies, pork chops are best fitted to induce

he observes that, although most English people pronounce Biarritz "Beeritz," there is no foundation for the innuendo. In conclusion, he says that he has never yet driven over the Bass Rock, but hopes to do so.

Mrs. HILLYARD sends a long letter, the gist of which may be put into these words: Avoid too many buns and strawberries just before a match.

Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P., writes: "No publicist or statesman can hope to do himself or his subject justice unless he is well nourished. The best food and drink come from the Colonies, and for my own part I know

no better pick-me-up for a great Parliamentary effort than a glass of Cassowary claret. This vintage is renowned for its tonic qualities—my friend Lord AVEBURY has found it quite exceptionally rich in beeswing—and possesses the extra advantage—as I have had occasion to note while travelling—that it runs admirably from a fountain pen or stylograph. As regards food, I do not wish to dogmatize. There is, of course, much to be said for the Roast Beef of Old England. But personally I do not think it can touch a Moose steak or a prime



MAN AND SUPERMAN.

(The Retort Courtous.)

Irate Art Master (taking fright at his technical red rag—a scraped background). "WHAT'S THAT FOR? WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU DO THAT FOR?"

Fair Student (sweetly). "BECAUSE I THOUGHT THE D—D THING WANTED IT."

[*Art Master apologises.*]

the requisite depression. Conversely, if I ever contemplated writing a Waltz, a Polka, or a Two-step—a most unlikely contingency, yet not absolutely inconceivable—I should probably indulge in some effervescent beverage such as sherbet, or possibly soda-water, with a slight infusion of lemon."

ARNAUD MASSEY, the open golf champion, writes an interesting letter in the Basque dialect, the purport of which may be thus summarised:—MASSEY observes that he is no fanatic on the subject of diet, but as the result of his residence at North Berwick he has become a convert to porridge, "baps," and scones. Incidentally

fore-quarter of Wallaby."

Golden Words.

"LEGAL ANSWERS TO 'CHRONICLE' READERS.

BY A BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

THE extent of the liability of an insurance company depends upon the terms of its policy."

More Commercial Candour.

"RUBENSTEIN'S HAIRDRESSING SALOON.—Any Lady or Gentleman that will give themselves over to Mr. RUBENSTEIN for half an hour will be surprised at the result."



Old Scotch Farmer (having spent sixpence on a raffle ticket for a pony and trap value £50, and having won it, is shown the prize. After gazing critically at it for some minutes). "BUT WHAUR'S THE WHUP?"

LONDON STREET NOISES.

[It is asserted by an evening paper that a new kind of barrel-organ is to be put on the market which will produce only the most melodious notes, with none of the jingle of the old organs.]

MY DEAR JACK,—It is so long since you left England that London will seem quite a foreign city to you. Perhaps the change that will strike you first is the alteration in our street-noises. It started with the new barrel-organs, and after that the improvement was rapid. You remember the rattle and clatter of the old motor-buses? All that is changed. A thin hum like the drone of a distant bee is now the sole warning you get before being taken in the small of the back by a Vanguard No. 6. Further down the street a note like that of a delicately modulated fairy horn, followed by a shriek of agony, tells you that a Union Jack is near. The death-rate has increased, but we are no longer too deaf at forty.

The new régime is not confined to

the West End. Wandering down the Commercial Road last Tuesday I was struck by the remarkable improvement in the *timbre* of the costers' voices. Ever since the London County Council refused to grant hawkers' licences to any except students of the Royal College of Music the coster has been on the upgrade. The new system, too, of compelling hawkers to call their wares in ballad form has given an immense stimulus to the verse-writing profession. A well-known lyrist of musical comedy told me yesterday that he was going to specialize in wheel-lyrics. I jotted down the refrain of his latest song, which, wedded as it is to a charming waltz air, should take the town. It runs:—

"Why should you go where the winkles are tougher?

Why should you stray where the vinegar's bad?

Why should you let your digestion suffer

When such a quality here may be had?

Put down your penny, and borrow a pin,
Take up a saucerful, go in and win."

It is a sweetly pretty little thing, and beautifully rendered by ALF BODGER, of 3, Murphy's Rents, Hoxton.

I was talking to Lady BROOKLANDS the other day in the Park. She tells me the old-fashioned tooter is absolutely *démodé* now, and all the smartest people use "melodies." I hear that the very newest model can play six airs, including "*A che la morte*," for use in times of accident.

Thine,

BERTIE.

Precocity in Paddington.

"TO-DAY, at Marylebone, two intelligent-looking and respectably-dressed boys, aged eight and seven, were charged with begging in the West End. . . . The fathers of the boys said they had each been in situations for over 20 years, and were earning good wages. The boys were well fed and cared for, and were in want-for nothing. Their wives were also good mothers."—*Paddington Indicator*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

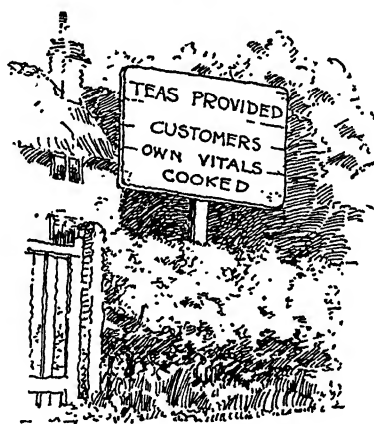
THERE is really nothing very sardonic about the mirth of Staffordshire as exhibited in Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S latest book, *The Grim Smile of the Five Towns* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). With the exception of the first story, the comedy is almost unrelieved, though here and there a tale has a wry twist. Whilst all, however, are excellent reading, there is a considerable variation of merit. Mrs. *Cheswardine*, with her wayward femininity, has no characteristically local traits, and the "Baby's Bath" might have happened to anyone; but the "Death of Simon Fuge" is quite another pair of shoes. Here we have, treated with much insight and humour, the quaint effect (as it seems to a Southerner) produced by an infusion of artistic spirit into the Pottery clay. The matter-of-fact manufacturer who is also a consummate musician, and the Byronic painter who makes an idyll for all time out of a brief Sunday-school outing with a barmaid (yet has no honour in his own country), form a well-conceived picture finely executed in the proper setting of lighted tram-cars and slush. But we have one crow to pick with Mr. BENNETT. His last story deals with the unfortunate, though humorous, consequences of packing a ripe Gorgonzola in an empty coffin for a railroad journey, and he claims for the episode a Midland origin. But he is surely mistaken. In a richer, racier form (it was a "Limburger," we believe), that anecdote is one of the grim smiles of MARK TWAIN.

JOHN MURRAY has just published a new edition of *The Heart's Highway*, Miss MARY E. WILKINS'S charming romance of seventeenth-century life in Virginia. As Virginia, now a strapping and independent wench, celebrated her three-hundredth birthday in last May, this record of her childhood's days, when she was just turned seventy-five, is of particular interest at the present moment. Even before she was a colony we know, on the testimony of Sir WALTER RALEIGH, that she had contracted the tobacco habit, and the brand named after her (plucked for, instead of from, the burning) may now be purchased the wide world over. But at the time of Miss WILKINS'S story she was forbidden, by the Navigation Act, to sell it anywhere but in England. As this was clearly not the act of God, Virginia refused to take it lying down, and one fine night *Mistress Mary Cavendish* (another good old tobacco name) and *Master Harry Wingfield*, her tutor and lover, together with many other Virginians, set to work to destroy their own crops of the soothing weed, so that, at any rate, the grasping mother-country should not reap the benefit. One result of this most treasonable rebellion was that *Master Harry's* feet were imprisoned in the stocks; another, that it brought *Mistress Mary* to his arms, and so happily ended a very pretty love-story.

From FISHER UNWIN comes a second impression of the same author's *Doctor Gordon*. My own second impression remains practically the same as it was at the first time of asking, to wit that in hands less capable than those of Miss WILKINS what the publisher calls the

weird incidents and unexpected complications of the story would have reduced it to the level of the shilling shocker. As it is, in spite of the prevailing gloom of its mystery, I find it uncommonly thrilling.

Commander PEARY'S narrative of the latest search for the North Pole, still unconquered in its solitude, is a tale of indomitable endeavour, of alertness by day and night, the watcher ready to take advantage of every shifting of the wind, every drifting of the ice. The dauntless sailor did not reach the object of his journey, as in sanguine moments he more than once hoped to do. But he returns victor, since, as he succinctly puts it in the title of his book, he came *Near the Pole* (HUTCHINSON). When the *Roosevelt* turned back on the southerly tack, she had come within 174 nautical miles of the mystic spot where Science has located the North Pole. Commander PEARY, though he did not accomplish his heart's desire, discovered a new land north-west of the north-western part of Grant Land, probably an island in the westerly extension of the North American Archipelago. Had the winter of 1905-6, through which the expedition struggled, not been an open one for Arctic regions, Commander PEARY has no doubt that he would have fulfilled the dream of forerunners in the quest whose bones are bleached on Arctic snows. He means to have another try. The thrilling story is illustrated by a number of vivid photographs admirably reproduced. A singularly beautiful one presents a moonlight view of the ship frozen in her winter quarters. Dr. WOLF, surgeon of the Expedition, to whom Englishmen and others living at home at ease are largely indebted for these glimpses of the weird world beyond Greenland's icy mountains, obtained this peerless picture by exposing the camera for three hours in the full moon shining through a December night.

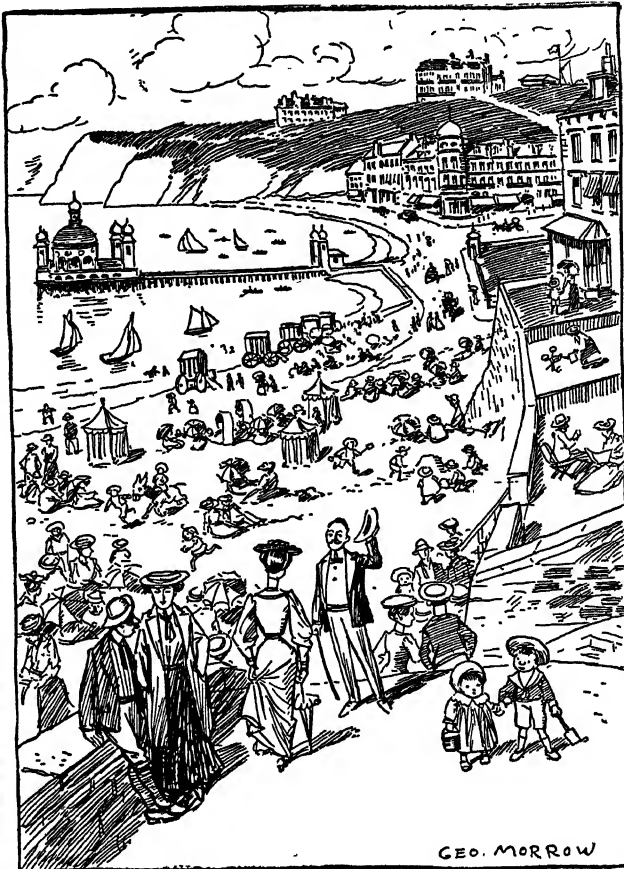


SKETCH FROM NATURE.

A Cockney yachtsman (for one day only) was once heard to remark that he supposed the variegated buoys which dot the Thames mouth were part of an L.C.C. scheme for beautifying Greater London. Mr. A. E. COPPING, in his book *Gotty and the Guv'nor* (E. GRANT RICHARDS), would have you believe that his knowledge of seamanship and the sea is only a few degrees less primitive, and as the *Guv'nor* he sustains the character of the ignorant landsman with a skill that almost compels belief. It might quite compel it were it not that *Gotty*, with his shrewd wisdom, his humour, his splendid indifference to things beyond his immediate ken, could never have been drawn but by one who has the Estuary sailorman at his fingers' ends. On such a theme, and particularly since Mr. WILL OWEN is the illustrator, one is drawn inevitably into a comparison with Mr. JACOBS. Let me state, then, that for all the throat-cutting there should be between the two authors they might be poles apart. Mr. JACOBS has, indeed, already covered the ground, but Mr. COPPING manages to go over it too without crowding. As the Eastern proverb puts it, though the vessel be fulfilled of olives, there is still room for many gallons of oil.

A Long Month of Sundays.

"LOCOM TENENS for last seven Sundays in August."—*Church Times*.



GEO. MORROW

HOW WEEK-END-ON-SEA LOOKS IN REALITY, AND HOW IT BECOMES TRANSFIGURED BY THE HAND OF THE POSTER ARTIST.

WEATHER INTELLIGENCE.

[“The Judge said they had only themselves to blame for the bad weather, for it was the swearing that brought it on.”—*A recent Report.*]

You that of late were busily complaining
Of the pale Sun’s obscure and futile glow,
Who thought it rained from being fond of raining,
And blew because it felt inclined to blow,
Who found your work, your play,
Your very week-ends, wholly chucked away,

Listen to me; I bring you weighty tidings—
Tidings, my erring friends, to give you pause;
’Tis in your own deplorable backslidings,
And them alone, that you must seek the cause.
Hear then my tale, and learn
The inner history of the whole concern.

For when the young Spring rose, and all things vernal
Blossomed anew, there swept across the land
A wave of language that was so infernal
That even Nature found it hard to stand;
My brothers, it was one
Too many even for our friend the Sun.

Day after day (with each day getting longer,
Which made it worse) His onward path He took,
While day by day your message came up stronger—
Really, He hardly knew which way to look,
Such wealth, such mass of sound
Impinged like shrapnel on His daily round!

Yet still He staggered through the course of duty,
Till, finally, there rose a strenuous hum,

So vivid, so incomparably fruity,
That, as a curate walking through a slum
Hides his diminished head
By putting an umbrella up, ’tis said,

“This is too much,” He cried, “henceforth and alway,
From My first beam o’er Greenwich, without fail,
E’en to My going down o’er furthest Galway,
I will obscure My Presence with a veil!
Then, O ye winds, awake;
One of you bring some clouds, for goodness’ sake!”

’Twas done. The winds, in due allegiance, hearkened;
And daily from the sou-sou-west-by-sou
Up came the clouds until the skies were darkened,
To veil the splendour of His decent brow;
And thus, from morn till night,
You got your cold and rain—and serve you right!

A pretty tale, and moral in its bearing,
Yet, after all, it falls a trifle flat,
For, if you put the Weather down to swearing,
You raise the question, what you’re swearing at—
Which floors it altogether,
Because you’ve all been swearing at the Weather.
DUM-DUM.

The Loves of the Vegetables.

QUESTION in seedsman’s advertisement:—“Why do some cabbages bolt in spring without hearting?”
Suggested answer: They wish to make a *mariage de convenance*.

AN ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY.

[To Mr. KEIR HARDIE, about to take a voyage round the world for the sake of his health. Mr. Punch, whose best wishes go with him, looks forward to the day when Mr. HARDIE will return to give the nation the benefit of his fortnight's experience in India, and, in his own words, "to let a little light in upon the dark places of Indian government."]

FAIR winds attend you where you sail
To put a girdle round the Earth!
And bring you back robust and hale
With lither limbs and larger girth
And full of facts from over-sea
Undreamed-of by the I.L.P.
In their profound philosophy!

Sampling the fat terrestrial ball
It should not shock you much to find
That England's relatively small;
To this you never yet were blind;
It should surprise you rather more
How few upon how many a shore
Have never heard of you before.

You will remark that millions lie
In gloom so absolute that they
Manage to live and even die
Without a solitary ray,
To hint of how your Party strives
To illuminate their dusky lives
And make them jib at British gyves.

From your excursion round the Globe
You are to spare some fourteen days
To pierce the Hindu's heart and probe
The mystery of his devious ways;
His views on God and Life and Fate,
On Caste and Kings, on Love and Hate,
Wisdom shall teach you "while you wait."

Within a fortnight, chiefly spent
Inside a lot of stuffy trains,
You will imbibe a continent
Distilled through various Babu brains,
And apprehend in half a mo
What takes a man ten years or so
To know that he can never know.

And over darkest England's night,
With knowledge like a flaming brand,
You will return and throw a light
That never was on sea or land;
Big with your fortnight you will come
And breathe a tale to strike him dumb
In MORLEY's trembling tympanum.

And should our Indian Empire wane,
And MINTO's nerve amount to nil,
And scared officials sigh in vain
For LANSDOWNE's lore and CURZON's skill,—
Then shall our Isle, in that eclipse,
Appeal to you for expert tips,
And hang upon your travelled lips.

O. S.

THE *Leicester Mercury* has discovered a new method of reporting cricket matches. We can only indicate the method here by an example or two:—

(1) "At 152 FAIRSERVICE relieved FIELDER, and 173 runs came in his first over, but BURNS left at 147."

(2) "The century went up after two hours' play, the second 50 taking two hours and a quarter to score."

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

OUT of the mists of the last century, as I search the past, rises the figure of LITTLE ALEC. He is a short, bullet-headed fellow, with a dirty-brown, snub-nosed, impudent face. On the legs with which he shambles about he has a pair of ancient trousers, heavily frayed, ostentatiously patched, and about six inches too long for him. His waistcoat is full-bodied, and ends between his waist and his knees. What was the original colour-design of his coat no man can say. It has tails, and is buttoned raffishly across his chest. On his head is a battered bowler-hat, innocent of the greater part of the brim that once surrounded it. I do not think he troubles his chest and back with a shirt of any kind, and he certainly does not wear a collar. Instead of it he has wrapped an old red handkerchief round his throat, and has knotted it carelessly in front. Thus garmented he is walking his beat in Jesus Lane and Malcolm Street, Cambridge, at one o'clock of the day, when the undergraduates, released from the last lecture of the morning, are returning to their rooms to lunch. He is not alone, for a mixed company of dogs and puppies attends upon him. Two puppies are in his arms; the rest he is leading by various lengths of string. Hear him as he stops a possible customer and salutes him:—

"Mornin', Guv'nor. I've brought that bull-terrier I told you about. (*He pulls up a reluctant puppy to the front rank. The puppy is very thin; its ribs can be counted. It was once white. In another life it may perhaps become a bull-terrier. At present its ancestry is doubtful.*) There, Guv'nor. Ain't 'e a beauty? Never see setch a dawg for six months. Look at 'is muscle. There's nothin' that dawg won't do when 'e grows up. You could put him between the shafts of a 'ansom-keeb and set behind 'im, and 'e 'll get you to Newmarket in no time."

The Undergraduate (dubiously). Let's see his teeth.

Little Alec (stooping down and inserting a dirty finger in the puppy's mouth). I'm the only one as dares do this with 'im. 'E bit orf the top o' my landlady's thumb last week. All in play, o' course; but I give you my david it made me jump when I come in and found 'im tossin' it about on the 'earth-rug. 'E swallowed it down when 'e see me, and I cut 'im orf 'is dinner. (*He forces open the dog's mouth.*) There, Guv'nor. Did you ever see setch a picter? They 'll be bigger nor that too afore 'e's done with 'em.

The Undergraduate. Will he hold on to a stick or a handkerchief, and let you pull him up by his teeth?

Little Alec. Lor' bless you, 'e does that for 'is pleasure, same as you goes ridin' or boatin'. I've 'ad 'im 'anging up in the air this mornin' for a matter of twenty minutes as fierce as a lion. You try 'im, Guv'nor.

[*The Undergraduate tries him with a handkerchief, but the puppy shows no interest whatever in the matter.*]

Little Alec. The pore beast's shy, that's what 'e is. 'E don't know you yet, Guv'nor, and 'e don't know your wipes. 'E knows mine well enough, but 'e's tore 'em all up. What! Don't like 'is tail? Think it's too long? Why, that's one of 'is points, that tail is. We don't never bite the tail orf of a bull-terrier. 'E's got to 'ave it long. But I'll do it for you if you like. Take me up to your room, Guv'nor, and I'll bite it orf as short as you want it, only it 'll ruin the dawg. 'E 'll be so ashamed of 'isself 'e 'll never lift 'is 'ead up again, not if you was to fill the place with rats for 'im. Now, Guv'nor, you



A SLACK TIME.

FIRST "CHUCKER-OUT" (LORD LANSDOWNE). "NOT MUCH DOIN' IN OUR LINE."

SECOND "CHUCKER-OUT" (LORD HALSBURY). "NO. BUT JUST ON CLOSIN' TIME WE SHALL HAVE MORE THAN WE CAN TACKLE!"

[The Peers have recently made fresh complaints about the intermittent character of the business that comes before the Upper Chamber.]

take 'im. Three-pun-ten, and dirt cheap. LITTLE ALEC wouldn't deceive you. 'E's a bargain.

[The business is eventually concluded for one pound and a pair of trousers, and LITTLE ALEC departs in triumph.]

It was in this fashion, as I remember, that LITTLE ALEC used to carry on his avocation of dog-selling. Everybody knew him; nobody believed him; yet somehow he used to sell the strange curs that he led about the streets of Cambridge. His margin of profit must have been considerable, but his dinginess never altered, nor did his general disreputability decrease. Parasitically attached, as it were, to the undergraduate world, he lived his little day. Here a trouser, there a coat, and there again a pair or two of stockings came to him by way of barter, and enabled him to face the weather with his canine troop. Where he obtained his animals was a mystery. Some supposed that he made midnight raids on Oxford and denuded that city of her stray dogs in order that he might retail them at Cambridge; but for myself I reject this imputation on the dog-fancying capacities of the sister university. To his dwelling-place even imagination refused to penetrate. Certainly he did not come from Araby the Blest, nor from Ceylon's Isle, over which the spicy breezes are said to blow soft. Nobody knew when he ended. On one day, it seemed, he was. On the next he had vanished to a country where there are no dogs, no undergraduates, no trousers, and no red mufflers.

THE POET AT HOME.

[A propos of the outwardly disagreeable husband who is at heart an excellent fellow, to be relied on in every crisis of life, The Daily Mirror remarks: "Most women would certainly prefer amiability, and would agree to rely upon the fire brigade in case of a conflagration."]

THEY tell me JOHN's a genius—you scarce could find

A mind

Where tenderness and vigour are so charmingly combined;

They say his every thought

Is fraught

With many a dainty whim;

And happy, happy she

Must be

Who ministers to him:

But the glory isn't always so sublime;

You should see him when he's rather pressed for time;

You should also come and hear him—

Though on no account go near him—

When he's worried by an aggravating rhyme.

Then the kitten and the pup forget their strife,

And they hide themselves behind the poet's wife;

They anticipate disaster

When they see their baffled master

Pull out Walker, and they scurry for dear life.

They tell me JOHN's a person whom it's quite a treat

To meet,

His manners are so graceful and his compliments so neat;

I'm told he has a smile

To wile

The stoniest of hearts,

And when he pleases, all

Must fall

Before his magic arts.

But I wish that they could hear his morning growl

At the bacon or the kidneys or the fowl;



ENGLAND'S ONLY REMAINING CHAMPION.

And I wish that they were able

To be present at the table

When he greets me with his matutinal scowl.

They may envy any woman that can boast

Of a partner who is such a charming host,

But a wife is apt to hanker

For a husband who will thank her

When she passes him the butter or the toast:

They tell me: "In his inmost heart your JOHN is true

To you;

He loves you with a wondrous love that is vouchsafed to few.

Suppose your house caught light

To-night

And you were up above,

Then what were life and limb

To him?

He'd give them both for love."

But I do not find that life is all compact

Of occasions for some great heroic act;

There are dull prosaic seasons

When a woman may have reasons

To prefer a little courtesy and tact:

Though, for all I know, my JOHNNIE may be made

In a way that puts most heroes in the shade,

Still, suppose the house were burning,

I should rather have a yearning

For the London County Council Fire Brigade:

THE NEW BURGLARY.

["Many grieving householders will be glad to know that the Lambeth police have caught the 'door-mat specialist' once again. He is WILLIAM MOORE, a middle-aged man. He steals door-mats, and nothing but door-mats. 'I sell them to anybody,' he remarked to the magistrate, and was sent to prison for three months."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

It is interesting to learn that the Home Office, in conjunction with Scotland Yard, has lately been considering very seriously the question of the modern trend in burglary.

For burglary, like everything else in these times of flux, is rapidly changing its character. In the old days a burglar was a burglar—a desperate man who, being without property of his own, took that of other persons. Breaking into a house, he would remove, in the time at his command, whatever was portable and valuable, converting the booty into cash, and living luxuriously on the proceeds until the sum was exhausted, when he would again put forth his hand to the jemmy. Those times, however, are past. The modern burglar, produced by a specially expert age, confines himself to one line, disregarding others. Thus, the diamond burglar will not touch pearls or rubies, and the GAINSBOROUGH burglar will not be bothered with ROMNEYS. There have, of course, been exceptions to the rule, but they were owing to defective light or want of expert knowledge on the part of the cracksmen. In the rage for specialisation, some members of the profession are devoting themselves to the oddest things. There are even cut-flower burglars, and burglars who confine themselves to abstracting crocodiles from the Zoo. Nothing is too bizarre for these terrible artists.

Now this makes exceedingly hard work for the Criminal Investigation Department, and they have decided that the detectives must be better educated. It is, for example, of the highest importance that a detective should know as much about a subject as the burglar. To acquire such knowledge in the department, say, of art, is not an easy or an inexpensive matter. It takes a long time to distinguish a ROMNEY from a GAINSBOROUGH. Nevertheless, it must be done, and hence the Committee's recommendation that a school of art and picture gallery at Scotland Yard be opened.

As to punishment, there are novel recommendations too. The Committee are strongly in favour of a process of satiation such as has been found so efficacious with dipso-

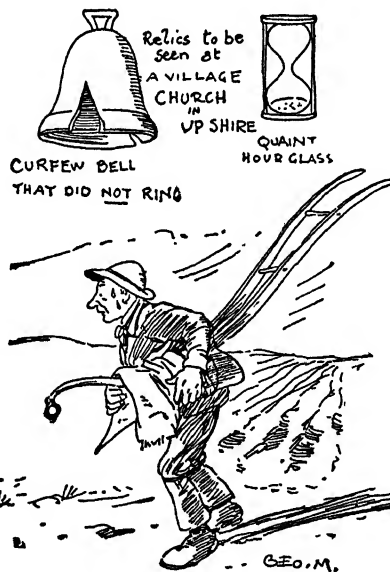
maniacs. It is highly probable, for example, that the next picture burglar who is convicted will be sentenced, not to Holloway, but to six months' compulsory confinement in the Tate or Doré Galleries, or, for particularly bad cases, the Soane Museum.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN UPSHIRE.

Averdip, about six miles to the south-east of Bunterwind, is situated



BIRTHPLACE OF OLDEST INHABITANT OF UPSHIRE. on the river Tubb. *Averdip* was granted by King EADBALD as early as the year 616 to the Priory of Christ Church, Minterbury. *Averdip* church is interesting Perp.—in fact, it is a question whether a Perper church exists. It is a fine cruciform structure, with a central tower and a twelfth-century chancel which, like the Sec-



Ploughman of Upshire plodding his weary way homeward.

retary for War, is remarkable for its fine proportions. The oldest inhabitant lives at *Averdip*, which is famous also for its fly-paper industry. It was at *Averdip* that WILLIAM COBBETT offered the Tory squire a glass of beer—a civility, or shall I say hostility? which almost led to blows.

Arkwater.—This is a growing seaside resort at the mouth of the Shem. Great things are expected of it by the

local magnates. It is, indeed, a veritable marine paradise for the young, having not only water but also a beach of sand. Paddling is carried on here all through the summer months regardless of wet feet. It was at *Arkwater* that NAPOLEON once meditated landing; but little or nothing came of his project, and, as everyone knows, he was defeated by the English and confined at St. Helena, where he ultimately died some eighty years ago. An interesting account of his second funeral will be found in the *Paris Sketch Book*, by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, who was not, however, an *Arkwater* man, having been born in Calcutta.

The church of St. Jude has the usual amount of Early Perpiness, and some fine brasses. The gifted poetess SUSANNAH JOHNSON lies here.

Aximster is situated two miles north of Swingford, where the old gallows may still be seen. The *Newgate Calendar* contains some very interesting records of two malefactors who were hanged in chains here in 1749 for the murder of a curate; but why they should have murdered him, or why it should have been considered a crime, no one seems to know. The church is a building of E.E. and subsequent styles, with a fine Early Perp. tower. The Rev. DECIUS HAWKE was once rector here, and it was while he was at *Aximster* that he wrote the best of the Gorey Hymns. For a short while the unfortunate Lord WILFORD was his pupil here, before leaving for that *grand tour* with Dr. KASTNER, which had such a remarkable and tragical ending. But of that this is no place to tell.

CHARIVARIA.

It is possible that the Peace Conference will not, after all, prove abortive, but that a resolution will be passed to the effect that no War may be begun without a formal declaration. Any Power embarking on hostilities without this preliminary will be adjudged to have lost even though it may win.

The Army Council suggests the formation of week-end camps for the Territorial Army. It is hoped later on, with the help of the Hague Tribunal, to arrange a series of Saturday-to-Monday wars so that the Territorial Army may not be at a disadvantage.

Grave fears are expressed lest the expedition fitted out by the SULTAN against RAISULI should be kidnapped.



Bertie. "WELL, MOTHER, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY. I THINK SHE'S A REGULAR BRICK."

Mother. "VERY LIKELY. SHE CERTAINLY SEEMS TO BE THROWING HERSELF AT SOMEBODY'S HEAD."

We are afraid that Mr. MACPHERSON, the Labour Member, will get into trouble with his party. He informed a Press representative, after his visit with other M.P.'s to Aldershot, that the knowledge of military problems gleaned in debate faded into utter insignificance when compared with the actual experience gained by this visit. The idea that a Labour Member has anything to learn is, we understand, not subscribed to by all Mr. MACPHERSON'S colleagues.

General STOESEL, on whom the KAISER bestowed an important decoration at the time of the fall of Port Arthur, is himself now accused of bestowing decorations on incompetent generals.

The General is also accused of issuing reports of battles that never occurred. If this charge can be substantiated, a certain newspaper, we hear, is prepared to offer the General an important position on its staff.

The American millionaire who fell in love with a beautiful English maiden, and then lost sight of her,

has now, by the aid of the Press, found her again. Meanwhile there are signs that our newspapers are becoming more modest. Writing on this subject, *The Daily Mail* says:—"Although the omens are favourable Mr. X has yet to win his bride—and the final word will rest with the lady." A little while ago the final word would have rested with the newspaper.

The last L.C.C., in its steamboat experiment, lost a lot of money by water. The present L.C.C. is determined to reverse the policy of its predecessor, and has decided to make £500 by whisky.

"Nursing has sometimes been made a trade, sometimes a profession: it will never be what it should be until it is made a religion," says Sir JOHN BYERS. But surely every pretty nurse has a certain number of worshippers?

Writing to *The Express*, a correspondent says:—"Nine years ago I purchased a penny collar stud, and have worn it every day since. Can

any of your readers beat this record?" We hope that the spirit of emulation will not lead some other gentleman to come forward with a similar confession as to his collar.

Two children who, it is claimed, are the biggest in the world are now visiting Wednesbury. One of these child-giants is heavier than his father and mother combined, and the local branch of the Society for the Protection of Parents has been instructed to keep a careful eye on the youngsters, who are reported to be very strict with their parents.

Relief in the Provinces.

"LIVING STATUARY
To STOP
IN LONDON."

Daily Chronicle.

A Doubtful Compliment.

"At a special meeting of the office-bearers of — it was unanimously agreed to invite the minister to take a longer holiday than usual as a mark of esteem and appreciation."—*Scottish Review.*

A LITTLE GAME OF CROQUET.

PROLOGUE.

"I HEAR you're very good at croquet," said my hostess.

"Oh well," I said modestly. (The fact is I can beat them all at home.)

"We have the North Rutland champion staying with us. He's very keen on a game. Now then, how can we manage?"

This was terrible. I must put it off somehow.

"Is there a north to Rutland," I began argumentatively. "I always thought—"

"Yes, I see. He shall play with JANE against you and Miss MIDDLETON. By the way, let me introduce you all."

We bowed to each other for a bit; and then I had another shock. The N.R. champion's mallet was bound with brass at each end (in case he wanted to hit backwards suddenly) and had a silver plate on it. JANE's had the brass only. It was absurd that they should play together.

I drew Miss MIDDLETON on one side.

"I say," I began nervously, "I'm frightfully sorry, but I quite forgot to bring my mallet. Will it matter very much?"

"I haven't one either."

"You know, when my man was packing my bag, I particularly said to him, 'Now don't forget to put in a mallet.' He said, 'Shall I put the spare one in too, Sir, because the best one's sprung a bit?'"

"Oh, I've never had one of my own. I suppose when one is really good—"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I've never had one either. We're fairly in for it now."

"Never mind, we'll amuse ourselves somehow."

"Oh, I'm quite looking forward to it."

CHAPTER I.

They kicked off from the summer-house end, and, after jockeying for the start a bit, the N.R. champion got going. He went very slowly but very surely. I watched him anxiously for ten minutes, expecting my turn every moment. After a quarter of an hour I raised my hat and moved away.

"Shall we sit down?" I said to Miss MIDDLETON.

"We shall be in the way if we sit down here, shan't we?"

"Outside that chalk line we're safe?"

"I—I suppose so."

We moved outside and sat down on the grass.

"I never even had a chalk line," I said mournfully.

"It's much more fun without."

"You know," I went on, "I can beat them all at home. Why, even WILFRID—"

"It's just the same with me," said Miss MIDDLETON. "HILDA did win once by a frightful fluke, but—"

"But this is quite different. At home it would be considered jolly bad form to go on all this time."

"One would simply go in and leave them," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"You know, it's awful fun at home. The lawn goes down in terraces, and if you hit the other person's ball hard enough you can get it right down to the bottom; and it takes at least six to get back on the green again."

Miss MIDDLETON gurgled to herself. "We've got a stream. . . round our lawn," she said, in gasps. "It's such a joke. . . and once. . . when HILDA. . ."

CHAPTER II.

"May I call you 'MARY'?" I said; "we're still here."

"Well, we have known each other a long time, certainly," said Miss MIDDLETON. "I think you might."

"Thanks very much."

"What hoop is he at?"

"He's just half-way."

"I suppose when he's finished then JANE does it all?"

"It practically comes to that. I believe as a matter of form I am allowed a shot in between."

"That won't make any difference, will it?"

"No. . . ."

"It's awfully hot, isn't it?"

"Yes. . . . Do you bicycle much?"

"No. . . . Do you?"

"No. I generally sleep in the afternoons."

"Much the best thing to do. Good night."

"Good night."

CHAPTER III.

"Wake up," I said. "You've been asleep for hours. JANE is playing now."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said MARY, still with her eyes closed. "Then I missed your turn. Was it a good one?"

"Absolutely splendid. I had a very long shot, and hit our champion. Then I took my mallet in both hands, brought it well over the shoulder—"

Are you allowed to do that, by the way?"

"Yes; it's hockey where you mustn't."

"And croqueted him right down to the house. Over beds, through bushes, across paths—the longest ball I've ever driven."

"I hope you didn't make him very sick. You see, he may not be used to our game."

"Sick? My dear girl, he was fairly chuckling with delight. Told me I'd missed the rest of my turn. It seems that if you go over two beds, and across more than one path, you miss the rest of your turn. Did you know that?"

"I suppose I did really, but I'd forgotten."

"And here I am again. JANE will be even longer. He's lying on the grass, and taking sights for her just now. . . . Why didn't you answer my last letter?"

CHAPTER IV.

"It's this passion for games," I said, waking up suddenly, "which has made us Englishmen what we are. Here we have a hot July afternoon, when all Nature is at peace, and the foreigner is taking his siesta. And what do we do? How do we English men and women spend this hot afternoon? Why, immediately after lunch, in one case even before the meal has been digested, we rush off to take part in some violent game like croquet. Hour after hour the play goes on relentlessly; there is no backing out on our part, no pleading for just five minutes in which to get our wind. No, we bear our part manfully, and. . . are you by any chance awake, or am I wasting all this?"

"Of course I'm awake," said MARY, opening her eyes.

"What years I have known you! Do you remember those days when we used to paddle together—the mixed paddling at Brighton?"

"Ah, yes. And your first paint-box."

"And your doll—"

"And the pony—"

"And the—good-night."

"G'night."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"But how absurd," said MARY, "when we've only just met."

"Oh, but come; it was about two years ago that you let me call you 'MARY.'"

"True," said MARY, thoughtfully.

"And you can't say we aren't suited to one another. We both play without the chalk line."

"True again. Yet. . . Oh, I can't



AMERICANA.

First Millionairess. "No, we've NOT STARTED SO FAR. BUT I GUESS WE'RE GOING SHOPPING IN BOND STREET THIS AFTERNOON."

Second Millionairess. "BETTER CHOOSE ANOTHER LOCALITY. RECKON YOU'LL BE A BIT LATE FOR BOND STREET. WE'RE DOING BOND STREET THIS MORNING!"

say all at once. Give me a little time."

"I'll give you three of JANE'S hoops. That's about six months."

CHAPTER XX.

"Twenty-eight," said the North Rutland champion. "That's what I won the championship by, I remember."

"It's a good winning score," I said. "Do they play much in North Rutland?"

"I'm afraid it's been very slow for you and Miss MIDDLETON," said JANE.

"Not exactly slow," I said.

"We've been talking a lot of nonsense," explained Miss MIDDLETON.

"Not exactly nonsense," said I.

"Oh, it was," said Miss MIDDLETON, "you know it was."

"I suppose it was," I sighed. "Well, we'll try again to-morrow."

"Right," said the champion. "But I shall use my other mallet."

THE NEW ACT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am in a frightful muddle, and it is all owing to the new Employers' Debility Act. Please tell me what I must do. I insured only two minutes too late. What do you think happened just as I was filling in the form? It began with the cook, of course: She jumped into a rage over something, and she stamped and stamped till she stamped on her own toe. The doctor said it was serious, and advised—at least if it were his toe, he said he would advise its amputation immediately. On hearing this, SMITHSON, the butler, who has been filling to the best of his ability the post of wine-taster to my establishment, nearly fainted. While removing the stopper from the whisky decanter, in the endeavour to obtain the stimulant necessary to his condition, he cut the index finger of his right hand. He was just able, before

becoming unconscious, to empty the decanter. Do you think, if his finger is to be amputated, he will be considered half or quarter disabled for life? I have still another calamity to recount. JANE, the housemaid, whom I sent to fetch the doctor, hasn't come back. That was on the morning of the 1st of July. The doctor diagnoses her case as loss of memory. Do you think I shall have to keep JANE, when she is found (I always notice things turn up sooner or later), in a lunatic asylum for life?

Awaiting the favour of an early reply,

I am, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours truly,

PANSY PRYDE.

P.S.—JACKIE was to have gone to Osborne this afternoon, but I am sending him into an insurance office instead. Am I right? P. P.

LATEST Bridge term: Coventry—a missing suit.



ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Ardent Archæologist (exploring ancient fortification). "MY DEAR SIR, WE HAVE JUST MADE A MOST WONDERFUL FIND. THIS FRAGMENT OF POTTERY WHICH WE HAVE HERE UNEARTHED, PROVES CONCLUSIVELY THAT THESE MOUNDS MUST HAVE BEEN ERECTED AT LEAST THREE THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE THE ROMAN——"

Algy. "ER—THANKS. WE—ER—RATHER HOPED YOU MIGHT BE DIGGIN' OUT A BADGER!"

AT OLYMPIA.

I AM going into the City. Not at once, you know, but when things are better there. It is my dear old Governor's idea, not mine. He says that he had to work hard for his living, and so must I. I like the City—an awfully interesting place, to my mind. I went there, many years ago now, with my governess, on the way to the Tower. As soon as the Governor mentioned it, I wanted to go again; but the Mater said she'd read that things were terribly dull there, and I ought to wait until they brightened up a bit.

FERMINGAY says—and he knows all about it, mind you; he went to the City regularly, two or three times a week, during last winter—FERMINGAY says it's so jolly restful there, after the sort of life we lead. That's what I'm looking forward to; because this season, with the weather and all the rest of it, you know—well, my nerves are all to pieces already.

As a sort of preparation—I don't want to look an absolute ass when I begin in the City; I mean to know something about contangos, and invoices, and promissory notes, and all that sort of thing before I go—as a sort of preparation, I went to the Business Exhibition the other afternoon. At Olympia—where the Horse Show was, you remember. Not that this Exhibition was anything like the Horse Show; on the contrary.

Very interesting, though—very. Learnt a good deal in half an hour—tips for furnishing my office and so forth. There was the cheapest little cigar cabinet for two-fifteen that I have ever seen in all my life. But I've made up my mind not to have anything to do with those cases of drawers. "For keeping your letters in," one of the men in charge told me. "My dear man," I said, "you mean for *losing* them in?" Seems to me I had him there—what? I once had a similar thing for collars

and ties, and all that, you know; but it was so fearfully irritating to lose one's studs in the sock department, I got neuritis over it.

I saw a wonderful machine for multiplication and division, and all those tiresome things. It wasn't quite accurate, as I told the man in charge; but, for a machine, it was near enough. He multiplied 6,542 by 87 with the machine, and the answer came 569,154. I made a few rapid calculations on an envelope and got it 569,274. He seemed rather annoyed when I told him the thing was a hundred or so out.

What seems so strange, to my mind, is that someone doesn't invent a distinct name for a girl who works a typewriter. It would save so much confusion. For instance, there was a man there who asked me to come and see his type-writer. Of course I went. But there was no—I mean to say, he was referring to a machine, and somehow I never *could* take any interest in machinery.



A SPOILT PET.

LE PETIT BELGE. "PLEASE, SIR, YOUR MONKEY'S TAKEN MY BAG!"

UNCLE SAM. "THAT'S SO! AIN'T HE CUTE?"

[On the subject of Belgium's unpaid claim upon Venezuela for £400,000, *The Times* says: "A moral responsibility lies with the United States for the behaviour of the State towards which she has shown a special solicitude."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 15th. — Truly the House may, through long watches of the night, be unconscionably dull. But from time to time it emits a flash of sardonic humour that goes far to make amends.

At four o'clock this afternoon benches were thronged. Atmosphere electrical. Old campaigners would guess that what is called a personal question was to the fore. Exactly. ROBERT CECIL submitted motion raising question of Privilege. Based his charge on letter to newspapers written by the LACHRYMOSE LEA, challenging bestowal of a particular knighthood, and bringing general indictment against Government of bartering honours for money which they distribute among impecunious election candidates, thereby enslaving them should they succeed in entering Parliament. Debate followed. C.-B. and PRINCE ARTHUR, for once united, deprecated meddling in the matter. The former moved amendment that "the House do now proceed with the business of the day." On division, this was carried by 235 votes against 120.

Here's where the joke came in. House having solemnly, by a majority of nearly two to one, decided to get to business, the benches, erewhile inconveniently thronged, emptied as by touch of magician's wand.



THE LACHRYMOSE LEA AND THE UNHAPPY DESPATCH.
(An apparition from East St. Pancras.)



TOO MANY FOR THEM.

Alfred Lyttelton. "Can you decipher it, old man?"

Prince Arthur. "Well, it seems to me horribly like 'Sold again!'"

The business ordained was Vote of Censure moved by ALFRED LYTTELTON condemning Government for declining invitation of Colonial Premiers favourably to consider preferential tariffs. In the course of a Session nothing can exceed in interest or importance a Vote of Censure. Aimed directly at heart of Government, if the blow strikes home, they die. And here, all on a summer afternoon, was the official spokesman of the Opposition moving his momentous Resolution in hearing of audience that dwindled dangerously near the limit of a quorum.

Reason not far to seek. Predominant air of unreality about the whole business. Colonial Premiers, whose alleged snubbing is avowed foundation of Vote of Censure, finished their work and went their way two months ago. Hon. Members, being, after all, mostly human, cannot after so long an interval pump up honest indignation at an offence howsoever criminal. Fact is, the affair been engineered by loyal Unionists anxious to furnish their esteemed Leader with opportunity, for which he is known to conceal keen desire, once more definitely to declare his position on Tariff question.

With characteristic modesty and tendency to self-effacement, PRINCE ARTHUR showed no haste to avail himself of the thoughtfulness of his friends. When notice of Vote of Censure is given from Front Opposition Bench, the Leader of the Party, in accordance with long-established precedent, forthwith rises and asks for a day to be set apart for its discussion. After LYTTELTON'S motion was handed in twice the House met, and PRINCE ARTHUR made no sign. Only on third day, when tongues were beginning to wag, did he demand opportunity for attack on Government.

Here it is, and House feels that whole interest of proceeding centres in one speech. What will PRINCE ARTHUR say? and, not least interesting, How will he say it? In no hurry to interpose. The hours passed and resembled each other, inasmuch as estimable gentlemen were making more or less long speeches, to which few listened.

It was half-past ten when, following LLOYD-GEORGE, the Leader of Opposition rose. Once more benches were peopled by eager listeners. Expectation at highest pitch.

"The debate," said PRESIDENT OF

BOARD OF TRADE, "is designed to make clear the meaning and attitude of the Leader of the Opposition. Is he in favour of a tax on food, or not?"

For answer, PRINCE ARTHUR said: "The basis of our Fiscal System must be broadened. How exactly it is to be done, it is not my business to say."

The House laughed, and, going forth to the Division Lobby, negatived the Vote of Censure by 404 votes against 111.

Business done.—Question of Privilege shelved. Vote of Censure rallied to Ministerial standard majority of 293.

Tuesday.—The LACHRYMOSE LEA has an uncanny habit of turning up unexpectedly. The hero of one of Captain MARRYAT'S novels is a dog called *Snarleyow*. The plot is developed through a series of efforts on the part of his desperate owner to get rid of the incumbrance. SNARLEYOW is successively poisoned, drowned, hanged, finally buried full five feet deep. But ever he turns up with studied look of nothing particular having happened since he was last seen.

This afternoon long list of questions on paper disposed of. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER unlocked his red despatch-box preparatory to moving the House into Committee on Budget Bill. CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS furtively felt the knot of his white necktie to ascertain that all was well with it. At this moment Members became aware of a breath of chilling air filling the Chamber, suggestive of the entrance to a tomb having been opened upon it. Looking up, they beheld the LACHRYMOSE ONE on his legs at corner seat below Gangway. According to long-established habit of Apparitions, LEA paused a moment before his lips moved. This condition fulfilled, he asked permission to make a personal explanation.

Nothing pleases House more. To hear a personal explanation it will readily turn away from consideration of topics of loftiest Imperial interest. In solemn manner, with slow utterance, with here and there what to the strained fancy sounded like the clank of muffled chains, LEA commenced to summarise proceedings of yesterday.

House waited in vain for the personal explanation. Soon became clear that he had (also after the manner of ghosts) "come for" the SPEAKER, who might presently be haled forth from the Chair and vanish from view of paralysed Members in a trail of smoke preternaturally illumined. But the SPEAKER is, if the phrase be Parliamentary, a tough customer to tackle.

"If," he said sternly, "the hon. Member is going to cross-examine me about statements made last week, I am afraid I cannot allow him to intervene."

This disconcerting, even for an Apparition. LEA stumbled on, further

have indulged in burst of ironical cheering. Noble lords too polite even to smile. After all, it was not such a preposterous way of putting it as to the vulgar it might seem. With a ruthless Government that declines to find work for noble lords to do, to keep the shop open till half-past six in the evening is late indeed.

A more familiar procedure at this period of the Session is for the LORD CHANCELLOR to take his seat on the Woolsack at a quarter-past four; prayers to be read, if they have not already been recited at the morning gathering of the House in its judicial capacity; then follows interval for meditation and conversa-

tion extending to 4.30, when public business begins. Occasionally there is none; in which case noble lords, feeling they have deserved well of their country, turn their faces homeward. A question may be put and answered, a process less extended in point of time now that YOUNG WEMYSS has introduced the innovation of noble lords answering their own interrogations, formerly addressed to Ministers. Or a Bill may be whisked through Committee.

All done in time for five-o'clock tea. By-and-by the balance will be redressed. Important Bills will be dumped on the floor of the House, and patriotic Peers will be kept up till midnight or after, tearing them to pieces.

The March of Progress.

The following is seen in a Perth eating-house:—

"MRS. MOORE, RESTAURANT.
The first to introduce chip potatoes into Perth."

"IN THE TRACK OF THE STORM.
WHAT THE LIGHTNING DID AT
BWLCHGWYN."

—Local Paper.

It appears to have struck most of the vowels. Are consonants non-conductors?

The Workmen's Compensation Act.
ARE PROFESSIONAL CRICKETERS
EXEMPT?

"H. L. SIMMS hit DENNETT twice on to the cycle-track. C. L. A. SMITH was also in vigorous mood, and once drove DENNETT on to the top of the pavilion."



THE WHITE TIE OF A BLAMELESS LIFE.
(Mr. Emm-tt, Chairman of Ways and Means.)

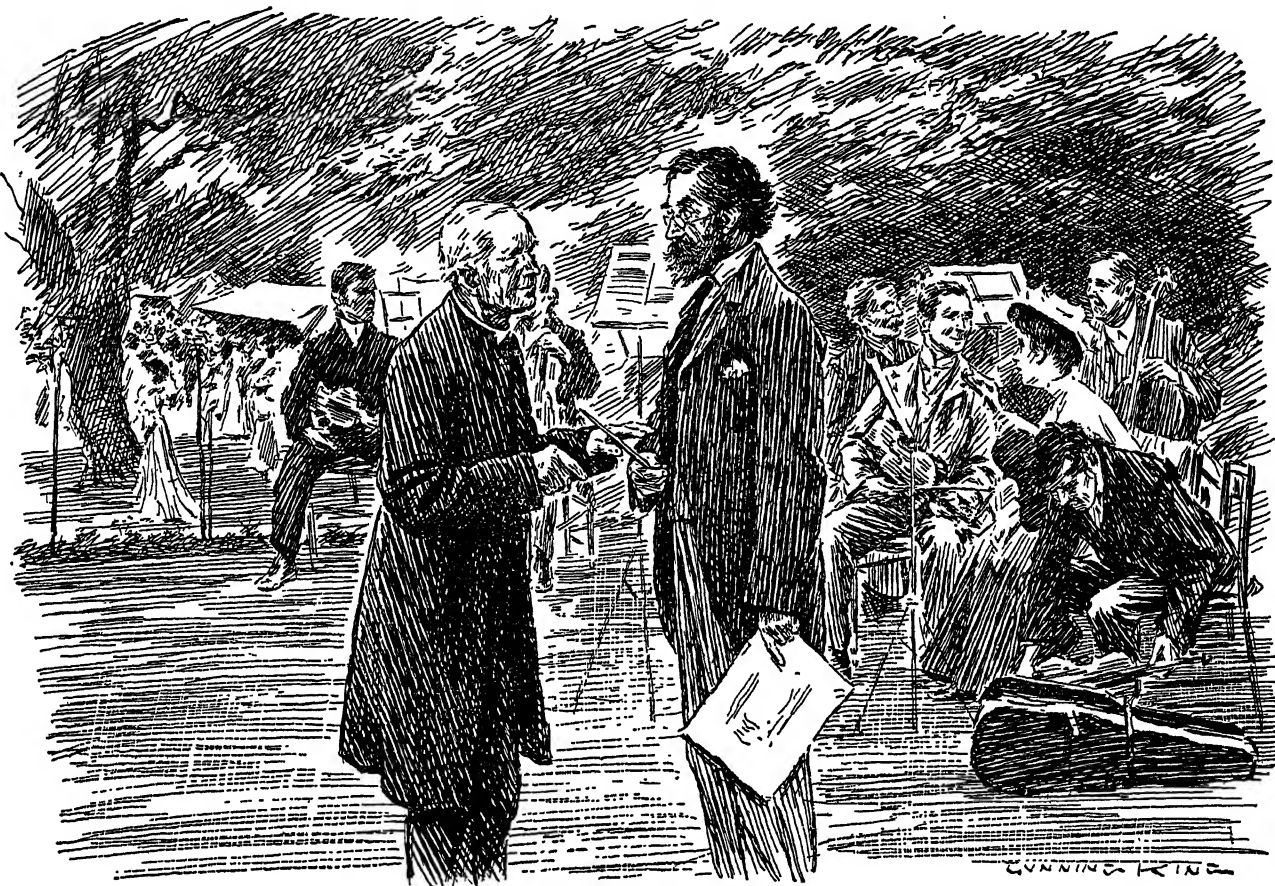
commenting on yesterday's debate till he was again, with ominous severity, pulled up by SPEAKER. Concluded he had better sit down; which he did with substantial effect that dispelled the really foolish idea about an Apparition.

Business done.—Budget Bill got through Report stage practically without amendment.

House of Lords, Thursday.—"At this late hour, my Lords, I will not trouble your Lordships by going at length into the subject."

Thus Lord HILL concluding brief remarks on Crown Estates and Small Holdings Bill.

In the Commons, Members, looking at the clock, and finding that the "late hour" was half-past six, would



AT OUR CHURCH BAZAAR.

Vicar (effusively to conductor at close of a brilliant programme). "THE MUSIC SOUNDED VERY DELIGHTFUL IN THE DISTANCE, AND I CAN ASSURE YOU IT DID NOT IN ANY WAY INTERFERE WITH THE SALES!"

THE HANDICAPS OF GENIUS.

(With acknowledgments to "The Rapid.")

In all ages and in every land men and women have achieved greatness in spite, not merely of humble birth but, of a variety of crushing drawbacks. But no handicap is too great for the man or the woman who means to win. Here, for example, are some notable instances of greatness rising superior to the tyranny of circumstance.

SEMIRAMIS, the famous Oriental Queen, triumphed over her enemies without ever having read a single novel by Miss MARIE CORELLI.

ATTILA, the great leader of the Huns, died many years before the laying of the foundation stone of the Carlton Hotel.

JOHN KEATS, the author of *Hyperion*, was never in his life interviewed by Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE or Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

HANNIBAL, the famous Carthaginian general, crossed the Alps before the birth of Mr. A. E. W. MASON.

CLEOPATRA has gone down to posterity as a champion lover, though MARK ANTONY was not in a position to present her with a motor-car.

LINNEUS, the great Swedish naturalist, who was so poor that he was obliged to mend his shoes with paper, was often heard to observe: "If I could only live long enough to see ALGERNON ASHTON, I should die happy."

Dr. JOHNSON, though he often stated that he wished his biography to be written by Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT, of Olney, had in the end to be contented with BOSWELL.

CAIUS GRACCHUS and his brother TIBERIUS, the famous Roman revolutionaries, were denied the privilege of seeing Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY's umbrella broken by the police in Whitehall.

CORNELIA, the mother of the GRACCHI, never heard of the Misses PANKHURST.

RAMESES II., the most famous of all the Egyptian monarchs, had no chance of raising a pyramid in honour of PETER KEARY, the celebrated author of *Get on or Get Out*.

PETER KEARY, the illustrious author and publicist, never succeeded in flying to the North Pole.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

"X. Y. Z.—Your letter *re* the Inspector of Police blowing his police whistle and thereby disturbing James town from Ladder Hill last Sunday, and throwing his arms about for what purpose only one conclusion could be arrived at by the excited people in Jamestown that perhaps the Zulu prisoners had escaped, when it was afterwards ascertained that there were two urchins, on his statement, pelting stones in the Garden, Jamestown, who when the Garden was searched it was found by him the boys had skeddaddled and were perhaps among the crowd laughing at him, is held over."—*St. Helena Guardian*.

History in the Making.

"Newspaper advertising began in 1652. The following advertisement, taken from a newspaper of SHAKESPEARE's time, gives a good idea," etc., etc.—*Liverpool Echo*.

THE FALSE PIRATE.

THE other day, as I chanced to stray
Down to a Cornish strand,
I suddenly saw a stranger
With features seamed and tanned,
Who brandished a fearsome weapon
In his sinewy right hand.

A lurid light shone in his eye,
And, as I gazed at him,
He clashed his weapon on the stones
And looked so dour and grim
That I fled from the vicinity
Quaking in every limb.

For I knew that on the Cornish coast
Wreckers once plied their trade,
And the man had all the outward
signs
Of a buccaneering blade,
And the more I thought about it
The more I felt afraid.

But on making close inquiry
From the driver of my fly,
I learned this was no criminal
Fleeing from hue and cry,
But the County Council Chairman,
Who lived on the hill hard by.

"But why that hue and that cut-
lass?"
I asked, and the answer came:
"He spends his days in the open,
Playing the golfer's game,
And that instrument ain't no cutlass,
A niblick 's the rightful name."

Of course it was reassuring
To learn why his face was browned,
That he grew the finest roses
In all the country round,
And that in the choir on Sundays
He was "regular to be found."

Yet still, on mature reflection,
I am somewhat mortified
That this sinister-looking stranger
So hugely his looks belied,
For escape from a real pirate
Is a matter for honest pride.

"Warning by Canon Ball.

GOVERNMENT MUST ACT PROMPTLY."

WE feared the worst from these
headlines in *The Standard*. Labour
had risen; the Tariff Reform Com-
mission was advancing in extended
formation; the Spectator Company
was falling back upon its base.
Imagine our relief at discovering that
it was merely a reverend gentleman
from Calcutta who had been giving
his views on the trouble in India.

Is Marriage a Success?

"A great many married ladies wear
their wedding-rings until they be-
come very thin."—*Daily Telegraph*.

LORELEY-ON-THAMES.

THIS is not really our old friend
Lorelei of the Rhine legend, whose
early career is "wrop in myst'ry."
The heroine of CATALANI's opera is a
human lady with a past, and when
she elects to become a siren (she
might equally well have turned into
a vampire) it is with the sole design
of revenging herself on a single faith-
less gentleman by her fascinations,
though she does keep herself in prac-
tice by employing her arts on the
casual Rhine-tripper. So at least we
gather from the report of the chorus,
though we are not allowed to see her
at work on these other victims. The
composer has picked up his ideas in
all quarters. From HEINE's *Märchen*
he gets a hint for his heroine; his



Embarrassments of a Popular Tenor.
Reappearance of the other lady on the
wedding-day.
Signor Bassi . . . Walter.

river-nymphs come from *Das Rhein-
gold*; his *Anna's* wedding from *Lohen-
grin*; and from *Tannhäuser* his
funeral march ("we have lost our
little Anna"); and no doubt he would
have picked up an idea for *Loreley's*
desertion out of the score of *Madama
Butterfly* if PUCCINI had not taken
the precaution of postponing that
work till after CATALANI's death. Also
the libretto (admirably rendered by
Mr. KALISCH) is a rather silly blend
of common earth and faërie; and for
its epitaph one might well borrow a
line from HEINE's *Lorelei*:—

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.

As for the music, it is like the cider-
cup that cheers but not inebriates.
Signor Bassi had a pleasant air to sing
about his second-best girl, and how
they two went a-maying—*nel verde
maggio*. If fine clothes could ensure
a happy marriage he ought to have
done well in double harness, for a
smarter wedding-costume I have
seldom set eyes on, and it went well

with a figure unusually slim for a
tenor's. But I wish he wouldn't turn
his back on the Rhine when he is
addressing it, and only show *Loreley*
his face in quarter-profile during his
most passionate appeals to her better
judgment.

Mlle. SCALAR is a rather pleasant
Loreley when she sings softly; at
other times she perhaps approximates
more closely to a steam-siren.

I did not think that the Rhine was
at its best. In one scene its ripples
ran well up into the sky; in another,
where the book describes it as "a
broad stream," it might have passed
for the Atlantic. The swimming of
the nymphs was badly done, and the
diving of the various people who fling
themselves into the river was of the
very worst description.

I never quite understand why you
must have real working trumpets on
the stage. When an actor sings to a
harp or a pipe or a mandolin, the
strumming or the tootling is always
done vicariously through an agent in
the orchestra. But with trumpets
it is different; and in Act II. they
were simply horrific. It was in this
Act that the crowd was stage-
managed very realistically. For it
is the prime function of a crowd to
block your view of anything that is
likely to interest you; and their
cutting off of the *Loreley* from the
audience in my part of the house was
a very clean piece of work. O. S.

WE are not surprised that *The
Englishman* claims to have a larger
circulation than any other paper in
India while it can write like this:—

"By the time the present Government have
done ruining the constitution of the country,
reducing the Navy to a state of impotence,
and the Army to a mob of half efficient volun-
teers, driving the workmen out of the arms
and ammunition factories, alienating the Colo-
nies, and leaving England's trade naked to the
attack of all the world, there will be little left
of the Empire except the adipose tissue that
shrouds the party leaders, and feeds the lamp
of knowledge in the Cobden Club."

Mark how well the metaphor is sus-
tained. The ruined constitution, the
nakedness, the adipose tissue, the
feeding—all combine to make this a
masterpiece of constructive criticism.
Only, when the Empire is nothing but
adipose tissue feeding a lamp, where
will the Editor of *The Englishman* be?
For the moment we don't quite see
him.

The Real Googly.

"CRAWFORD seemed well set when
FAULKNER deceived him with a ball
that came in from the off after several
leg breaks."—*Morning Post*.

THE PATRIOTISM OF PUDDLEBURY.

(An Anticipation of 1908.)

EVERYONE agrees that the Rector is entitled to the chief credit of it, for to him in the first place was owing the inception of the idea, and it was mainly his energy and determination that carried it to so triumphant an issue.

It was as early as last Autumn that the idea came to him, the great resolve that was to make Puddlebury famous throughout England, and he lost no time in calling a public meeting to discuss and consider it. When he finished his opening speech, a wave of patriotic enthusiasm seemed to pass over the assembly. The excitement was tremendous. It was felt by us all that Puddlebury had been, as it were, singled out for a momentous and historic destiny, of which it behoved her children to prove themselves worthy.

A Committee of Public Safety, consisting of the clergy of all denominations and the principal local residents, was at once formed, and given *carte blanche* in the matter of jurisdiction and expense. The feeling indeed was unanimously voiced that this was no season for trivial jealousies, and it may truly be said that from then onwards all ranks and conditions of Puddleburians have worked together with splendid enthusiasm for the common cause. Class distinction has been forgotten. Puddlebury to-day is a changed place; and its citizens, rejoicing in a great deed well done, are as happy and united a community as may be found.

Not that I would have you fancy

that our success was a thing assured from the first. On the contrary, there were dark seasons, days when men went about with faces pale and drawn with anxiety, none knowing where and when the Dread Thing might declare itself in our midst. Happily, however, the precautionary measures of the Committee were as efficacious as they were prompt. An

foot in Puddlebury throughout the whole of the "dangerous" period.

In spite of all, however, we had some nasty moments of fright, especially towards the end of May, when an elderly maiden lady, previously one of the most highly-respected inhabitants of the town, was overheard at a garden party to express her regret that modern costume was "so

much less picturesque than that of the olden days." The case (which perhaps excited more apprehension than it deserved, owing to the position of the victim and the publicity of the seizure) was, however, promptly dealt with, and, though small alarms of the kind were for some time not infrequent, Puddlebury was never again seriously threatened, till a fortunately early and inclement Autumn put an end to our anxiety.

On the day when the danger was officially declared over, yet another crowded and enthusiastic meeting was held, at which it was unanimously agreed that the surplus of the defence funds should be spent partly in a display of fireworks, partly in a service of plate to be presented to the Rector by his grateful fellow-citizens to record their appreciation of the fact (we now quote from the inscription) that it was

mainly "through his heroic and untiring efforts that Puddlebury to-day occupies the proud position of being—The Only Town in England that did not have a Historical Pageant."

Meteorological Forecast.

POSSIBILITY OF MORE WEATHER.

"Little change in the general character of the weather is, however, likely to result except a possible increase."—*Guardian*.



RIVER NOTES AND QUERIES.

Apparition (rising from the depths). "HAVE YOU (pff) SEEN A 'CANADER' ANYWHERE ABOUT?"

emergency hospital was established on the outskirts of the parish, in which anyone who displayed the slightest symptom of an inclination to dress-up might instantly be isolated. By a specially-passed by-law Mediævalism became a notifiable disease, with severe penalties for its concealment, while so strict was the quarantine enforced upon such infected areas as Oxford or Bury St. Edmunds that no one from either of these places was allowed to set

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE authoress of *The Celestial Surgeon* has no patience with material prosperity. She leans to the supernormal, and is greatly concerned with those flickering glimpses of the beyond which (rather fortunately perhaps) it is not given to everyone to perceive. Here in *The Burning Torch* (MURRAY) Miss MONTRESOR presents *Dolores Ellerson*, a half-Spanish girl, in the rather uncomfortable part of a heroine with second sight; *Gregory Charrington*, a thorough-going idealist, founder of a Brotherhood that reforms the standards of trade, abjures meat, and tattoos its wrists; and, for counterfoils, the hard but beautiful family of Mr. Muncassen, a well-arrived parvenu in Gloucester Square. There are some very admirable characters in this book; the vague, visionary thread is well interwoven with the plot; and the angels are not too sharply separated from their less desirable *vis-à-vis*. The world may be as hollow as Mr. Bunthorne's head, but there are plenty of commonplace people with a sufficient tinge of spirituality to make it decently habitable. We are especially taken with *Olympia Mum*, Muncassen's sister (he has made the unrepresentables of his Liverpool family change their original name), whose vulgar good-nature is so infectious; with *Sebastian*, the ne'er-do-well son, who champions the orphan "Don't," and with that delightfully matter-of-fact lady, Mrs. Jones. "Oh, my dear," says she (in response to the heroine's Cassandra-like premonitions of disaster), "that means your liver is out of order. A mist before the eyes is a sure sign of it." Miss MONTRESOR is to be congratulated on a very charming book; but isn't a railway accident rather a threadbare device for bringing about an inevitable death? It should be only your hare-brained desperado (one would think) in romance who has the nerve to take a third-class ticket to town.

Bachelor Betty is a CONSTABLE, and therefore rightly deals with "homely scenes painted in a simple way,"—scenes not in East Anglia, but on board a homeward-bound ship; at Colombo; in a village not twenty miles from London; in a Ladies' Club not a stone's-throw from Hyde Park; in the Park itself; in a tiny West-End flat; in a Thames-side villa; and generally in just the places where you would expect to find a bachelor young lady who had come all the way from Australia to make a living by her pen. The chronicler, Miss WINIFRED JAMES, is, like *Betty*, an Australian born, and not very long ago made the same pilgrimage "home," so that what *Betty* sees and does and says, and her view of England as seen through Australian glasses, has the merit of being the outcome of the author's personal experience. It is all very fresh and bright, and if Miss

JAMES goes on as she has begun we shall soon be talking of yet another Australian champion. Miss JAMES (I beg pardon—Miss *Betty*) shows a very proper appreciation of our national institutions. She fell in love with ELLEN TERRY at first sight, and the first time she saw the KING her heart throbbed like a Vanguard omnibus before it starts; her eyes felt hot and shining, and she wanted to go straight up to him and kiss his hands and say, "Please, I would like to do something for you." Australian and Colonial papers please copy.

Mr. A. C. FOX DAVIES is extraordinarily nimble at twisting and knotting the threads of a narrative until they are apparently an inextricable tangle, but he has not, to my mind, written an ideal detective story in *The Mauleverer Murders* (LANE). I think for a detective

story to be really satisfactory the reader should be supplied with every clue, so that if he is ingenious enough he may solve the mystery for himself. The author should not take the mean advantage of concealing to the end, as Mr. FOX DAVIES does, the facts upon which everything hinges. He should—or so I think—boldly display his ingredients, and having given them all a fair show so manipulate them that he can defy the reader to say before the thing is complete which is the important one. I confess I have never written a detective story, and that if I did I should probably break my own rules. They

are rather difficult. But they ought not to be too difficult for a writer of Mr. FOX DAVIES's unquestionable skill at the game.

TO A GERMAN BAND.

Oh, you who with robust Teutonic cheeks
Distended to extraordinary size,
Encamp beneath unfriendly British skies
And fill the air with strange, discordant squeaks,
Imagine not that I am one who seeks
To censure your misguided enterprise;
Your strains I welcome rather than despise,
Although they change not with the passing weeks.
I have not called down curses on your head,
Perhaps because I have the luck to own
A soul to music's influences dead,
And know not if your tunes be rightly blown;
And when I hear you I have merely said:
"This must be Friday—how the week has flown!"

The *Cork Constitution* quotes *The Daily News* on Tariff Reform as follows:—

"The people as a whole are utterly unconvinced by this agitation. They are not so much augured as bored."

This is just the sort of nice distinction that would appeal to that energetic Tariff Reformer, the Leader of the Opposition.



Small Boy (to Jones, who has been taking part in the local pageant).
"SAY, MISTER, MOTHER SAYS SHE 'LL GIVE YOU A PENNY IF YOU 'LL STOP
AN' PLAY 'ANNIE LAURIE' ON YER 'ARP."

CHARIVARIA.

A WIDELY circulated newspaper has referred to OUIDA as "the best known of living English authoresses," and Miss MARIE CORELLI is doing as well as can be expected.

The fact that the proprietors of *The Daily Mail* are conducting some boring experiments outside St. Paul's Cathedral led to an absurd rumour last week to the effect that, overcome by remorse, they were about to enter the Church, and had chosen this subterranean route through a modest desire to avoid observation.

On the other hand there is a rumour abroad, which, however, we have been unable to substantiate, to the effect that *The Chronicle*, *The Daily News*, *The Express*, and *The Morning Leader* are about to open funds with a view to raising £50,000 to present to a rival morning paper as a mark of their sympathy and esteem.

At the sale of Old Bailey relics the dock in which most of the notorious criminals for upwards of a century had stood for trial was bought by a private purchaser. In the language of auctioneers, it is a curio which would look well in the home of many a millionaire.

A judge made a really capital joke during a murder trial last week.

To everyone's surprise a Little England Member of Parliament last week asked the Secretary to the Admiralty the apparently patriotic question, Were any precautions taken to prevent a treacherous foe surprising our ships when anchored near Portsmouth in times of peace? One can

only imagine that he wished to raise a protest had he received an unqualified affirmative as an answer.

The announcement that, on the occasion of the KING's Review at Cowes, the Fleet will be undressed at sunset has, we hear, resulted in a strong protest being sent to the Ad-

people who were present at the battle of Waterloo.

We understand that Sir THOMAS FRASER, whom the *London Gazette* described as "deceased" the other day, has become a member of the Anti-Premature Burial Society.

Two accidents occurred at the second race meeting at the Brooklands motor track. The enterprising owners are determined to spare no pains to attract the public.

A Horncastle motorist has had an exciting adventure with bees. He ran into a swarm of them, and was pursued for a long distance, and ultimately, in order to get rid of them, had to divest himself of part of his clothing. It is thought that they were very young bees, who mistook the petrol-driven car for a sweet-smelling flower.

We were shocked to come across the following ghoulish head-lines in the usually well-conducted *Observer*:
GLORIOUS WEATHER.
HEAT FATALITIES.

We were sorry to read in *The Daily Mail* last week of the flooding of Droitwich, and we are surprised that the Press should not have given more attention to the disaster. "The thunderstorm on Sunday," said our contemporary's report, "has broken the spell of fine weather. The town is rapidly filling, and the largest hotel is overflowing."

Up to the hour of going to press RAISULI had refused to allow Kaid MACLEAN to lead the troops which are being sent against him.

A TOPICAL SONG.—"One Summer's Day."



IN THE MOVEMENT.

Wench. "DO YOU PAY MUCH? I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D HELP US AT PIPLEY LATER ON."

Varlet. "MY DEAR LADY, I'M ABSOLUTELY BOOKED UP FOR THE SEASON. LET'S SEE. I'M OLIVER CROMWELL AT LAND'S END ON FRIDAY; PERKIN WARBECK IN THE ISLE OF MAN ON BANK HOLIDAY; TITUS OATES IN THE SCILLIES ON THE 10TH; AND THEN ETHELRED THE UNREADY IN SHETLAND. SORRY. NO GO."

miralty by the Society for the Propagation of Propriety.

A duck belonging to Mr. WEDLAKE, of Bugle, Cornwall, has attained the extraordinary age of twenty-six years, while in the neighbouring county of Devon, at Kingsbridge, Mr. E. S. STIDSON possesses a goose aged twenty-four years. Both birds can remember having conversed with

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

VIII.—ON THE APPOINTMENT OF MAGISTRATES.

"I HAVE often thought, my dear PRENDERBY," said I, "what an admirable figure you would make upon the Magisterial Bench. You have the right deliberative manner, and your known detachment from party politics would be a guarantee that in your hands there would be nothing fishy about the Scales of Justice."

"I fear," replied PRENDERBY, "that this quality of detachment would always spoil my chances, if I may judge from the attitude of the deputation that recently waited upon the PRIME MINISTER to urge the appointment of a larger number of Liberals to the Bench. Did you remark, by the way, that this deputation consisted of Liberal M.P.'s?—Members, that is to say, of the very Party which on the day before had been loud in their indignation at the contents of a letter in which an Irish Estates Commissioner had been apparently accused of disloyalty to the Unionist Government which had given him the post; so repellent to sensitive natures is the association of judicial offices with any suspicion of political jobbery—on the part of the other side."

"And what did the PRIME MINISTER say to the deputation? He said that the present system ought to be exterminated root and branch, but that meanwhile, under the present régime, the Liberals had scored about 3,000 appointments out of a possible 3,997; so that it was clear that the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR had deserved well of the Party by this effort to correct the abuses of his predecessor on the Woolsack. In fact, he had done his best—or 75 per cent. of his best—to turn black into white by admixture with another black."

"Talking of blacks," I interposed, "what do you think of the Transvaal Government's attempt to attract Kaffir labour to the Rand by offering facilities in the beer-traffic? Is an inebriated Hottentot so much more satisfactory than a sober Chinaman?"

"I will defer discussion on that point," said PRENDERBY, "to another occasion. For the moment we are concerned with our J.P.'s and the proper grounds for their appointment."

"According to the Prime Minister," I said, "they ought to be selected on the strength of 'presumed judicial qualities.'"

"But how are you to 'presume' them? You cannot tell by the look of your egg's shell whether it contains the makings of a first-class beak."

"Anyhow," I said, "the property qualification has been abandoned."

"Yes," replied PRENDERBY; "and I look forward to the day when we shall advance beyond this negative attitude and regard property as a positive disqualification. For example, I would at once disqualify every owner of a motor-car from sitting on the Magisterial Bench. For how can they adjudicate dispassionately on a case of injury caused by one of these instruments of destruction? Their very conception of a motor-car is tainted. They regard it as a swift and showy medium of transit, forgetting that it is also a lethal weapon, largely distinguishable from other lethal weapons by its magnitude and cost. And the driver of it is in the position of a man who goes and brandishes a loaded revolver in a crowded thoroughfare. Yet, if such behaviour resulted in the accidental killing of somebody, the man who shot him would be rightly convicted of manslaughter, and no sort of attention would be paid to any plea of contributory negligence based on the fact that his victim

had stepped into the direct line of fire without giving notice of his intention to do so.

"Owners of motor-cars would never appreciate this elemental principle, and therefore none of them is a fit person to try cases of motor 'accidents,' so called. They should be tried by a Bench made up of potential victims—common pedestrian men, women, children, cattle, dogs and fowls—without respect of persons or political opinions. That is your true Socialism."

"But you would be crippling a new industry," I cried, hoping to impose on PRENDERBY with this old tag.

"The country," he replied unfeelingly, "has survived the crippling of many promising industries, such as the trade of infernal bombs or of living statuary. But to return to my point, which is this: I would have our Bench composed of representatives of the great suffering multitude rather than of any favoured classes. In a word, our J.P.'s should be drawn from the ranks of those who spend their lives in dodging motor-cars, not of those who cause them so to dodge. And, as for political claims, the mutual jealousy of Liberals and Conservatives could best be chastened by the selection of magistrates from the Labour Party only."

"My dear PRENDERBY," I said, "I have never known you so intemperate in your expressions, and I almost begin to doubt your eligibility for the Bench."

"I have already," he replied, "pronounced my own disqualification, for yesterday I became the happy possessor of a 60-h.p. Pantrich." O. S.

HEBREW MELODIES.

SOME Hebrews, who called themselves MONTAGU,
Were not, so to speak, upon rontagu;

Though they'd altered their name
They were known all the same
By the national curve of their nontagu!

An angry old Hebrew called SAVILE
Remarked to his son, "I will lavile!"

Said his son, "You're aware
I don't often swear,
But if you do that I shall davile!"

A child of the Ghetto, named LYONS,
Remarked, "Though I scorn to decyons

Can fake a stale bun
Till it seems a fresh one;
In *that* there's no man can with myons!"

An Israelite known as JAMES,
When motoring often would mames-
jurgations because
Of the motor-car laws;
So now he rides out on a bames.

A journalist (Jewish) named SALMON
Was asked if he'd do half a calmon
The trade in old clo's;
Said he, "I propose
That topic to write a whole valmon!"

A child of the chosen called COWAN
Kept poultry, among them a showan;
But envious Gentiles
Removed from her pen tiles,
And when he came next there was nowan!

An Expensive Meal.

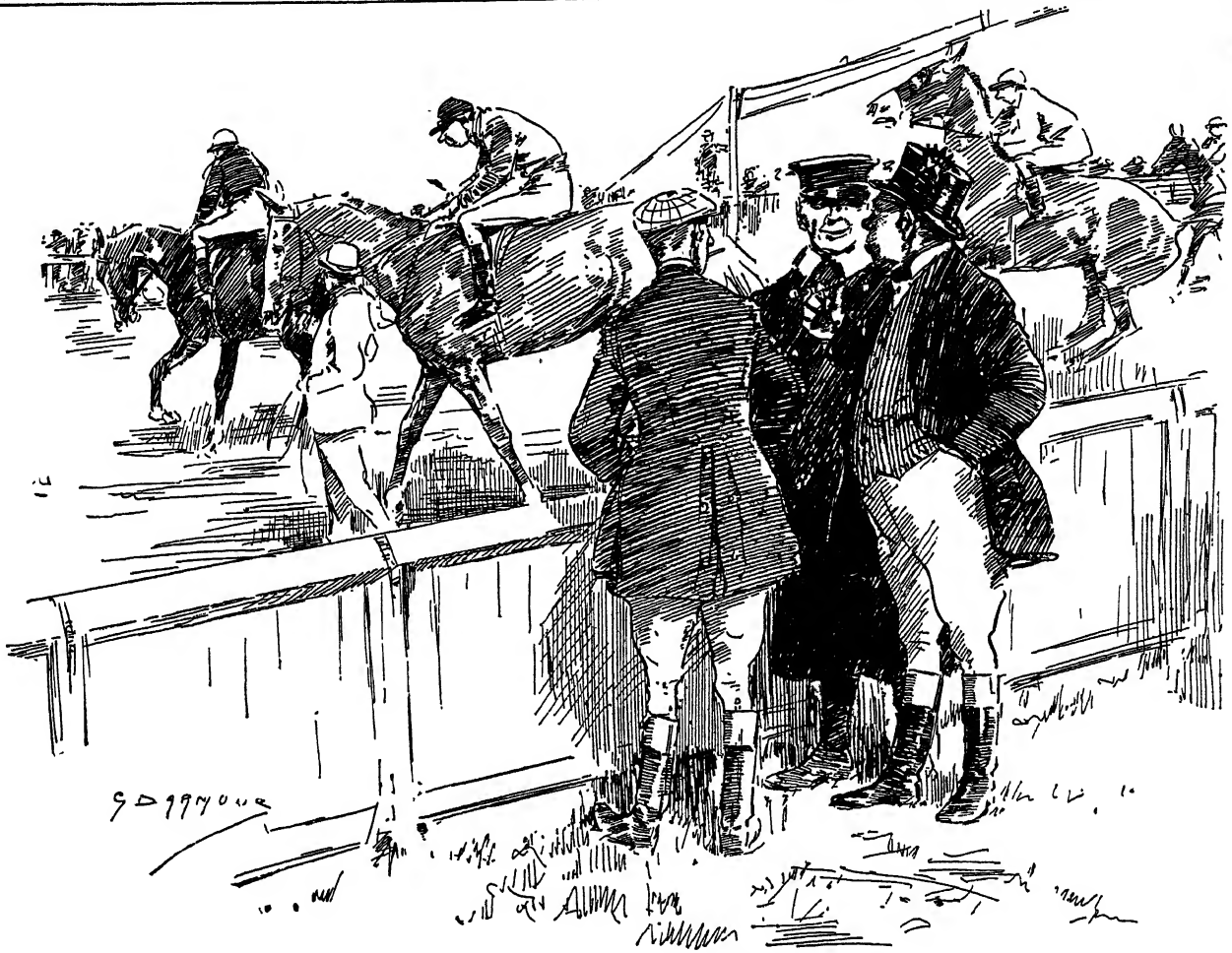
From a North London Corn-chandler's:
"Poultry Mixture—10d. per peck."



“PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW.”

LORD ELGIN. “WELL, MY BOY, YOU SEE I’M HELPING TO GET YOU OFF, THOUGH I SHALL MISS YOU TERRIBLY. YOU MUST BE SURE TO HAVE A GOOD REST, AND, *WHATEVER YOU DO, DON’T HURRY BACK!*”

[The COLONIAL SECRETARY has expressed a desire that Mr. CHURCHILL should visit Uganda and British East Africa in the recess.]



Coachman. "I WOULDN'T BE A JOCKEY NOWADAYS NOT FOR NOTHING. MONKEYS ON HORSEBACK I CALL 'EM."
 Chauffeur. "THAT MONKEY JOB AIN'T A BAD 'UN, IF YOU GET FIVE OR SIX THOUSAND A YEAR TO BUY NUTS."

IS CHIVALRY DECLINING?

To the Editor of "Punch."

(With apologies to the "Daily" and all other Males.)

DEAR SIR,—I noticed in the columns of a contemporary a letter which stated that it is a woman's own fault that men are less polite than they formerly were. This is not true. Men are just as rude to each other as they are to us! I will tell you how I know. I was acting two days ago in some private theatricals. As there was no changing room there we decided to dress at home and drive round ready. I was made up for a man's part (we allow no male members to belong to our society). To my horror I found I could not get a cab. There were some stupid theatricals being held at the Town Hall, and all the cabs had been engaged, so I took the train to the next station, which was close to my destination. I put on a man's ulster: partly through modesty and partly because the night was so cold. I entered a first-class

carriage and pulled up the window. A man who was seated opposite had the impertinence immediately to lower it again! Nor was he content with this, for he had the execrable taste to lower it *four more times*! I let him keep it down then, while I shivered with cold. I was not going to demean myself by closing it again. I told him pretty straight what I thought of his manners—when I could get a word in edgeways. It is a pity that men cannot model their manners (?) more on ours.

ARABELLA CAUSER.

DEAR SIR,—Chivalry amongst men is not declining; it is dead. For rotten bad manners and vulgarity give me the modern man. I could cite thousands of examples, but will take the last case I came across. It is the more interesting as showing how they treat each other. Two days ago I was playing *Angelina Cray* in *The Purple Litter* at the Town Hall. As you doubtless know, *Angelina* appears in Act I. in man's evening dress. I bet my cousin a level dozen

in gloves that I would walk to the station and train it to the next without anyone guessing I wasn't a man. I seated myself in a carriage, and was trying to get a mouthful of air, when a man got in and slammed the window up under my very nose. I opened it again pretty smartly, I can tell you. I don't tolerate that sort of thing. The bouncer actually had the face to pull that window up *four more times*! It takes a man to show such utter lack of consideration for others. The fifth time I lowered it he gave it up. About time too! He then turned up his ulster collar and pretended to shiver. He was a delicate-looking weed of a man with a squeaky voice. He ought to stay at home if he objects to fresh air. It is so selfish. I wired into him, but he talked nineteen to the dozen, and didn't give me a chance. Women treat each other in a very different way, and our natural politeness makes it all the harder to swallow such rudeness from men.

VERA SPEEDIE.

THE LAST LINE.

"Good," said DOROTHY, as I came in. "You're just the person I wanted. What rhymes with 'west'?"

"Best," I said, as I took her hand.

"But that's done it already."

"Then 'blessed,' 'dressed,' 'undressed'—oh, there are millions. What is it all about this time?"

"It's— Oh, well, never mind the paper. But it goes like this:—

There was a young man of the West,
Who remarked to the girl he loved best,
As he dropped on his knees,
'Will you marry me, please?'

and then you put in the last line as usual."

"Rotten," I said. "Whoever makes them up, and why ever do you go in for them? You're simply throwing sixpences away. How many does this make?"

"This really is the last," said DOROTHY, blushing.

"That's what you always say. What was the last 'last one'?" "There was a young man of Bury St. Edmunds." I found you two beautiful rhymes myself, and even then you never got a prize. It shows that they don't look at all the answers."

I was fairly annoyed. In the first place I had come to see DOROTHY for a particular purpose, and didn't want to be put off with silly Limericks; and in the second, when you do really find two beautiful rhymes to a difficult eastern town like Bury St. Edmunds—

"I'm so sorry," said DOROTHY. "Do just help me this time, and I promise I won't ask you again. But I should like to get *one* prize."

"Oh, very well then. What was the verse?"

She repeated the four lines.

"Yes, I see. Now we must go into this carefully. We mustn't be in a hurry."

"No," said DOROTHY.

"There was a young man of the West.' We're practically settling his fate, you know. The poor chap is on his knees waiting for his answer—"

"Oh, is the fifth line to be his answer?"

"Obviously. And she answered, 'Oh, tum ti tum tum.'"

"That wouldn't help him much," smiled DOROTHY.

"The fifth line is the answer," I said, ignoring her. "What's it to be? 'Yes' or 'No'?"

"Really, this is so sudden. I can't be— Anyhow, 'Yes' or 'No' wouldn't rhyme."

"Of course not. But I must have the general idea before I can make up the line."



The "Professor." "Now, a nice easy swing, Miss—AND KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL."

"I see. Well then, 'No'—no, 'Yes'—yes, no, I don't know."

"I'm very sorry," I said, "but I can't possibly get all that into one line."

"Guest,' 'crest,' 'pressed,'" murmured DOROTHY.

"Come," I said, "try to put yourself in her place. What would you have answered?"

"But I don't know what the man was like?"

"He said 'please.' I don't think he was a bad chap."

"What does 'of the West' mean? Had he got a West-country accent?"

"I think it means the West-end. I may be mistaken, but I imagine him rather a decent fellow."

"Oh?"

"A good all-round sort of man," I said, warming to it. "I shouldn't be surprised to hear that he'd made up some pretty good last lines in his time."

"Then I wish I'd known him."

"Now then, what is it to be?"

"I can't say it in cold blood like

this," smiled DOROTHY. "It's too awful."

"Very well then. We'll pretend that I'm the young man of the West."

"How funny! You do live in the West, don't you?"

"Who said to the girl he loved best, as he dropped on his knees—it all fits in exactly."

"Does it?" said DOROTHY, thoughtfully. "All of it? But you're not on your knees."

"No, DOROTHY, but I'm just going."

"Oh, you dear!"

"It's the only way," I said.

"We must get that last line right."

"Yes," said DOROTHY. "Oh, I think I know now."

"There was a young man of the West," I began for the last time.

"Who remarked to the girl he loved best," said DOROTHY.

"Will you marry me, please?" and I dropped on my knees. . . .

Well, we'll let you imagine the rest.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

IN less than a fortnight from the time that these lines meet the eye of the public a considerable section of the comfortable population of this country will have streamed northward, and, if I may use the language of one who formerly wrote on the subject of Highland sport, the crack of the rifle will once again have fluttered the dove-cotes of the grouse-moors. Thereafter we shall have the shooting of partridges—if any, that is to say, survive the rigours of this summer—and before we know where we are the lordly pheasant will again be toppling down from the all but inaccessible heights to which it is his happy custom to rocket after he has been beaten out of his covert. It seems right, therefore, to use the short breathing-space that is still left to us to pray that Heaven may defend us from the Dangerous Shot, and in any case to make our wills with all convenient celerity. In the performance of this latter duty we have the great example of *Tartarin de Tarascon* to guide us. This brilliant marksman, it will be remembered, had attained to a prodigious skill in the local sport of cap-shooting. As a *chasseur de casquettes* no other Tarasconais could compete with him on equal terms. From a cap to a lion was but a step. He resolved to take it and to go to Africa; but before he went he decided to make his will. He sat down; he wrote on a sheet of fair paper, "*Ceci est mon testament*"; but at this point emotion overcame him. In imagination he saw his own funeral procession; he heard the orations which lauded his virtues delivered over his unpalpitating corpse; he realised the loss that Tarascon had suffered, and he broke down and wept over his premature departure to the land of shades. Let us go one better even than this archetype of sportsmen: let us finish our wills and sign them in the presence of two witnesses, who shall then, in the presence of the testator and in the presence of one another, affix their signatures to the document.

It is decreed by Fate that every one of us shall at one time or another meet the Dangerous Shot. This variety of sportsman has no outward characteristics, apart from his manner of using his gun, by which he may be distinguished from his safe fellow-creatures. As often as not he is irreproachably dressed, booted, stockinged, gaitered and capped. He may be quite old and venerably, nay blamelessly, grey. I have heard of a most aged man who always carries his loaded gun at full cock across the small of his back in the angles of his elbows, with the fingers of his right hand playing lightly about in the neighbourhood of the triggers. He is vivid and excitable, and now and again he swings to right or left, and threatens the whole countryside with his muzzles. In a covert with rabbits scurrying about and beaters shouting, he is, perhaps, the most formidable person left in England outside the ranks of the Legion of Frontiersmen; yet he is the most amiable and delightful of men in his natural disposition, and so far he has been preserved from homicide.

The strangest thing about the Dangerous Shot is that everybody knows he is dangerous, except himself. Men constantly say to him, in the jocose manner appropriate to moor or field or covert, after they have been privileged to look down the muzzles of his gun: "I see you shoot with No. 6 shot. Try No. 5: it carries further and kills better"; or "Those barrels of yours have the prettiest insides I ever saw"; or "Thanks awfully, old man, but I'm not a pheasant, you know. Never was." These and other

shafts of irony glance off him without in the least disturbing his serenity. "Sorry," he says; "I'll shift my piece," and thereupon he raises or lowers it, raking every member of the alarmed group as he does it. "Don't take me, old chap," cries the humourist of the party, ducking his head, "I'm stout and I've got a wife and family. Take JOHNSON, he's a thin bachelor and a harder mark for a real good shot."

There is another point about the Dangerous Shot: he has generally learnt all the tricks of the trade of safe shooting. He takes his cartridges out of his gun between beats or drives; he resolutely, nay ostentatiously, extracts them before he climbs the smallest stile or passes through the largest gap in a fence. He carefully studies the lie of the butts on a moor, and then incontinently shoots down the line; he calls loudly in covert to his next guns and announces his own location, and then blazes away impartially at the spots in which he has discovered them; or he kills a rabbit between your legs and proceeds to marvel how on earth you managed to get into a place that had the peculiar knack of making you invisible to him. The beaters regard him with an awe and admiration proportioned to his recklessness. "That there Mr. WILDING," I have heard a beater say, "'e do kill 'em proper. It's get out o' the light quick with 'im and no mistake."

What ought to be done about Dangerous Shots? Everybody, as I say, knows them, and everybody fears them. Yet, for some inscrutable reason, they continue to receive invitations to shoots. When they themselves are the hosts and the shooting is good, nothing, I admit, can be done. But these cases are rare. Generally the Dangerous Shot is the last moment man, who fills up a blank left by the sudden defection of one on whom the host had counted. But it is better, I think, to be one gun short than to set the nerves of all your party quivering and to have gallant sportsmen dodging and ducking in terror through the whole of a shooting day.

CHERRIES ARE IN.

(The Office Boy sings.)

WHEN the boss is cross and the clerks agree
To avenge themselves by insulting me,
And they find me a job when it's time to go,
And I'm made to be quick when I want to be slow,
I don't care a pin
For cherries are in,
A penny a quarter;
Cherries are in!

When it's "Curse the boy!" whenever I speak,
And I'm run off my legs every day in the week,
And they talk of the sack when I ask for a rise
And I'm licked in a fight on account of my size,
I bear it and grin,
For cherries are in;
A penny a quarter,
Cherries are in!

AN evening newspaper, referring to the buildings which are to occupy the Island Site in the Strand, says:—"French artists will be employed in order to obtain the proper Continental effects." Miss AMINDA BUTTERCUP, of Little Biddlecombe, writes that from what she gathers in her reading, and from conversation with those who should know, the use of the word "proper" in this connection is apt to be misleading.



AMERICANA.

Fair New Yorker (gazing at Duchess elaborately coiffured à la Pompadour). "MY, AIN'T SHE GOT A DANDY POMP!"

"DO YOU KNOW B.?"

CONVERSATIONAL manuals are prevalent enough; but all miss the point. The point is, what to say when one is asked if one knows some one that one does know but thoroughly bars.

A, who is a fastidious prejudiced kind of man, but kindly and averse from giving pain, knows, for his sins, B, who certainly bounds a bit. A is introduced to C, a free-and-easy uncritical friendly man who not only knows B, but likes him and is quite unconscious that he is anything but acceptable to everyone, B having a gift of flattery that has settled C's hash for all time. C, in conversation with A, feels round for some common ground in the way of mutual friends and hits on B, remarking naturally (for A and B are in the same profession) and genially, "You know B, of course? Isn't he a delightful creature?" (C, of course, has gone too far. He has not been tactful. All that he needed to have said, in order to break the ice, was, "You know B, of course?" To go on and express an opinion of

his own was not playing fair, but it is so common a departure from the rules of the game that one simply must be prepared for it.) Anyway, what is A to say?

This is a difficulty that confronts a critical and truthful man almost once a day, and no one has ever given him the slightest help. There are many things he might say, but only one, probably, that he should say, so long as conversation exists as it now does—to grease and not impede the wheels of social life.

What, then, should A say? Remember that he is a truthful man, or, at any rate, is a man too proud of his fastidiousness to wish to soil it. Untruthful and unfastidious persons are in no need of help. They go right ahead naturally enough, without tremor. They would say, no matter what they felt, "Know B? Of course I do. Delightful fellow. And the most amusing, too. One of the best men I ever met."

But poor A, with his snobbish conscience, what should he say?

"Oh! yes, I know him. What jolly roses you have!"

"Yes; but I don't see much of

him. Two of a trade, you know. But I always feel it is my loss."

"B? Oh, yes! I see him now and then; but I'm so fearfully busy, you know, I have very little time for new friends." (*Sighs.*)

Or—and this is not at all bad: "Oh, yes, B! Now that's a curious case of what I was saying to someone only yesterday about the two poles of personality and how quickly one realises whether a new acquaintance is sympathetic or anti-pathetic. Haven't you noticed it? One person you are attracted to instantly, while with another you seem always to fail to get on terms. Well, it's been like that with B. B is a kind good clever fellow, I know, and yet somehow—you see what I mean? Nothing distresses me more than this defect in myself."

By this time C should wish B at the devil and be willing to talk about anything rather than mutual friends.

But how much better if A could have said: "B? Do I know B? I should think I did. For Heaven's sake, don't talk about that beast!"

But where would social intercourse be?



Constable (to street performer, who is trying to free himself after having been hopelessly tied up by blue-jacket). "NOW THEN, MOVE ON THERE!"

RISUS DRAMATICUS.

THERE is an ailment of the Stage—a germ
Whose ravages are shown, in every style,
In portraits of the fair—which doctors term
Risus Dramaticus—the Frozen Smile.

This weird disfigurement appears to start
'Mongst those that fatten on that mental feast
Musical Comedy (a little Art,
And lots of Nature—lots, to say the least).

Others, indeed, it seems content to spare;
And, like the Vampire, seeks its prey among
That honeyed class which always must be fair,
And always are professionally young.

Some one has known, whose eminent careers
Have gained the zenith of pictorial fame,
Whose faces we have known for years and years,
Loved from afar, and always found the same;

But the blow falls; the placid face becomes
Distorted hideously; we see the teeth
Clenched as with tetanus; the bristling gums
All naked—and the lady's name beneath;

And we behold our bright particular Stars
Smiling like clockwork—see them, one by one,
At doors, with dogs, in chairs or motor-cars,
In plain dress, fancy dress, or next to none,

Smiling, till as we gaze, the jaws grow stiff
With sympathy; one's very cockles creep;
They are not merry, these; they look as if
They couldn't help it! Would that they might weep!

Mothers of England, be it yours to wage
War in your daughters' cause on this complaint;
And when they want to go upon the Stage
And ask for your permission, say they mayn't.

Rich men of England, raise us, of your wealth,
A noble hospital, with spacious wards
Fitted alike for interviews and health,
For these distressing vestals of the boards,

Where sporting scientists and grave M.D.'s
May win fat knighthoods and a people's praise
By stamping out that tragical disease,
Risus Dramaticus—the Smile That Stays!

DUM-DUM.

The "Hard"-Headed Yorkshireman.

THE Colne Valley election is, apart from politics, even more extraordinary than at first sight appeared. In case the thing should have escaped the notice of our eminent mathematicians and scientists we will just quote the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*:—

"The election result shows a curious coincidence. The number of votes detached from the Liberal and Conservative figures of the last contested election, plus the extra number of votes polled, exactly equal Mr. GRAYSON'S total."

Later.—As we go to press we learn that the *Yorkshire Telegraph and Star* has made a similar discovery. We cannot decide which of our contemporaries is entitled to the pension for original research, but it certainly looks as though one of them had stolen the other's idea.



WHO'S AFRAID?

ARTHUR B. "I'M NOT A B-B-BIT FRIGHTENED."

HENRY C.-B. "OH, Y-Y-YES, YOU ARE!"

ARTHUR B. "WELL, I'M NOT SO F-F-FRIGHTENED AS YOU ARE, ANYHOW!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 22.—*Alice*, behind the grille of Ladies' Gallery, looked upon House of Commons this afternoon as through a looking-glass. Everything topsy-turvy. C.-B. playing PRINCE ARTHUR's part of yester-year; PRINCE ARTHUR, with instinctive dramatic art, making himself up to look as like C.-B. as possible, recalling, recasting, and reiterating C.-B.'s denunciation of closure by compartment. For completer symmetry of the plot in final fulfilment of *Alice's* bewilderment, JOHN REDMOND stepped in and vigorously supported C.-B. on the very lines in which—on the Licensing Bill, for example—PRINCE ARTHUR entrenched himself when attacked by C.-B.

All about application to Evicted Tenants' Bill of closure by compartment. The fact that this effective Parliamentary weapon was PRINCE ARTHUR's own invention whilst he was yet Leader of the House lends final touch of piquancy to his eloquent denunciation of its use by his successor. To begin with, he couldn't get over C.-B.'s callousness in limiting within the space of ten minutes his remarks on moving the Resolution

that authorised uprearing of the guillotine. "In a speech five or six minutes long," he said, his frame quivering with emotion, his face glowing with indignation, "the PREMIER moves the Resolution, apparently as if it were the most natural thing in the world to deprive the House of its most precious privilege—the right of free debate."

If the speech had run the length of twenty minutes, still better had it

occupied half an hour, PRINCE ARTHUR could not say the crime would have been excused, but its committal would have been less appalling.

Descending from heights of righteous anger to depths of pathetic sorrow, his prophetic eye beheld in the near future the decadence and ultimate downfall of the Mother of Parliaments. As he saw the power of the House over the details of legislation "gone and gone for ever," there was a wail in his musical voice that would have softened the heart of any malefactor less

hardened than the PREMIER. That personage, doleful to relate, sat watching him with amused admiring glance. Conscious of having done pretty well in his own changed rôle he frankly admitted the supremacy of the genius lost to the stage on the other side of the Table.

In the exquisite comedy JOHN REDMOND played his part in manner worthy of rare companionship. Abandoning the artificiality of phrasing, the pomposity of manner that cloy his prepared speeches, he delighted a crowded House by bright and pointed talk. Of the three characters on the bill of the play, he certainly had the best. PRINCE ARTHUR and C.-B., transmogrified by circumstances into assuming each other's earlier parts, were more or less successful according to the air of conviction with which they severally extolled or denounced what they had within the memory of many present denounced or extolled. JOHN REDMOND's withers were unwrung. A Parliamentary free lance, he had no need to attempt to hide change of position under cloak of expediency. PRINCE ARTHUR made merry at the spectacle of Irish Members, who through the sixteen years of his rule had desperately fought the closure, and now enthusiastically supported it.

"Why, cert'nly!" said REDMOND. "That's our game. When you proposed closure, whether by compartment or otherwise, it was with intent to carry coercive Irish measures. We resisted you at every step. The present Government want to pass an emancipating measure, one to which you pledged yourself in 1903, and broke your promise. Naturally we



"TRANSMOGRIFIED."

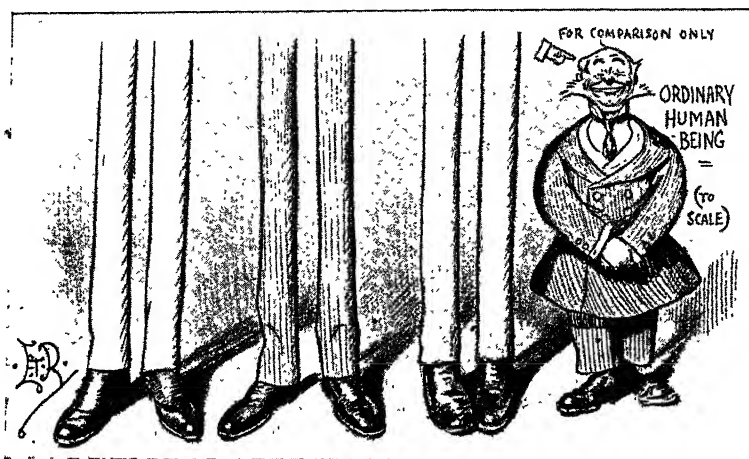
"C.-B. playing Prince Arthur's part of yester-year; Prince Arthur . . . making himself up to look as like C.-B. as possible."

(Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Campbell-Balnerman, and the Rt. Hon. Henry Banfour.)



T-M H-LY'S PATENT "DRY SHAMPOO."

"After applying to Mr. Bailey what he might call a 'dry shampoo' (loud laughter) was it worth while for a man of his (Mr. Moore's) solemnity to be engaged in this high-handed extravaganza? (Laughter.) It was not. (Renewed laughter.)"—Mr. Healy.



THE WELSH GIANTS (THE BROTHERS PHILIPPS).

Part I.

Owing to the exigencies of space, and to the abnormal proportions attained by this interesting trio, our artist is compelled to publish them in serial form (in sections, so to speak). As they will take some time to complete he hopes that the higher altitudes (above the snow line) will come as a pleasant and refreshing relief to those who have to remain in London through August.

(Col. Ivor Philipps, Mr. J. W. Philipps, and Mr. Owen C. Philipps.—For the present this order may be varied to taste.)

do all we can to hurry forward accomplishment of the beneficent purpose."

This cynical frankness gave last touch of perfection to well-designed, perfectly played comedy.

Business done.—In Committee on Irish Evicted Tenants Bill.

Tuesday.—Through the long night House again in Committee on Evicted Tenants Bill. Large muster of Irish Nationalists; small but sturdy phalanx of Ulster men separated from their beloved countrymen only

by Gangway. Comforting this, as representing ditch in which they are prepared to die nightly in defence of the Throne and in loyalty to sweet memories of the Boyne. Otherwise attendance not overwhelming, nor interest irrepressible.

Towards close of sitting, the sultry atmosphere suddenly riven by darts of forked lightning; humdrum stillness broken in upon by claps of angry thunder.

Outbreak ably engineered by JOHN REDMOND. Interposing with judicial air, saddened by reflection on the ineradicable tendency of Ulster Members to go astray, he reasoned with Member for North Antrim who had accused Nationalist Members of bringing improper pressure to bear on the Estates Commissioners. They were, he protested, innocent of the charge.

"But" — here studiously mild manner abruptly altered to tone and attitude of fierce denunciation—"the Member for North Antrim has himself brought such pressure upon one of the Commissioners, writing a letter threatening him with what would happen to him when a Unionist Government comes back to its own."

A shout of execration rose from Nationalist camp. Answering came the Ulster war-cry. REDMOND added fuel to the fire by stating that the letter was in possession of a Minister now seated on the Treasury Bench.

All eyes, turned in that direction, discovered T. W. RUSSELL in state of profound uneasiness. If there is one

thing he can't abear, it is to be dragged into anything approaching a row. A man of peace from his birth, he has cultivated its pleasant paths with sedulous attention. It has certainly been his lot from time to time to be dragged into angry scenes on floor of House. But after life's fitful fever he sleeps well, once more on the Treasury Bench. And here is JOHN REDMOND dragging him forth to take part in an affray with esteemed gentlemen from Ulster.

"Read, read!" the Nationalists roared.

"Order, order!" clamoured the Ulster men.

T. W., furtively feeling in his breast coat pocket, produced something more than half a sheet of note-paper. Well, if they would have it, they must. As in *Hamlet's* day the time was out of joint.

"Oh! cursed spite," remarked the Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture as he reluctantly rose, "that ever I was born to set it right."

The shout of welcome that greeted him from the Nationalists was swelled by exultant yell from Ulster men, as MOORE rose and confronted him. Amid hurlyburly, Member for North Antrim was understood to object to having his letters, part of a correspondence with the Commissioner, "sorted out."

"Hear, hear!" shouted the Unionists.

"Yah, yah!" responded the Nationalists.

To do justice to the Man of Peace standing at the Table, the incriminating document in his hand, having undertaken the task thrust upon



A LHAND-LHIPTINANT.

"What about the Lord-Lieutenant of Cavan—is he a Tory?"—Lord Turnour.

(Mr. T-mmy L-gh.)



A PAINFUL ORDEAL FOR A MAN OF PEACE.

The tranquil "T. W." finds himself the centre of a hurricane while reading out a truculent letter from the erring Moore.

(Mr. T. W. R-ss-ll.)

him, he executed it with considerable vigour. Dodged in among uproar, managed to make clear every sentence, particularly one in which MOORE wrote: "You were appointed by a Unionist Government to see fair play between WRENCH and FINUCANE [colleagues on the Commission], and you have sold the pass on every occasion. The first thing my colleagues and I will do when we come back—which will not be far off—will be to press for an enquiry into the working of your Department."

As the reading proceeded, sound and fury filled the Chamber. Deep answered to deep across the Gangway. CHAIRMAN on his feet pleading for order. BANBURY, thinking occasion rarely opportune for a few remarks, on his legs; MUNTZ, speaking in dumb show, close by; WALTER LONG standing mute at the Table; SWIFT MACNEILL beating the record by the height and vigour of his bounds on the red-hot bench below Gangway. PRINCE ARTHUR sent for. Suggests that whole correspondence shall be printed. T. W. RUSSELL, inexpressibly pained by turmoil, assents. Storm drops as suddenly as it burst.

Business done.—Committee on Irish Evictions Bill.

Friday.—Announcement that the Member for South Longford has resolved to quit Parliamentary stage received with genuine regret in all quarters. Present House scarcely knows EDWARD BLAKE. As far as I remember, he has not risen in it to take part in debate. In earlier times, dating back fifteen years, when he took the bold and perilous step of exchanging a familiar colonial legislature for a seat at Westminster, he was not insistent in speech-making. When he did interpose, he bestowed upon the House the fruits of statesmanlike instinct, wide culture, and long experience in public affairs.

Nothing less like the typical Irish Nationalist Member could be imagined than the grave and reverend signior, who in slow, well-ordered speech reasoned with the adversary. Loyal in every thought, honest in every fibre, he sat among the Irish Nationalists, but he was not of them. Feeling the weight of years, the burden of accumulated labour, perhaps a little disappointed with life at Westminster, he quietly withdraws, carrying with him the esteem of all who have known him in public or private life.

Business done.—Eleven o'clock Rule suspended for rest of Session.



"I THINK I SHALL HAVE TO GROW A BEARD, MOLLY. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME WITH A BEARD?"
"WOULD ONE BE ENOUGH, UNCLE?"

Our "Reliable" Newspapers.

"Which is the safest place in which to take refuge during a severe thunderstorm?" I inquired of an electrical expert.

"In bed," he replied. "The mattresses and blankets are non-conductive, and you can snap your fingers at the lightning when you are between the sheets."—*Daily Dispatch*.

BUT what if it is forked and not sheet lightning? Besides, we read on another page of the same paper:

"In the early hours of yesterday a railway guard was struck by lightning as he lay in bed. He managed to drag himself to the house door, where the fresh air revived him."

Perhaps, though, he had forgotten to snap his fingers.

Commercial Candour.

"YARMOUTH bloaters, with the delicious flavour of 50 years ago."—*Western Gazette*.

MR. JOWETT, M.P., in *The Clarion*:

"We proceeded to consider whether we would give the Postmaster-General a blank cheque for six million pounds to spend on telegraphs and telephones."

The Socialists' idea of a "blank cheque" would appear to be a cheque without a signature. They are certainly much the best sort for giving away.

THE RECORDING ANGEL.

[According to *The Westminster Gazette*, an American has invented a machine which records every act committed by his office staff.]

Oh, would that our office could boast of

A register able to mark
With mechanical truth
The misdeeds of the youth
Who is known (for his sins) as my clerk!

What tales it would tell! What a host of

Long hours spent in reading of sports,

When the click of the Blick
Should be heard double-quick
Type-writing official reports.

Perhaps it would disclose
Why all his trains delay,

Why cars will smash,
Why cruel Fate

Still plans some crash
To make him late;

Perhaps—for all one knows—

It might explain away
The tendency his uncle shows
To die on Derby Day.

Then, too, with what joy I should turn from

This screed to the strenuous tale
Of the chieftain whose smile
All my cares can beguile,
Whose frown makes me tremble
and quail.

Beyond any doubt I should learn from

These quite unimpeachable clues
It is strain on the brain—
Not cigars and champagne—
That accounts for his afternoon snooze.

No doubt, too, I should find
That when he leaves Whitehall
At one o'clock,

Superbly dressed

In faultless frock

And snow-white vest,

He only has in mind

To pay some business call;

His weighty thoughts are not inclined

To Ranelagh at all.

And yet, if the register told of

The deeds of my chief and my clerk,

I am bound to opine

It would also tell mine,

Which I'd rather have kept in the dark.

I fancy it soon would get hold of

The fact that I write rather less

Of Form C, Column B,

Or of Circular 3,

Than the charms of BELINDA and Bess.

When all is said and done

I bar this new machine.

If it made known

One's friend's misdeeds

But not one's own,

'Twould serve my needs.

But risks a man might run

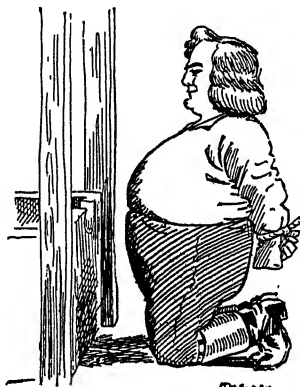
If it were always seen

That when his chief departs at one

He leaves at one-fifteen.

CARUSO AMONG THE POETS.

THE performance of *Andrea Chénier* was made remarkable by Signor CARUSO's brilliant concealment of his identity. People who were not aware of his passionate affection for



BEFORE EXECUTION.

Signor Caruso as *Andrea Chénier*.



AFTER EXECUTION.

Signor Caruso as himself again.

his moustache imagined that he had sacrificed it on the altar of creative art. They were wrong. He had refused to anticipate the executioner and rob the guillotine of its clean shave. But an even more notable disguise was shown in the quality of his voice and manner, which assumed an unfamiliar refinement and dignity. His only error of tact was when he ran up the tumbril steps in front of the lady who had elected to share his death.

The opera is a tragedy of the usual French - Revolutionary type, with reminiscences of *La Tosca*. Gior-

DANO's music has the merit of not arresting the movement of the rather disjointed drama, but it has also perhaps the defect of not arresting the imagination of the audience.

Signor SAMMARCO, when I heard him, was suffering from a sorry rheum which did not allow him to do justice to those lapses into honesty which compromise the brutality of *Gérard*. Madame DE CISNEROS, as the old woman *Madelon*, who has lost a son in the taking of the Bastille, and comes to offer his stripling boy for the country's service, showed a nice artistic feeling in a short episode which might easily have sunk into mere melodrama.

It took some time to recognise M. GILBERT in the sanguinary costume of *Mathieu* (nicknamed *Populus*). The excesses of the Terror seemed to have modified his rotundity. The spectacle of this jovial sansculotte standing on the hustings and translating the placard—*La Patrie est en danger*—into his best Italian for the benefit of a chorus of Parisian *tricot-euses*, is a thing that I shall not willingly allow to fade from my memory.

Mlle. DESTINN as *Maddalena di Coigny* was adorable. Her stillness and silent rapture under the influence of a personal fascination recalled her performance of *Senta* in *Der Fliegende Holländer*. In passionate action, as in facial play, she is perhaps not the equal of Signora GIACHETTI, with whom a comparison was invited in that scene with *Gérard* which reminded one of the second Act of *La Tosca*. Certainly, whether flying to the embrace of one lover or eluding the advances of another, she did not travel well at the double.

It remains to say that, for versatility of intelligence, and artistry of voice and style, Mlle. DESTINN deserves to fill the largest place in the grateful memory of those who have followed the brilliant operatic season which has just closed. And I rejoice to think that we are to welcome her again in the autumn season, which promises to begin on October 3.

O. S.

Scotland for Ever.

ACCORDING to *The Daily Chronicle*, Volume XVI. of the Pentland edition of STEVENSON contains "The Highland Knights Entertainments." This appears (rightly, we think) under the heading "The New Stevenson."

"Both her fiancé and she have been long acquainted."—*Westminster Gazette*.

THIS is one of those remarkable coincidences wherein the superstitious are apt to discern the hand of Fate.

CLOTHES AND CLASSES.

["It is true that, speaking generally, business men, clerks, shop attendants, and others of this class are well dressed, and present, as a rule, a neat and attractive appearance which gains approval; but the condition of the working-class is nearly always deplorable."]

THE foregoing remarks from the *Lancet* have naturally excited profound interest amongst all thoughtful persons, discussion being especially animated amongst the various sections of the Liberal Party. A few representative opinions on the latest revival of the Clothes philosophy are herewith appended.

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, on being interviewed in Wales on the subject, observed: "That extraordinary remark as to the condition of the clothes of the working classes is an atrocious libel, and can only have emanated from the pen of some parasitic peer. I'd 'lancet' him if I got the chance! To abolish the House of Lords is no use. What we want to do, and I have every reason for believing the Cabinet intends to do, is to exterminate the whole breed of hereditary legislators."

On being subsequently interviewed in Downing Street by a representative of *The Tailor and Cutter*, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE remarked: "I certainly think that the criticism of the *Lancet* requires some qualification. To say that the condition of the working classes is 'nearly always deplorable' is going too far. Personally I should think that 'very often' would meet the requirements of the case more accurately." On being asked who were the best dressed men with whom he was acquainted, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE at once replied, "My friends Lord CREWE and Lord ALTHORP."

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P., the newly-elected Socialist Member for the Colne Valley division, who was recently reported to have said that he was in favour of abolishing certain ties, was interviewed at the House of Commons by a representative of *The Hosier*. Mr. GRAYSON explained that his remarks, which had been delivered in the heat of victory, had been perversely misrepresented by the henchmen of the plutocratic Press. When he spoke of ties, he did not mean the article of raiment: he meant barriers, obstacles, anything and everything that stood in the way of the amelioration of the million. The red tie was the sign of emancipation, as the white tie stood for obscurantism, superstition, and hypocrisy.

Sir WALTER FOSTER, M.P., said that, speaking as a member of the



Gentleman Lodger. "I SAY, MRS. NAPPER, I DON'T CARE FOR YOUR BACON THIS MORNING! IT DOESN'T SEEM FRESH."

Mrs. Napper. "VERY STRANGE, SIR. THE SHOPMAN SAID IT WAS ONLY CURED LAST WEEK."

Gentleman Lodger. "WELL, IT MUST HAVE HAD A RELAPSE."

medical profession, he had very little doubt that *The Lancet* had merely been indulging in a little harmless pleasantry. He was confident that the day would come when (in the words of a distinguished member of the Upper House) "all ranks, all ages, and all classes, from the KING sitting on his crown to the labourer sitting on his cottage," would dress alike; when, in the words of the poet,

"Spiritual hunger
Will be as common in the Duke
As in the costermonger."

Lord ALTHORP said that he quite agreed with *The Lancet* when it said that "an ill-dressed man is depressed." But it was dangerous to dogmatize. For example, it would be unfair to expect a stoker in the Red Sea to wear a 4-inch collar, or an agricultural labourer to cart manure in patent leather shoes. The affectation of untidiness was to him far worse than deliberate dandyism. Politics had nothing to do with dress. The late Lord SALISBURY's hats were always rumpled, and he was informed that some of the Labour Members waxed their moustaches.

Mr. JABEZ WOLFFE, the famous swimmer, said that he thought far too much fuss was made about clothes. In the Channel they were not nearly so useful as porpoise oil.

Political Candour.

"ROCHESTER: Three Liberal magistrates created; totally inadequate."
—*Tribune*.

"DO THE BISHOPS BELIEVE?"

We could not quite bring ourselves to read this article (advertised on the poster of a contemporary), but we suspect it of being the first of a series in which many long outstanding questions will be finally disposed of, and the whole affair settled once and for all. Thus:—

Is the Verger Veering?
Are the Sidesmen Sound?
Will the Churchwardens chip in?
Does the Curate Care?
Will the Vicar Vacillate?
Are the Prebendaries
Prevaricating?
Was the Rector Right?
DARE THE DEAN DO IT?

Treason in High Place.

"It is officially announced that of the twenty-three persons who were arrested on a charge of conspiracy and plotting against the CZAR, the Grand Duke NICOLAS and M. STOLYPIN have escaped."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"What is a bore? Give an example from the British Isles?"—*Cambridge Local Examination—Geography*.

We dare not begin. But we might point out that the "Daily Mail Test Bore" has been mentioned a good deal in a contemporary, and that this comes a little hard on the blameless expert who writes that paper's cricket notes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

TAKE MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S *Stalky*, graft in his virile bosom an unholy passion for postage-stamps, complete the raking broadside of his vocabulary with a selection of Bowery slang, transplant the young gentleman to the neighbourhood of the Cheviots, and hear him gloat for three hundred pages, and you have a faint idea of Mr. CROCKETT'S *Me and Myn* (FISHER UNWIN). *Myn* is the young lady who helps, the Co., in fact (but not Coy. by any means), in Master SAMUEL BROWN'S stamp-collecting business: mere love, however, is quite a secondary motive, little more than the gum, as it were, on the back of the narrative, and the hero finally gives his heart to another. The language is what bewilders me. Do North-country pupil-teachers say "Holy snakes," "right in spots," "dark as the inside of a black dog shut up in a coal cellar," and so on? Or is it that the hoarding of "triangular capes," "black swans," and "Isabelline Spaniards" produces a kind of buccaneering *lingua franca*. Anyway, I prefer the old Mr. CROCKETT of the doughty hero, the gold-haired damsel (preferably with a heliotrope sun-bonnet), the "gurly" monster in the background, and lots of whins and laverocks to the front. There are plenty of humorous episodes and descriptions in this book, and a good deal of movement, considering the unpromising nature of the theme; to all especially who wish to widen the range of their repartee I heartily recommend it. But, in the event of future editions, I would respectfully suggest "The Autobiography of a Filibustering Philatelist" as a fairly descriptive sub-title. Then the reader will know what he is in for.

MR. DESMOND COKE should be beloved of parents and guardians. He has written three novels now, each of which has been, in a manner, an answer to the important question, "What shall I do with my boy?" ("What shall we do with our boys?" is quite another matter.) The first two dealt with his school and college life; this last one—*The Call* (CHAPMAN AND HALL)—concerns itself with some possible careers for him. *Basil Murchiston*, the hero, tries three ways of earning a living. He leaves the architect to whom he is articulated in order to go on the stage; and, after the usual miserable experience of that, he is persuaded to "go into the Church." Here his passion for the limelight brings him

into prominence as a denouncer of the Smart Set; but after a short life and a much-photographed one he realises the hypocrisy of it all, and returns to the boards (presumably as the "Fighting Parson," or something of that sort). Mr. COKE is at first on the side of the angels, that is to say, of the parents. They will point out gleefully the folly of leaving a good opening in an architect's office in order to go on the stage—"As if every man was a HENRY IRVING." But later on, when he reveals the tragedy of receiving a "call" to the Church on maternal advice chiefly, they will protest that he is not playing the game. Still they will have to confess that it is an extremely interesting story, told clearly and well; and (having read the others) that Mr. COKE improves with every book.



Billy (having taken rapid survey of artist's work). "Hi, MOTHER, DON'T COME DOWN. IT AIN'T WORTH IT!"

proud that my sister measured up to my standard of her (your standard!) and had the good sense to turn from the chaps that hovered around her, and give the most precious feeling that a girl can give a fellow to the right chap." As if I didn't know as well as the next woman how to treat chaps who are *sissies*, and ought to get their silly faces pushed in. My best to you, and, believe me, you make me man-angry clean through. Don't gasp! I'm talkin' out at meetin'. Yours, in a bath of fury, KITTENS."

Henry's First Latin Reader.

"THE family motto is 'Per more perterras.'"—*Daily News*.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that all difficulties that stood in the way of the formation of a Soap Trust have now been surmounted.

* *

It seems incredible, but it is stated on reliable authority, that the gifted gentlemen who write the first four lines of the Limericks for the competitions in our weekly journals often get less for their work than the writer of the last line.

* *

To be unprepared for war is bad. On the other hand, to be too ready is also undesirable; and we are glad to hear that the use of ball cartridges at sham fights has been discountenanced.

* *

The recent plucky attempts to swim the Channel prove that there are still plenty of Heroes, but that Leanders are scarce.

* *

The Home Fleet having been compared unfavourably with our other fleets, two destroyers belonging to the Nore Division had a capital little collision in the Channel, the same as their alleged superiors.

* *

The Colonies are so often accused of treating our Navy meanly that it is only fair to draw attention to the fact that the bottle of wine with which the *Bellerophon* was christened was specially supplied by the Australian Government.

* *

Meanwhile we are delighted to hear that the new warship is a magnificent vessel, and contains several improvements on the *Dreadnought*, which, it will be remembered, was perfect.

* *

According to Mr. JANE'S *Fighting Ships* there are now no fewer than 36 *Dreadnoughts* either building or projected, and there would seem to be little doubt that the day is not far distant when the sea will have to be enlarged.

* *

The Education Committee of the London County Council is now paying special attention to its short-sighted

scholars. But has not the Committee itself shown symptoms of short-sightedness on certain questions of patriotism? Would it kindly remove the beam from its own eye?

* *

An additional High Court judge is to be appointed, and it is said that there is scarcely a barrister who has ever made a joke, no matter how feeble, whose claims are not being brought to the notice of the LORD CHANCELLOR.

her subscriptions to charitable institutions. We feel sure that it only requires a few similar examples of the reasonableness of its devotees for the cause of Women's Suffrage to convert all its opponents.

* *

A public debate has been held at Hattiesburg, Mississippi, on the subject "Is there a Hell," and the judges were unable to come to any decision. The reputation of Chicago is evidently not what it was.

* *

It is indeed an ill wind that blows no one any good. We hear that the abnormal amount of rain which has fallen this year has given the keenest satisfaction to the Up-and-down girls and 'Tweenies of Great Britain. It seems that when it rains there are fewer steps to clean.

* *

"Another Football Split," announces a contemporary. Shoddy workmanship would appear to be becoming the rule rather than the exception nowadays.

* *

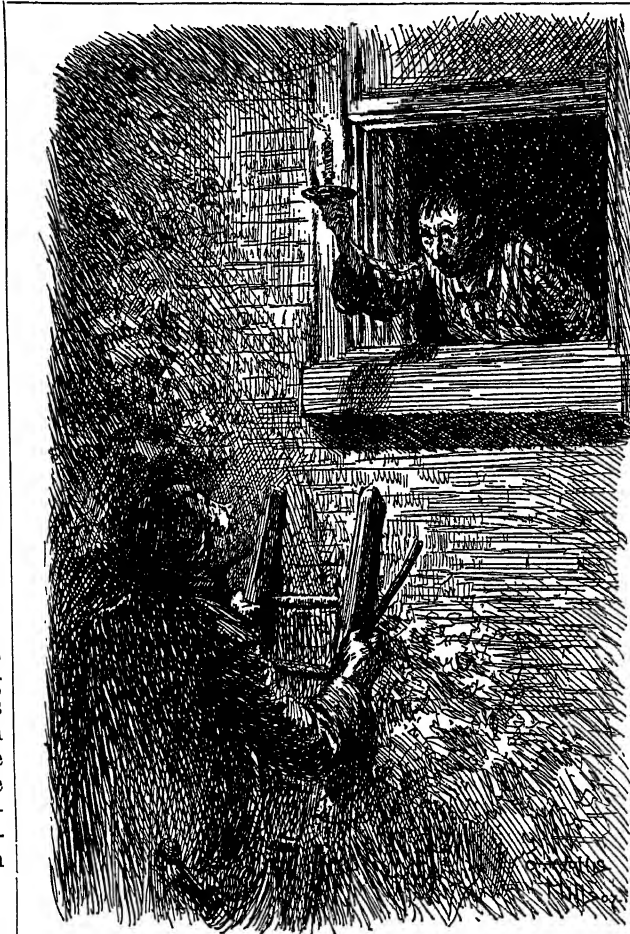
People are still talking about the recent regrettable incident at Lord's, when certain angry spectators did their best to destroy the pitch. Some of the guilty persons are of the opinion that they do not merit the harsh things said of them. It is well, however, that they should be reminded that those who touch pitch shall be defiled therewith.

* *

The gentleman who discourages on Cycling in *The Daily Chronicle* describes himself as "A motorcyclist of six years standing." We should have thought that the advice of one who had succeeded in making his machine move would have been more valuable.

* *

Several angry letters are being sent to the Press by persons who have been accustomed to spend their holidays in the Gobi Desert in order to escape from motor-cars, protesting against Prince BORGHESE's statement that the roads in that district are really not half bad.



Householder. "NOW THEN, WHAT THE DICKENS ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?"

Ruffian. "TO TELL YER THE TROOF, GUV'NOR, I'M A-LOOKIN' FOR THIS 'ERE COMET!"

One grievance leads to another. The Criminal Classes are now asking indignantly why they are not represented on the Bench. They point out that it is impossible for them to get justice in the present state of affairs, and Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is to be asked to receive a deputation.

* *

Lady HARBERTON is alleged to have stated that until votes are given to women she will give nothing away in charity, and to have withdrawn all

DETENTION.

[Thoughts of an ex-M.P., who derives a sinister satisfaction from picturing the House of Commons at work during the greater part of August.]

YES, you are sorry for yourselves, I know.

Here's August come and holiday in the air,
And everybody off to take a blow
Somewhere-on-sea or Somewhere-else-sur-mer,
And you must linger, grinding through the mill
How many a stuffy Bill!

The sitting grouse shall still sit on and yawn
Unscathed by you; and, cheated of his fun,
The coney scarce shall sip the dews of dawn,
Yearning to hear again your friendly gun;
And in his loch the listening trout shall lack
Your fly's resounding smack.

Ostend will miss you: in her crowded brine
You must defer, I fear, your annual dip;
Not yet may you go puffing up the Rhine
And cock your ear at Lorelei's "Pip-pip!"
Nor by the waves of Solent drink carouse
Mixed with the cream of Cowes.

This is the penalty that Greatness pays;
The sacrifice (you think) your country asks
Of its Elect—to live laborious days
While it (the country) goes elsewhere and basks.
I thought so, too—before the general rout
That chucked us others out.

But I was wrong. You're just a pack of boys
(Not full-grown martyrs) who, when play-time comes,
Having abused the hours in idle noise,
Have got to stay behind and do their sums;
The world outside won't worry, either way,
Whether you go or stay.

Yet, though the country, through your half-year's flight,
Contrives to stagger on without your aid,
You serve a sort of purpose, sitting tight
Over your toil at eighty in the shade,
Because my joy, you being thus depressed,
Acquires a keener zest.

This cheering thought shall speed me on my cruise
North to the forest, bare of shady shaws,
Where roams the red, red deer; and I shall muse:—
"I care not much who makes the nation's laws,
Provided I may help (here's death to stags!)
To make her sporting bags." O. S.

"Wulstan: When you call at a house and find the lady at home, the servant asks your name either in the hall or outside the drawing-room door, and you give it as 'Mrs. JONES' or 'Miss JONES,' whichever the case may be. The maid then calls out your name as she holds the drawing-room door open. The correct pronunciation of Mahomet is Mahomet, and of Pepsys, Peps."—*Girl's Own Paper*.

But surely, even in such cases as the last two, you don't have to *spell* your name to the maid-servant.

News by headlines is certainly one of the features of modern journalism, but there is a right and a wrong way of doing it. *The Hastings Argus* has, in our opinion, chosen the wrong way:—

"NEW DEAN OF SALISBURY.

"The cruisers *Drake*, *Antrim*, and *Black Prince* sailed from Berehaven yesterday morning for Gibraltar."

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

EVERY year in the early spring, when the young gentlemen from Oxford and Cambridge appear at Putney in their racing boats, the gentlemen of the Press who are to chronicle their deeds sally forth on launches with pencils duly pointed and note-books prepared, and the conflict begins. I speak of it as a conflict, for some such word as that must be used to describe what actually takes place. You might think in your innocence that the undergraduate would be pleased to find his swing, his beginning and his finish held up to the admiration of the reading millions who from Land's End to John o' Groat's House award fame. Secretly, perhaps, he does feel this pleasure, but tradition ordains that he should carefully dissemble it. If you may believe him, he looks upon the reporter of his exploits with an aversion superior even to that which he reserves for the dons who gate him and the duns who pester him unseasonably for the payment of bills. Dons may be mollified and duns may, by the employment of simple strategies, be avoided or deferred—but the eye of the reporter is always on him between Putney and Mortlake, and, for the matter of that, between Henley Bridge and Hambleton Lock at a later period of the year. If you want to know what the much-blued youths really think, observe them as they read their papers on any training morning. They are sitting about their room after breakfast in various attitudes indicative of healthy repletion, and each one is absorbed in a paper.

Stroke (indignantly, to himself and the world). Well, I'm— (*anger chokes him, and he continues to read*). This takes the bun. What awful rot!

No. 7. (*laughing loudly, but uneasily*). Ha, ha! Ho, ho! This is the limit!

Coach. What's up?

No. 7. Only the usual rubbish. (*He reads.*) "Quickening to 38 they held the scratch crew for a few moments, only to fall behind again, when the Metropolitans answered the challenge. Do what they would they could make no impression on the leaders and passed the 'Ship' a length to the bad. Various reasons may be assigned for the disappointing nature of this trial, but the fact remains that it is not calculated to inspire the supporters of the less pronounced shade of blue with any particular confidence. The time was given from the Coach's launch as 21 mins. 10 secs., but we ourselves made it ten seconds more."

All (in chorus). Well, I'm—

(*A Pause.*)

Cox (suddenly bounding into the air like an animal that has received a hurt). Oh, oh, oh! (*He tears the paper to fragments and stamps it wildly under-foot*). There—I'm better now! (*He subsides moodily into a seat.*)

Bow. What have they been saying about you, Cox?

Cox. Only the old trash about losing two lengths by steering through Hammersmith.

Bow. Well, you did go a bit wide, you know.

Cox. I did exactly what I'd been told to do. But there's a shocking bit about you. (*He searches amongst the torn fragments and finally selects one.*) Listen to this:—"At this point Bow and No. 2 had evidently had enough. They hung out signals of distress which did not escape the vigilant eyes of Mr. MUTTLEBURY. It is possible that—" I can't find the rest of it, but it hints that a change may be advisable.

Bow. These chaps oughtn't to be allowed to live.

Such is the spirit in which our Agamemnons of the



CAPTURED !

Raisuli . . MR. JOHN REDMOND.

The Captive . . MR. BIRRELL.

[Mr. BIRRELL is suspected of having been "captured" by a party among whose camp-followers are some that are addicted to "cattle-driving."]



FORCE OF HABIT.

Tube Lift Attendant (to solitary female, with customary fierceness). "No SMOKING IN THE LIFT! STAND CLEAR OF THE GATES!"

oars accept the efforts of the *vates sacer* who makes them glorious. Obviously the bard is doing his best. He ought not to be shot for carrying out faithfully the instructions of his editor and supplying his daily column of descriptive matter; but the indiscriminating mind of the oarsman rejects him, and even goes so far as to look with suspicion on the articles of those older oars who add to their income by criticising the skill of their successors. From this unreasoning attitude of execration one gentleman only, so far as I can remember, was eventually omitted. This was the late Mr. ED. PLUMMER, of *The Sporting Life*. There was not much of Mr. PLUMMER. Generously measured, he may have stood sixty inches in his socks, but he was round and of somewhat ample girth for his height. No more cheerful and active little man ever plied a pencil on the Putney tow-path. Neither the changes of the weather nor the heavy chaff of those whose merits he celebrated made any impression upon him. He always had a profound belief in himself, and could afford a pleasant answer to the few who tried at one time or another to be his detractors. He was highly esteemed in circles beyond the aquatic, for his services were often employed for the refereeing of boxing matches or walking races or other sporting events. He was the undoubted champion of the boxers of the world who scaled something less than bantam weight. He had not, I believe, fought his way to this sanguinary pre-eminence. He had issued his defiant challenge and it had never been taken up, for there were at that time no other boxers in the world so small and light. That he could really box I am sure, for I saw him once, when

a large colleague had insulted him on the Henley tow-path by knocking his note-book out of his hands—I saw him, as I say, spring some two feet into the air and plant both his diminutive fists into the astonished face of his aggressor. He never professed to have a very close and skilful knowledge of the art and mystery of rowing, but he boasted himself with justice to possess a vigilance which allowed nothing to escape it. "*Nunquam dormio*," he used to say, "was on the spot," thus attributing to himself the time-honoured motto printed under the open eye which used to be the badge of *Bell's Life in London*. He had a supple and effective style which enabled him to call an eight-oared crew an "octette of rowers," and to live on terms of easy familiarity with "Old Sol" (sometimes called "Old Solus"), with Jupiter Pluvius (affectionately abbreviated to "Ju Plu"), and with other minor deities of the heaven of sport. He soon won the favour of oarsmen, and retained it to the end by his independence, his cheerfulness, and his meritorious efforts after accuracy. The tow-path knows him no more, but there are many who keep him in warm and kindly remembrance.

How they play Cricket in Durham.

"ELLIOT was fairly puzzled with one of VOGLER's swerving deliveries, the ball striking the wicket off his pads. Fortunately the batsman had not struck the leather, and he therefore survived an appeal to the umpire."—*Sunderland Daily Echo*.

WE hope the good old rule as to a batsman being out if he uses the wrong side of his bat is still in force in Durham.

"T. JOB carried out his bat for 28, his cricket being characterised by patience."—*Athletic News*.



Monsieur ——— (the celebrated sculptor, visiting England, who has just lost his fish). "Hi! Hi! I HAVE HAD ZE BITE—I SEE THE FISH—I SEE HIM. I SEE HIS BUST!"

Women!" Miss PANKHURST leapt on the scaffold and declared that women had as much right to be guillotined as men. She was instantly removed by the Revolutionary police. By this time the Ex-Premier had finished his writing. The crowd was filled with a mighty awe. At last they were to know! The executioner took the paper and read aloud, "I am in favour of Protectionist Free Trade, or, if that phrase should not be sufficiently precise, of Free Trading Protection." A wild howl of execration rose from the mob, and the executioner proceeded to business.

In the meantime the Revolutionary Cabinet held a hastily summoned meeting. The secret of Mr. C. A. PEARSON'S hiding place had been betrayed by eleven disappointed Limerick competitors. Citizen CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN asked what was to be done with the great aristocratic leader.

Citizen HALDANE concluded a forty minutes' speech with the immortal sentence, "Death sans phrase."

"Let his circulation be checked," remarked Citizen HARCOURT.

"Would not perpetual imprisonment suffice?" asked tender-hearted Citizen BIRRELL.

Citizen BURNS struck the table with his fist. "Never!" he cried. "Think of the prison reminiscences he would run through his papers."

The blood-stained members of the Revolutionary Cabinet shuddered at this awful prospect. When a vote was taken, every hand was held up in favour of instant execution.

Next morning *The Daily Express* had many attractive features. It was a special Execution number, printed on crimson paper. Amongst its most striking articles were "What it feels like to be Executed," by the Proprietor of *The Daily Express*. "Why I like Executions," by Miss ZENA DARE. "Menu

for a Pre-Execution Dinner," by the chef of the Savoy. "The Smart Set on the Scaffold," by Father BERNARD VAUGHAN. "Does Guillotining Injure the Health?" by Dr. SALEEBY; and photos of the axe, the scaffold, the victim's motor-cars, and his Shanghai offices by "Illustrations Limited."

"The Emperor of Russia will meet the Emperor William near Swinemünde, at the mouth of the Oder, between the 3rd and 4th of August."—*Morning Post*.

THIS midnight meeting is quite in the old style. We hope they will both be cloaked and masked.

"ARGUE.—England alone is, of course, not an island. Great Britain is."

Manchester Evening News.

It rather looks as though "ARGUE" had lost his five shillings. He should have been more careful. They are always catching each other out in Manchester like that.

THE GREAT GOLF-BALL QUESTION.

THE BEST SIXPENNY GOLF BALL IN THE MARKET.

THE FREAK.

Changes its Shape at every Hole.

Makes Silent Men Eloquent.

An Excellent Substitute in Hot Weather for Jujubes.

The FREAK. The FREAK. The FREAK.

Order at once from your Grocer.

Wholesale from the Maker,
HÉCTOR McLURKIN, Montrose.

IF SHELLEY had been a golfer he would have used

THE LARK.

Highest trajectory of any Golf Ball in the World.

ARNAUD MASSY, the Open Champion, writes:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert."

The LARK sings as it flies!!!

Price 3s. 9d. the brace. Or with cage complete, 6s. 8d.

Write for information to the inventor,
DUGALD McVITTIE, Poultry, E.C.

Wonderful success of

THE TURTLE.

At the Open Competition at Culbin Sands the winner, runner-up, third and fifth all used

THE TURTLE.

ALEC McPHERSON, the Champion of Alaska, writes:

"There is more snap in the Turtle than in any ball I have ever used."

The TURTLE keeps on turning towards the hole.

The TURTLE mocks at difficulties.

To be had only from the Maker,
SANDY ROUGEMONT, Club Maker to the British Association.

THE YELLOW PRESSER.

The YELLOW PRESSER always gives you a good lie.

Price One Halfpenny.

Brainy Boys and Girls use

THE YELLOW PRESSER.

Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, the famous expert in Archery, writes:

"The YELLOW PRESSER carries further than the long bow."

Prospectus post free from the

CROCUS PRESS Co.,

Sapphira Chambers, Embankment,
E.C.

Look out for

THE WORMWOOD SCRUBB'S
CLOUDY BALL,

With Cirro-Cumulus Core.

SCRUBB'S Cloudy Ball is invaluable

in sunshine, allays all irritation, and is an admirable disinfectant.

Look out for the price of SCRUBB'S Cloudy Ball. It will surprise you.

The centre portion of the Cloudy Ball, being composed of wind and water in equal proportions, gives it unique flight and jumping power.

As used by Col. BOGEY.

Makers: TOPPIN AND DUFF,
The Bents, Peebles.

To Vegetarian Golfers:

TRY THE EUSTACE.

Made of Pure Vegetable Pulp.

Even when badly fozzled

THE EUSTACE goes for Miles.

Mr. BLACKWELL, the famous Long Driver, writes:

"I find it quite impossible to put any beef into my stroke when I use the EUSTACE."

Price 1s. each, or with a bottle of ginger-beer, 1s. 3d.

Do you wish to be always dead?

Then use the

NIL NISI BONUM.

ANDREW KIRKALDY writes:

"I never saw such a ball before. It comes down just like a poached egg."

Order at once from

ASHTON & COFFIN,
The Monument, E.C.

Nervous and highly-strung players should avoid all unnecessary jars.

THE OLD BROWN WINDSOR

Is the softest ball in the market.

THE OLD BROWN WINDSOR

Goes off the club like a pat of butter.

ARNAUD MASSY, the Open Champion, writes:

"It is the favourite ball of my daughter, HOYLAKE MASSY. She swallowed two yesterday."

Equal to none. Cheaper than most.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNATE,

A high-class effervescent ball which fizzes off the club, but is not recommended in damp weather.

The same makers also supply:—

The "LITTLE RIVER PILL," which floats in any fluid 14/- per doz.

The "SNARK," made of invisible coir ... 12/- per doz.

The "GREAT AUK," the largest Ball in existence ... 10/- per doz.

The "GLOBE," an extraordinarily round Ball. Don't miss it.

8/- per doz.

Of all Chemists and Licensed Grocers.

SCRIBENDI CACOETHES.

[Circulating libraries report that novels are considerably less read now than formerly.]

SAY, why is the novelist losing

His hold on the popular mind?

Is he growing less bright and amusing,

Less elegant, neat, and refined?

The modern successors of FIELDING,
Of RICHARDSON, SMOLLETT, and
STERNE,

Find fiction no longer is yielding
Return.

Ah, dead as the laughter of *Yorick*

The days when a *Waverley* flew

With splendour and speed meteoric

From China to distant Peru;

The authors of stories and novels

No longer in palaces flaunt,

But make insalubrious hovels

Their haunt.

In vain does the novelist use all

The recognised tricks of the trade,

The haughty parental refusal,

The settled resolve of the maid;

Our feelings but feebly are harried

When lovers asunder are drawn;

And when they are happily married

We yawn.

Bad baronets fail to appal us

With forgery, murder, and lies;

Street Arabs have ceased to enthrall us

That prove to be Dukes in disguise;

No more it enchains and entrances,

That tale of the penniless girl

Who weds, after sundry mischances,

An Earl.

Scarce stirred are our jaded sensations

When justice is done upon crime,

Or Antipodean relations

Turn up at a critical time;

When wills are unearthed from the cellar,

Or treasure fished out of the hull;

All these, and the others as well, are

Too dull.

Now what is the probable cause of

This fictional slump in the land?

Does it simply depend on the laws of

Commercial Supply and Demand?

Is Theology growing in favour?

Or Science, severe and exact?

Does the populace relish the savour

Of fact?

No, 'tis not our abhorrence of fiction;

'Tis not our devotion to truth;

Nor yet the excessive addiction

To sport on the part of our youth;

The reason is not so exciting

Why novels repose on the shelf;

But merely that everyone 's writing
Himself.

THE FINAL TEST.

(Extracted from future numbers of "The Sportsman.")

Tuesday, August 20.—The third and last test match began yesterday at the Oval before a large attendance. As our readers know, it has been agreed to play this match to a finish in the event of the usual three days allotted not being sufficient. It is as well that this is so, for very little play was practicable yesterday. Indeed, no sooner had FRY taken guard, and VOGLER commenced his run up to the wicket, when rain came down in torrents, and play had to be abandoned for the day. . . .

Thursday, August 22.—As we write these words the rain has ceased, and there is every prospect of a fine day to-morrow. If this is so, the attendance should prove a record one, as the game has been left in a very interesting position. FRY and HAYWARD are in, and FRY has taken guard. VOGLER will be the bowler.

Wednesday, August 28.—Rain, which had been continuous since 11 o'clock last Thursday, suddenly stopped at 6.15 on Tuesday evening. The umpires immediately examined the pitch, and, to the intense disappointment of the few spectators present, declared that the wicket was too wet for play.

Thursday, August 29.—The umpires having inspected the wicket every half-hour through the night decided at 5 o'clock yesterday morning that no play would be possible till next Monday.

Tuesday, September 17.—Thanks to the enterprise of *The Sportsman* the public has been kept informed of the progress of the third test match. The score yesterday stood at 3 for 1, FRY having been bowled by SCHWARZ exactly a fortnight ago. Yesterday afternoon play was again possible for a few minutes, thanks to the influence of a drying wind. In that short time some exciting cricket transpired, HAYWARD being stumped by SHERWELL off FAULKNER, and TYLDESLEY caught off a no-ball. Score 4 for 2.

Saturday, September 28.—A disgraceful incident took place yesterday. There had been no rain for a week (to account for which various theories have been put forward by scientists), but the umpires inspected the wicket at 12 o'clock, and decided that no play would be possible for five minutes. Although the umpires are the sole judges of such matters, the crowd immediately began to dig up the pitch. He was removed in custody.

Thursday, October 24. With the



"GOOD NIGHT, MR. CARGOYLE, SO GOOD OF YOU TO SEE ME HOME."

"OH, NOT AT ALL. I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF QUITE AS MUCH AS YOU HAVE, I ASSURE YOU!"

idea of snatching a victory before Christmas, FOSTER has declared his innings closed at 15 for 3, and when weather permits the South Africans will begin their venture. Meanwhile they have joined the Amateur Football Association.

Wednesday, November 20.—An extraordinary occurrence, unique in the annals of cricket, transpired yesterday. Only one over was possible, and off the last ball SHERWELL was caught. He immediately declared the innings closed, the score being 0 for 1. It appears that many of the team have businesses or families at home in South Africa, and they wish to finish the match as soon as possible. This is all very well, but is it cricket? The decision having been made to play the match to a finish,

both sides should endeavour to abide by that arrangement.

Wednesday, December 25.—Possessing the useful lead of 15, FRY and HAYWARD started England's second innings to-day before a small but representative company ("Wanderer" of the *Sportsman*). A surprise, however, was in store, for when the umpire had called "play" it was seen that there was no South African in the field. It eventually transpired that they had left secretly for the Cape exactly a month ago. Accordingly the rule which decrees that the side refusing to play shall lose the match came into force, and England was declared the winner of a keenly-contested game. After this, the detractors of the Selection Committee will have to hide their heads.



Admiring Friend (to Mounted Infantry recruit on the way to annual training). "SAY, BILL, HOW DO YOU DISMOUNT?"
Recruit. "FIRST POSITION, PLACE THE 'AND ON THE — WELL, I COULD TELL YOU ALL THE MOVEMENTS; BUT AS A RULE I FALL OFF!"

RURAL ENGLAND.

AS SEEN FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

[The following lines gain poignancy from the announcement that the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Advertisements Regulation Bill, which had passed its Third Reading by an overwhelming majority and gone through the Upper House without a division, has been effectually blocked by Sir Frederick Banbury off his own unaided bat. Unless, therefore, the Government takes it up as a non-party Bill, it has lost its final chance of passing this session.]

The sky is blue, with clouds of fleecy white,
And blue the distant hills;
A lonely road winds on till lost to sight;
How fair the prospect! Ah, how—SCREECHAM'S PILLS.

The summer sunshine pours its golden flood
On field and cottage roof,
On village spire—CLARK'S TABLOIDS FOR THE BLOOD—
On leafy hedge—SMITH'S SAFES ARE BURGLAR PROOF.

See yon grey ruin? Ah, when knights were bold,
In stirring times far off,
What gallant shows it witnessed—DON'T LOOK OLD—
Of tournament and revel—STOP THAT COUGH.

The kine are grazing in the meadows fair,
And birds in chorus sing,
All nature seems—YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR HAIR?
Aglow with—TRICHOLENE'S THE ONLY THING.

I'll look no more, my heart is sore and sad
To see sweet rural scenes
Invaded by the huge and blatant Ad.
I'll write to Punch, I'll—TRY OUR LIVER BEANS.

"THE CRY OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN."

DR. KENNARD writes from Samara, July 22nd and 25th, saying that 2,000 children were being fed daily at the "Punch" kitchens—a solid meal in the middle of the day and a light supper in the evening. On August 14th, with the coming of the harvest, most of these kitchens are to be closed, a few being still kept open in places where the need is exceptional. "The relief afforded," he writes, "has been immense, and Russia has cause to feel the deepest gratitude to the 'Punch' subscribers."

In announcing that the Fund is now closed, *Mr. Punch* publishes herewith a second, and final, List of Contributions, and begs once more to thank his readers very heartily for their generous response to his appeal.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Jackson, £25; Mrs. M. Sheppard, G. Deas, Esq., Miss Wood, Anonymous, India, H. O., £210 each; O. W. Hallard, Esq., £3; E. Kirkpatrick, Esq., £7; Maj.-Gen. David G. M. Campbell, £610s.; Owen Seaman, Esq., £5 5s.; H. Newson, Esq., F. A. Turner, Esq., Lord Armitstead, Hon. H. J. Bruce, R. A. Charlesworth, Esq., H. Silver, Esq., F. Nettlesford, Esq., Bank Note, Rev. R. Harris, Capt. Murray, A. Well-Nourished Baby, H. L. W. L. H., Mrs. Chesham, Anon., Uppingham, Ethel, £5 each; Children's Column of the Scottish Reformer, £4 12s.; Rev. C. J. Steward, £4; F. M. Foster, Esq., Rob. McDougall, Esq., F. Field, Esq., £3 3s. each; Vega, James Thornton, Esq., Anon., Bradford, Engineer, Miss Edmondson, D. Gillespie, Esq., £3 each; Miss Smith, Miss Hurst, R. Eaton White, Esq., Sympathy, M. E. F., R. Hartman, Esq., Arthur Hughes, Esq., Rev. Mr. Sweeting, Mrs. Phillips, M. A. B., Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, R. Sharpley, Esq., A. E. Baddeley, Esq., £2 2s. each; Mr. and Mrs. T. Garvie, W. F. R., Mrs. Hewitt, A. R. O., T. E. Adams, Esq., B. W. Berkeley, R. N. K., C. P. Nugent, Esq., C. Forster, Esq., Anon., R. H. O., T. R. Alex. Todd, Esq., Ignotus, R. E. Younghusband, Esq., J. F. M., Mrs. E. M. Tod, Anon., Prestwick, £2 each; Miss A. J. Barrett, Presbyterian Church, Belfast, £1 14s. 6d. each; The Girls' Shortlands, £1 11s. 6d.; Miss C. F. Lewis, £1 10s.; Mrs. Sheppard, Thank Offering, H. R. & H. Y. R. Sympathisers in Bathwick, £1 5s. each; Mrs. E. Dallimore, £1 2s. 6d.; Pupils of High School, Kelso, Collection at St. Maurice's Church, York, £12s. each; Navy, E. H. Tootall, Esq., J. H. Gwillim, Esq., R. T. Nichol, Esq., Miss Maud Curwen, Mrs. Elliot Howard, Mrs. C. Hinton, R. M. Thorneby, Esq., E. E. Graham, Esq., J. H. Buxton, Esq., H. O. J., Mrs. Charlesworth, John Paterson, Esq., H. Cursons, Esq., R. H. Hocking, Esq., J. Bagnall, Esq., Mrs. Holloway, A. Spottiswoode, Esq., G. Mills, Esq., J. H. Williams, Esq., M. F. M., Rev. Mr. Copland, J. Carr, Esq., J. Wilkinson, Esq., H. Newsom, H. and F. L. B., J. C. G. J. Leslie, Esq., Miss Plowman, Rev. W. H. Rose, Village Congregation, H. Rockwood, Esq., £1 1s. each; Pupils of Christ, G. Ogilvie, Esq., Rugs, Mrs. E. B. Saville, N. N. Amsterdam, J. A. G. L., B. Ireland, Mrs. Mabel Allen, H. H. Harvey, Esq., W. Shepherd, Esq., O. T. Sadler, Esq., Mrs. M. Stracey, W. H. Newnam, Esq., W. H. L. Davies, Esq., Anon., Dublin, Col. J. P. Gethin, J. Hodson, Esq., R. H. R., Mrs. Mortlock Brown, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Thorold, H. Hutchinson, Esq., H. L. P., M. A. H., H. A. Shaw, Esq., M. S., Thomas Fuller, Esq., A. B., Mrs. Inglis, Anon., the Ogilvie Family, H. Bewley, Esq., J. Harvie Brown, Esq., Mrs. G. Hamilton, Ada Gnosspolus, Capt. Vanner, H. F. Bramley, Esq., J. H. Buckley, Esq., F. B. H. T. Booth, Esq., Children of Nelson House, Mrs. Griffith, Anon., Capt. Digby, C. O. S., Miss Berkeley, Mrs. Gill, Miss Minus, Windjammer, Capt. H. D. Keys, Mrs. Allen, M. J. Livingstone, Esq., Emma, Anon., Mrs. Grossman, The Manse, Parents of late Edith Mary Brooke, The Kyu, £1 each.

Amount acknowledged above	436 13 8
" " " June 5, 1907	736 16 7
Total Amount of Contributions	£1,173 10 3



AGAINST TIME.

Little Billies (in the distance). "HI! HI! WHAT ABOUT US?"

C.-B. (bathing man). "'TAIN'T A BIT O' USE 'OLLERIN'. ME AN' THE OLD 'ORSE WE'RE DOIN' ALL WE KNOW!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 29.—Always pleasant to have the **SPEAKER** joining in conversation at Question time. His remarks, though brief, are pointed, flashing little gleams of humour on dark places. Only wish he would drop in more frequently. This afternoon he made occasion for three contributions to disorderly debate.

First in connection with **BELLAIRS**, that Note of Interrogation attached uninvited to the Admiralty. Always wanting to know something inconvenient or undesirable. His manner of putting a question is the nearest approach known in this country to that of the Judge in a criminal court in Belgium or France. In tone and manner assumes that the Civil Lord is guilty of particular charge brought against him, and even more. That he feloniously did to death his mother-in-law goes without saying. There is another, a blood relation, whose disappearance from her home eight days ago is a mystery 'twere well to have cleared up. **Mr. BELLAIRS** may return to the subject.

Meanwhile wanted to know why in a certain case court-martial had not been held upon officer in command of ship lost in Mediterranean? Up gat **DALZIEL** with supplementary question, hinting at **BELLAIRS** himself whilst on active service meeting with kindred misfortune and being dealt with by authorities in similar way. **BELLAIRS** demanded that the insinuation conveyed in the question should be specifically stated. Ever



INJURED INNOCENCE.

"It is regrettable the hon. gentleman cannot restrain his exhibitions."—**Mr. Balfour.**

(**Mr. Sw-ft M-cN-ll.**)



SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

"This is really becoming a duel between the hon. Members."—**Mr. Speaker.**
(**Mr. D-l-z-l** and **Mr. C-ry-n B-ll-rs.**)

ready to oblige, **DALZIEL** on his legs like a shot.

"The insinuation I wish to make is this—" he said. The crowded House drew itself together in anticipation of a nice little bit of scandal.

It was here the **SPEAKER** interposed.

"This," he remarked, "is really becoming a duel between the hon. Members."

Second interruption led up to by **HENRY CRAIK**. In form of supplementary question, he submitted masterly summary of intricate point in Education Act of 1870. "Having now—" he continued, feeling that he had cleared the ground and might erect upon it a suitable edifice. But the **SPEAKER** was straightway down on him.

"The hon. Member," he said, "is exceeding the limits of a question."

CRAIK in direr plight than "Cam-buscan bold" who left his story half untold. Had, so to speak, only taken off his coat as preliminary to stating his case, when he was shut up.

SWIFT MACNEILL the third sufferer. Vigorously thumped out brief essay on constitutional relations between Lords and Commons in respect of money vote. Just beginning to enlarge on precedents when guillotine fell. Ruling passion strong in death. As the head fell into the basket it was observed to turn towards the Chair and say: "Then may I address the question to you, Sir?"

"I have no control over the

House of Lords," grimly answered the **SPEAKER**. Silence and night fell over the scene.

Business done.—Report stage of Evicted Tenants Bill carried.

Tuesday.—Having adjourned at a quarter-past seven this morning, House resumed business at a quarter to three this afternoon with the prospect of sitting far into the night. It was the lawyers who kept the ball a-rolling through the all-night sitting. Wonderful to what length exceptionally respectable people will go when once they stray.

Business allotted for last night was Committee stage of Court of Criminal Appeal Bill. Arrangements specially made to bring it on at hour when what Drizzy used to call the gentlemen of the long robe were at liberty. Just before midnight it was reached. No political issue at stake. A plain business question; had it been argued in chambers or at Nisi Prius, under arrangement of no refreshers, would have been disposed of in a couple of hours. As it was, learned gentlemen resolved to make a night of it. Not unusual for Irish Members to have all-night sittings. Labour Members have also indulged in luxury. Why should one of the most ancient and learned professions lag behind? So they fell to and gravely discussed such conundrums as Whether a man, acquitted on the major charge of murder and convicted on the minor charge of manslaughter, might, on appeal, be convicted of the major offence?

Perhaps if **MARK LOCKWOOD, K.C.,**

had stayed away the performance would have closed earlier. It was from first to last dreary in the extreme. Hon. and learned Members, yawning through their third or fourth address to the jury, automatically adjusted imperceptible wigs, fretfully pulled over right or left shoulder invisible gowns. One actually went to sleep whilst on his legs, hurriedly explaining on being awakened that he "was thinking." Committee saw through the ruse, and learned friends on the other side envied him the refreshment.

MARK LOCKWOOD, who had been dining at a vegetarian establishment near Leicester Square, brought down with him his portion of dessert in shape of pink carnation planted out in button-hole. Seated on Front Opposition Bench, with hat at perilous angle on the back of his head, he suffused an atmosphere of succulent carrot soup, generous cabbage, and a compound of nuts, orange-peel, and the white of egg, cunningly made up in semblance of a boiled ham, the choice repast washed down with bumpers of ginger-beer. Whenever debate, drooping the eighth of an inch, was about to die of inanition, he got up and moved the adjournment.

There followed a division, with designed effect of waking up the Court and bringing the Bar back ready for another lap of a loveless hour. Surveying the scene from corner of otherwise deserted Opposition Bench, LOCKWOOD, K.C., at psychological moment again moved adjournment. And so the summer dawn, rising at its usual hour, looked down on jaded assembly with not a marked brief among them. Nevertheless, even in the last division, taken soon after seven o'clock boomed from Big Ben, there was a muster of 128.

Business done.—At this evening's sitting, Budget Bill read a third time. £50,000 voted to Lord CROMER.

Friday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK, fresh from circumnavigating Ireland on the biggest steamer afloat, brings into Smoking-room interesting suggestion. JOHN BROWN's body, as lyric history relates, is a-mouldering in the ground. On the other hand JOHN BROWN AND Co. have just completed the building and launching of the great Cunarder, *Lusitania*. With the object of illustrating the proportions of the mammoth liner, they have given their artist a free hand. He has drawn to scale the ship in contact with various well-known buildings. For example, its outline is sketched behind a model of the Capitol at Washington, whose full length it far exceeds. Another picture shows it



CAPTAIN NANNETTI OF "HIS MAJESTY'S FOOT."

It comes out that the Lord Mayor of Dublin receives pay yearly as a Captain in His Majesty's Army.

dwarfing the Great Pyramid. A third contrasts it with the combined buildings of St. Peter's and the Vatican at Rome, of which it makes naught.

Where the interest of SARK's idea comes in is the proposal to moor the *Lusitania* off the Terrace of the House. He has the picture showing how the thing would work. Fortunately the length of the Terrace just fits the keel of the steamer. Its height is so great that the promenade deck obscures view from the river of anything save the turrets and towers of Westminster Palace.

But we can't have everything. Yet the idea would be as popular as it is novel. There is, when we come to think about it, a certain flatness in the plan of the Terrace that becomes boring at the end of a long Session. The tiers of the *Lusitania's* decks, rising from the water level to the promenade, opening on spacious dining-rooms, lounges, smoking-rooms, libraries, each served by an electric lift, would remove that reproach.

It is, of course, too late to carry out the proposal in what is left of the Session. Next year we shall look out for realisation of a scheme that will add a new joy to life at Westminster.

Business done.—Evicted Tenants Bill read a third time.

Garden Notes.

"The herbaceous four-footed reptile *Cetiosaurus Leedsi* was about sixty feet long."

Tribune.

Just the little chap for the south-west border.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(With acknowledgments to "The Sportsman.")

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am one of a family of eleven sons, which is a most convenient number, as we just comprise a cricket team. In the first innings we go in to bat in the order in which we were born; but in the second innings the order is reversed. I, however, am No. 6, so that I always go in in the same place, although now and again, while 4 and 5 (who are twins) are disputing as to which of them has the two-minute seniority, I slip in as early as second wicket. I give you this little piece of autobiography, not because it bears at all on the subject of which I wish to treat, but as some evidence of my interest in the grand old game and of my qualifications for writing upon it. Now, as to the burning question of the hour, "Are Cricket Crowds as Black as they are Painted?" Personally I think that the propounders of this problem are themselves begging the question. What I would ask is, *Are cricket crowds painted?* Setting aside those who attend the Society matches at Lord's—is the normal cricket crowd painted? Certainly none has been with which I have come into contact. Therefore the question of their blackness (which would, if existent, possibly affect the batsman's and the fieldsman's line of vision) need not, for the present, be discussed.

But, apart from the recent demonstration at Lord's—and may I say, in passing, that surely 600 people, each paying sixpence, have a right to at least one heel-mark on the pitch between them?—is there not a distinct trend in the direction of better things noticeable in the spectators of to-day? Only a little while ago *The Sportsman* spoke of "a large anti-luncheon crowd" at Bristol. This striving after the simpler life is borne out by the still more recent testimony of *The Tribune*, which states that at Maidstone "the crowd's figure-culture was shown by the way it applauded SEYMOUR, when he completed his thousand aggregate for the season."

I enclose my card, but sign myself,
UNUS EX UNDECIM.

You would be glad, I am sure, to have the family's selection for the Final Test team, but modesty forbids.

"The seriousness of the bowls given to JOHN GUNN can be gathered from the fact that he batted a hundred minutes, and left the bowlers only one end to work at."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

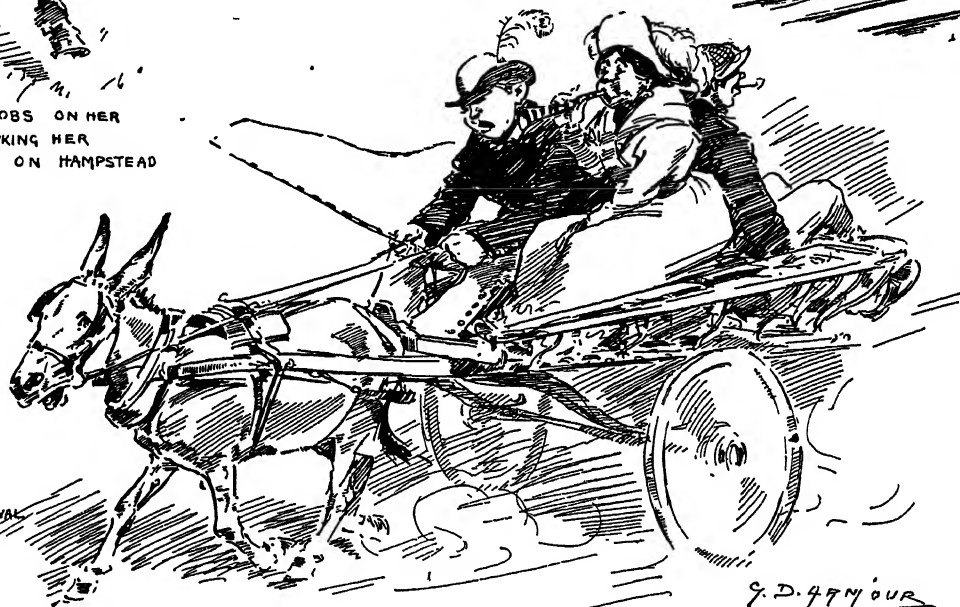
If this is the last line of a Lime-rick, it is a very bad one.



MISS JEMIMA ANN BLOBS ON HER FAVOURITE HACK, TAKING HER ANNUAL PENNYWORTH ON HAMPSHIRE HEATH.



MR. MASTER SYKES LEAVING BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE ON THE STEAM YACHT "DR. JOHNSON," KINDLY LENT BY THE L.C.C. (5th ALL THE WAY)



HENRY AWKINS ESQ. TOOLING A PARTY OF FRIENDS DOWN TO EPSOM IN HIS WELL KNOWN INTERNATIONAL SHOW TURN-OUT.

G.D. 494 OUR

NOTING THE PRESENT FASHION, IN VOGUE AMONG SOCIETY AND STAGE CELEBRITIES, OF BEING PHOTOGRAPHED ON THEIR MOTOR CARS, FAVOURITE HORSES, ETC., MR. PUNCH BEGS TO SUBMIT THE ABOVE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE IDEA, SO AS TO EMBRACE A LARGER PUBLIC.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

REVIEWING THE SEASON.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Looking back on the departed season, I really think I've some excuse for putting on frills. Myself, my parties, my Causes, fads, frocks, and everything that is mine, have been more photo'd, paragraphed, and preached about than anyone or anyone's. And of all my triumphs, my dear, I think I'm proudest of having had King BATTIBASH to dinner. Ours was *absolutely* the only private house he dined at; and I *do* think it's by way of being a *tour-de-force* to have

everything *exactly* as he's accustomed to have it, for a King who has his dinner laid on the floor and eats it with a long stick; also to provide just the music he likes, by setting a number of the servants to beat big tin basins and blow whistles. Before he left, his interpreter told us that his Majesty had never enjoyed himself so much since he was civilized; and when he suggested in dumb show that I should go back with him to Battibashikana it was only his South Pacific way of thanking us and saying Good-bye. So *absurd* of JOSIAH to say he felt like kicking him out of the window! There's been a good deal of talk too about my Go-as-you-

please dinners—no precedence or taking in, you know, but, as soon as dinner's announced; a race for the dining-room and a scramble for seats—later on, a grape-throwing sweepstake, in which whoever gets home oftenest (that is, throws a grape right into someone else's mouth) takes the pool.

I was nearly made a widow by this little sport. Just as JOSIAH was laughing at one of his own jokes, WEE-WEE threw a grape such a long way down his throat that he had a narrow squeak for it.

HILDEGARDE has made quite a little success as a *débutante*. I've been a model elder sister, and have

seen to her frocks, which are just as chic and fussy as if she'd been out for years. Now that young girls have learned to run without blinkers, it's high time the bread-and-butter note was eliminated from their dress; indeed, OLGA FITON tells me the little, simple, white - chiffon - with - white - ribbons, I'll-blush-if-you-speak-to-me evening frock is only in demand now among dowagers. Talking of dowagers, what do you think of Popsy, Lady RAMSGATE's last prank? She was moting through some outlandish place, and has positively had the luck to be captured by that darling RINALDO, the famous brigand. He demands an *immense* ransom for her; but Lord RAMSGATE says his mother got captured on purpose and he won't pay anything. We're hit already over this horrid Compensation-of-Servants affair. My new maid, YVONNE, helped herself to one of my evening frocks whilst I was out, and went to a five-shilling ball in it. She caught a frightful cold. When she gets well she says she will sue me for heavy damages, as my pink tulle-de-soie was thinner than any of her own evening dresses.

You ask what expression of face has been most popular this season? I should say, a slightly puzzled look, with the lips parted in a half-smile. The baby-stare is quite out, and wide smiles are distinctly *démodés*. A small, tired smile is always correct as the season wanes. Of course, I speak of those who dare to have any expression at all. There are lots of women (not so young as they would like to be) who simply banish both joy and sorrow for fear of what a poet would call "Lines on a fair face." It's no use bestowing any of one's little funniments on these people. They preserve a stony aspect, and murmur, scarcely moving their lips, "My dear, I wish you wouldn't tell me things like that. My beauty-doctor absolutely forbids me to smile. It wears the face most frightfully."

I hear there's been a bit of a burst up at the THISTLEDOWNS'. I've thought things were looking fishy there for some time. Though FLUFFY's been distinctly catty to me

once or twice, I'm sorry for her. But if people *will* exceed the speed limit they must expect a smash. Last time I saw her was at a squash at Clackmannan House. She called across the room to me to meet her at RUMPELMAYER's for tea the next afternoon; but she forgot to remember, and never turned up.

This season has been a dismal failure for Aunt GOLDIE. The Slow Set looks shy at her since she married NORTY, and she can't play up to the lively ones, so there she is! Her parties have been *easily* dullest, and

fectant fans supplied by FALLALERIE of Bond Street, for the use of people with *Causes*. My toilette was very carefully thought out—ash-grey chiffon (the new shade called "It might have been") over grey glacé, grey chip picture hat with long ostrich plumes to match, shoes and gloves *en suite*. The whole meant, "Though far removed from you, I plead your Clause." The proper touches of Socialist colour were given by a cluster of red roses in the corsage and a collar of cabochon rubies. OUTA TELBOWS, the Red Hungarian

Prince, gave one of his fiery addresses in his queer English, and then I said a few words. I told them to insist on having their rights, to insist on having better houses and better food, to demand better clothes. "Right oh, Lidy!" yelled out a fearful girl in an apron. "'And over that 'at and feathers then, will yer? I could do with it fine.'" And there was a roar of laughter.

I'll never address the creatures again. OUTA TELBOWS, seen by good daylight, has knock-knees, I find, and his eyes aren't so handsome as I thought they were. Almost I think I've done with Socialism, and shall drop The People as a Cause.

Thine own,
BLANCHE.

MUSICAL NOTES.

WITH the end of the opera and concert season singers and players are scattering to the four winds of heaven, some on pleasure bent, others in the fulfilment of their professional engagements. In

this context we are glad to note that the annual Boilermakers' Professional Sports were held at Barry on the 20th ult. with great success, the entries, which numbered about 250, including several from Musselburgh.

Advices from the Solomon Islands report a curious incident during the visit of Madame CLARIBEL KENWIG and Mr. BERTIE JOY, who are making a farewell tour in the South Pacific previous to their usual autumn appearances at the principal provincial festivals. The inhabitants of the Solomon Islands were wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm by



"THE SOLID EARTH WHEREON WE TREAD
IN TRACTS OF FLUENT HEAT BEGAN,
AND GREW TO SEEMING-RANDOM FORMS,
THE SEEMING PREY OF CYCLIC STORMS,
TILL AT THE LAST AROSE THE MAN"

TEAINTON:—*In Memoriam*, CXVIII.

NORTY's set never goes near them. She's shut up her town house now and gone down into Devonshire. I hear she's taking organ lessons at a village church, which, you may believe me, my dear, is a very *serious* sign with any one. My observation of life has shown me that when you hear of any one taking *organ lessons* you may consider it either a symptom that something is *quite* wrong with the works, or else a tacit admission of total failure socially. I spoke at a Socialist meeting the other day. It was at a ghastly place somewhere at the East End, and I took care to provide myself with one of the disin-

Madame KENWIG's superb declamation of *Home, Sweet Home* that they very nearly made a holocaust of Mr. BERTIE JOY as a compliment to his talented spouse. The safe arrival of the gifted artists at Honolulu, where a special Jamboree was organised in their honour, has since been reported.

The prospectus of Messrs. PINK AND SABLE, the famous concert agents, contains several announcements of more than usual interest. We may specially note the concert to be given in the Albert Hall in October, at which the artists will, without exception, consist of the parents of well-recognised prodigies. What lends its unique attractiveness to the programme is the fact that several of the performers have no musical ear whatever, and Herr SIGISMUND BURBELHEIMER, father of the illustrious 'cellist, has for the last three years been completely deaf and dumb. In these circumstances, all must admit that Messrs. PINK AND SABLE deserve the greatest credit for their originality and enterprise in catering for the requirements of the enlightened public.

The abolition of the House of Lords will, it is predicted by a well-known expert, lead to a considerable influx of titled amateurs into the ranks of the profession. Lord TANKERVILLE has long been distinguished as a singer throughout both hemispheres, but it is not generally known what an exquisite touch on the pianola Lord CREWE has, or what seraphic tones the Duke of ARGYLL can elicit from the small-pipes. The Duke of FIFE, curiously enough, is not addicted to the piccolo, but is a fine performer on the gong.

TO PROTECT EMPLOYERS.

"WHAT is really wanted," said the man who knows everything, "is a society to insure employers against servants."

"Breakages, you mean?"

"No, not breakages. Servants themselves. A society to undertake for a small sum of money to rid one of the servants that one does not like, but has not the courage to dismiss."

"You mean to give notice, and so forth?"

"Yes, and not only to give notice, but to make them leave at once, and, if possible, supply their place with nice ones. That is what is wanted. Everything is done for servants nowadays, but something ought to be done for employers. I believe there is a fortune awaiting some strong-



Benevolent Old Gent. "DON'T YOU FIND A SAILOR'S LIFE A VERY DANGEROUS ONE?"
Old Salt. "OH YUS, SIR; BUT FORTUNATELY IT AIN'T OFTEN WE GITTS INTO PORT."

minded woman who would make it her business to give the servants notice in timid families."

"But do you think then that many persons are afraid of their servants?"

"Many? All."

"Nonsense!"

"I assure you it is so. Society is held together by fear, and fear begins at home. We are all afraid of someone, and everyone is afraid of servants."

"Then everyone would need to join the society?"

"No, it would cater for the really bad cases. I was staying in a house in June this year. You remember how cold it was. We were all shivering, the hostess too. She even remarked on it, and said something about the folly of leaving off fires by the almanac. And did she have any fires lit? Not one. She did not dare ask."

"But that's ridiculous."

"Maybe; but what's the matter with that? We are all ridiculous. Most things we do are ridiculous, or how should we get through the day? There was a parlour-maid there with thin lips and a cold eye, who ruled the house."

"Your friend must have been very weak."

"No; merely normal. Here's another example. I have an aunt—a widow—with a great garden, and when I was there in the spring I saw rows and rows of the most beautiful asparagus. Meal after meal came in, but no asparagus. Yet it was cut all

right, because I made it my business to observe."

"Who had it then? The kitchen?"

"There was too much for any kitchen to consume. No, it went to a dealer, I am convinced. Not with my aunt's knowledge. She used to remark plaintively now and then that it was too bad of JOHN not to send in some asparagus; but that was all. But do you suppose that even if the gardener were found out he would be dismissed? Never."

"But that's preposterous!"

"Of course it is—and true. Well, these are the people who would welcome a Society for the Protection of Employers. You would pay so much a year, and any act requiring any decision of character on your part would be performed by the society's officials. They would quickly discover where the asparagus went, and act accordingly. I would certainly join it."

"Why, are you afraid of your servants?"

"No; but my wife is."

"But couldn't you, if you are not afraid, do the society's work for your wife, and so save the premium?"

"Certainly not. I think these things are always better carried out by third persons. And I make a point of never interfering in household matters. Except perhaps to point out what is wrong."

The Female Samson.

Mlle. Selma Kurz brought down the house with her wonderful shake."
—*Daily Mail*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHY will people write such dismal books as *The Story of Anna Beames* (HEINEMANN)? There isn't a smile in it from beginning to end, unless Mr. C. A. Dawson Scott meant to tickle us when he gave to the "somewhat damp and gloomy" house in which poor Anna lived the name of *Whetstone Rectory*. Perhaps, if she had only gone on living there, quietly rearing poultry, all might have been well. She might even have written letters on the Great Egg Question to *The Daily Mail*. Instead, she chose to compromise herself with a plausible adventurer several rungs below her on the social ladder. Whereupon the ninety-and-nine just persons represented by her three brothers began with one accord to throw stones at her in spite of their own highly-coloured pasts. And the rest is tragedy and the tomb.

Still, let us be thankful for small mercies. Mr. Scott spares us the horrors of comic relief. His pathetic little tragedy, even if it be commonplace, is still tragedy, and his tragedians walk their stage as to the manner born.

Diligent readers of Mr. FRED WHISHAW's latest presentment of Russian life, *The Secret Syndicate* (JOHN LONG), will observe that halfway through a fairly sensational story the hero comes to the conclusion "that for him, at any rate, Russia was becoming daily more impossible as a place of residence;" and by the time the finale is reached—over a period including the Japanese War and "Vladimir's Day," or "Red Sunday"—we should imagine that the other characters in the book and the rest of the Tsar's subjects must have cordially echoed *Sergius Goncharof's* opinion.

The old practice of the exchange of names, for a consideration, between hard-labour convicts and forced colonists in Siberia may have suggested to the author his ingenious conception of a mysterious organisation under the official ægis whereby rich exiles could purchase their freedom by the arrest of involuntary substitutes. Be that as it may, he has surrounded every personage in his book with an atmosphere of intrigue and police tyranny which should effectually deter any intending tourist from visiting the land of bombs and forged passports this summer.

None the less, the author, who knows his Russia well, has contrived to introduce two typical Slav heroines, with a happier ending to them and their swains than their respective *dossiers* in St. Petersburg would possibly permit.

We note a slip on page 69, where, in a dialogue between *Sergius* and *Apollon* (the subsidiary hero), the latter "replies bracingly" in a speech which, from internal evidence, belongs to the former; also the proof-reader's grammar is somewhat shaky or he would not have repeatedly allowed "*Novui Djeen*" to represent the feminine *Novaya Zhizn*. As it is the title of an imaginary newspaper (meaning "New

Life") we must, in defence of Fleet Street traditions, get these little sternutatory inexactitudes put right.

The thing that strikes me as most mysterious about *The Great Skene Mystery* (METHUEN) is not the secret of the hero's birth (though that is obscure enough in all conscience), but that Mr. BERNARD CAPES should be content to record such a succession of coincidences as that by which the mystery is probed. That so much good writing, so nimble a fancy, so fine an eye for character, should be stultified by combination with such inept construction is a mystery which, in my judgment, is capable of only one solution. I offer it with diffidence. It is that Mr. CAPES is writing with his tongue in his cheek—that he is laughing at his public. And is that rather foolish introduction of *Sherlock Holmes* as an unsuccessful investigator of the case a hint to that end? If so, the joke needs to be made a little more obvious. If not, and if he is not laughing at us, then I fear that a very small turn of the wheel will find us laughing at him.



THE PERSISTENT OPEN-AIR PLAYERS WHO WOULD NOT BE DETERRED BY THE WEATHER.

The Baroness ORCZY has put together a very readable story of Court intrigues in her book, *The Tangled Skein* (GREENING). The Court is that of Queen MARY, at Hampton, and the skein the machinations of the King of SPAIN's envoys to bring about a royal marriage. The tangles are due to the fact that Mary is in love with the *Duke of Wessez*, whereas the Duke is in love with one of Mary's maids, the *Lady Ursula Glynde*. Personally I don't blame the Duke, for

the Queen is not over attractive, and *Lady Ursula* is the charmingest of sweethearts. The *Cardinal de Morena* is the chief of the tangles, but he is clever enough to keep a firm hold of his end of the thread. His high-speed calculations and deductions are simply terrific. Indeed, at certain points in the story he seems to know so exactly how things are going to turn out that one almost suspects him of collusion with the author. But that is obviously impossible, for in the end he takes a bad toss, while all the really nice people—there are quite a number of them—are suitably exalted.

"H.M.S. Sapphire.

"DEAR SIRs,—Just a line or two in praise of your Nervettes. I am serving in the Navy in the capacity of captain of the head, and as you know our working is trying, especially when I am working in the magazines and double bottoms at a temperature of about 120 degrees among 12-inch shells and other explosives. I used to feel awfully fatigued, but since taking your Nervettes, I can now do my work with a light heart, and think nothing of carrying a couple of shells.

"Yours faithfully, J. STROP MACHIN, O.D." — *Daily Mail*.

WE understand that there are no 12-inch guns on the *Sapphire*, so the effect of the Nervettes is not quite so drastic as would appear. Otherwise the local colour is excellent.

A CORRESPONDENT to *The Daily Telegraph* concludes his letter: "I enclose my card, leaving to you to use it, or my descriptive title.—Yours truly, BRIGGS." Which was used?

CHARIVARIA.

THE TSAR seems to be dogged by misfortune wherever he goes. On the Sunday when he visited the KAISER on the *Hohenzollern*, the KAISER preached a sermon.

The German papers say that the new military airship which has recently been making successful flights above Berlin is the best of its kind ever made. In view, however, of its sausage-like shape we should have expected it to be called the *Wurst*.

We are glad to hear that our own military authorities are not neglecting the subject of aerial navigation, and that the only reason why the machine on which they have been experimenting for some time past has not sailed round St. Paul's is their very proper desire not to injure the sacred edifice.

Those who thought that the prestige of *The Daily Mail* might suffer through recent events are mistaken. RAISULI has chosen that journal as a vehicle for stating his case to the British public.

Truth will out even in a misprint. According to the *Liverpool Daily Post* Sir EDWARD GREY, speaking in the House of Commons on the subject of the Hague Conference, said that he and his colleagues were more than ever impressed with the helplessness of mankind under the burden of arguments.

"In the Home Railway Market," says *The Daily News*, "there has been further depression in the stocks of the Southern passenger lines on satisfactory traffic returns." Here, again, we see the same cause at work which is responsible for the low price of Consols.

The Belgian summer, at any rate, would appear to be the real article, according to *Truth*. Speaking of Knocke-sur-Mer, our contemporary says, "Flannels for men, and Flemish caps for ladies, are the general wear." This leads one to wonder whether *Truth* herself does not live at Knocke-sur-Mer.

"May I protest," writes Mr. W. S. PARISH, "against the inadequate number of straps provided for 'hangers' in the Metropolitan Railway carriages?" Certainly, Mr. PARISH.

London, we learn from *The Daily Mail*, is at present suffering from a plague of moths. Several are reported to have been bludgeoned to death by the police; but the public is not satisfied, and is adopting Lynch-law.

by French smokers, in the columns of the *Débats*, that bits of wood, matches, wire, and horsehair are frequently found in the cigarettes sold by the French Government.

The question, Which is the better-looking sex? has been raised again. Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER and Mr. EUSTACE MILES—we were almost writing EUSTACE MILO—think that the gift of beauty is equally divided, while Madame LALLIE CHARLES awards the palm loyally to women. We would suggest that, before the dispute becomes more acute, the whole matter be referred to the Hague Tribunal.

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, in drawing an imaginary picture of our country in the full enjoyment of Socialistic blessings, declared that it would be "an England where laughter would take the place of tears." This will bear hardly on our tragedians.

The Stoke Newington Borough Council has decided to purchase a gold-braided hat for the municipal hall-porter at a cost of £2 5s. Later on, no doubt, when he is complete, special excursion trains will be run to enable the country folk to see him.

Money makes money. The POUNDS are now helping to fill the coffers of the Palace Theatre. Meanwhile the pence are being taken care of, so the POUNDS are all right.

The Pageant Season is now over. Its educational value was peculiar. It seems that the history of nearly every town which indulged in one of these panoramas began with one Flood and ended with another.

Our Pampered Officials.

"Divisional Orders, Curragh Camp.

"POST OFFICE. Bank Holiday. The public counter will be closed at noon for all business except telegraph business, express delivery services, the reception of parcels, the sale of postage stamps, and the registration of letters and parcels."



THE BUTT OF THE FUTURE.

Temporary Laird. "Ullo! Is that THE SPORTING SNIPPETS OFFICE? YES. LUNCH SCORE 150 1/2 BRACE. PHOTOS AND SNAPPY ARTICLE FOLLOW BY TO-NIGHT'S MAIL."

Two million passengers, it is stated, have been lost by the Central London Railway in six months. This (as was said in another connection) looks like gross carelessness.

It is wonderful the airs some reptiles give themselves. Last week a four-foot snake was discovered coolly strolling down one of the walks of Victoria Park, Leicester. It was promptly ordered to keep on the grass.

The custom of giving bonuses with cigarettes is not confined to this country. Complaints are being made

TO PRINCE BORGHESE,

Holder of the motor-record, Pekin to Paris (two calendar months).

PRINCE, by the time these lines appear,
You will have done your hemisphere;
You will have finished your two months' job
And earned the embrace of the boulevard mob,
Leaving your rivals out of mind—
The nearest a week and a half behind.

You have proved that nothing on earth could bar
The onward rush of your ruthless car;
Brigands and wolves and large brown bears,
Hearing that you were to pass their lairs,
Came to the meet, but fled (or fell)
At the noise you raised and the noxious smell.

You have proved there isn't a road so vile
But you could traverse the thing in style,
Jesting at mud and rut and rock,
With coolies to haul your car *en bloc*,
Or mules to carry it, pieced in packs,
Over the torrents and mountain-cracks.

Two thousand leagues (as the black crow flies,
Who has the advantage of open skies)
You have covered at five good miles an hour,
Which means a couple of wild-horse-power,
With generous halts of a night or day
To hint that the motor "has come to stay."

You have proved by many a public fête
Big with the local mayor in state
That if only the others are slow enough
You may stop where you like and stuff and stuff,
And yet, unlike the fabulous hare,
Win with a continent to spare.

Last, to the maker's great content,
You have served as a princely advertisement,
Proving his car is the best of all
(Its name, at the moment, I can't recall)
For the myriads eager to go and hoot
On a holiday jaunt by the Gobi route. O. S.

The *Observer*, in an article on the Pekin-to-Paris race, asked, "Can anybody conscientiously say that the successful competitors have driven from Paris to Pekin by motor-car?"

Mr. *Punch*, for one, cannot honestly lay his hand on his heart and say anything of the kind. For, deep down in his conscience, he *knows* that the race was run in the opposite direction.

THE *Gloucester Citizen* reports the first half-hour of a certain county match as follows:—

NEICESTERSHIRE v. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Hayter and Cox, who opened Northants first innings, played attractive cricket, Hawkins making some fine boundary strokes.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

R. W. Hawtin (not out)	18
Cox (not out)	13

The alliterative effect of the title is masterly; but it does not make up for the strange lack of originality shown in the treatment of Cox's name.

Why Notts Win.

"In the first over Payton hit Knox for a 4 and a 5, and Branston for a 4."—*Tribune*.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

ALL this happened at Cambridge in the dim and distant days when the May races were still, in accordance with their title, rowed in May. A boat belonging to St. Mary's College, which was head of the river, was being pursued by a boat from St. Luke's. Excitement was intense, and party feeling ran high. Every night crowds of Marians and Luke's men trooped down to the river with rattles, fog-horns, dinner-bells and other instruments by which it was proposed to increase the courage and stimulate the vigour of the oarsmen. The respective dons joined in the fray, and forgot their dignified traditions. The Master of St. Mary's was seen to fall down in the Long Reach and bark his knee. The unstudied exclamation which escaped his lips made him a very popular man in his College for years afterwards. It was related that the President of St. Luke's had ecstatically hurled his hat into the river when he saw his crew gaining, and he too became the subject of admiring anecdotes. Nothing, in short, was wanting to make the contest memorable.

Unfortunately, however, the chivalry which usually attends these races was in this case marred by an incident which became the subject of a heated correspondence. The letters came into my possession, and I now propose to publish them, though I regret I have not been able to secure the permission of the parties most concerned, one of whom, I may state, is now an Archdeacon, while the other has recently been made a County Court Judge:—

(No. 1.)

[The Captain of St. Luke's College B.C. to the President of the C.U.B.C.]

May 23, 187—.

"SIR,—I regret to be compelled to bring before your notice a matter which occurred to-day during the First Division races. Our boat had gained a length on St. Mary's and had just begun a spurt at Ditton which was in the opinion of every spectator certain to result in a bump when a large black dog with the St. Mary's colours tied round his neck who had been running on the bank was seen (incited thereto by some St. Mary's men) to leap into the water landing on the bow-side oars of the St. Luke's crew. This accident (?) completely upset our crew. Two of them, myself amongst the number, were forced to catch crabs and by the time we recovered our chance was gone. I make this complaint formally and request you to summon a meeting of captains to consider it. If such things are allowed to happen we none of us know what may happen next. I am sorry to have to trouble you about so unsportsmanlike an action on the part of St. Mary's."

The President of the C.U.B.C. sent this letter to the Captain of the St. Mary's B.C. and asked him for his observations. The Captain of St. Mary's was a sarcastic man and an angry one, but he was not a good speller. Here is his letter:—

(No. 2.)

[The Captain of St. Mary's College B.C. to the President of the C.U.B.C.]

May 24, 187—.

"SIR,—I am obliged to you for sending me the effusion with which you have been favored by the Captain of St. Luke's. We know nothing of such a dog as he is pleased to mention. The desparate animal if it ever lived which I do not admit must have been maddened by the sight of the St. Luke's crew, and plunged into the water (though nobody else saw it plunge) in a wild effort



“FILLING UP THE CUP.”

C.-B. (*the modern Danaïd*). “SILLY THING DOESN'T SEEM TO GET ANY FULLER.”
[Lord LANSDOWNE's attitude of moderation threatens to stultify the promised vengeance of the House of Commons.]



THE BULLYON-BOUNDERMERES AT COWES.

Mr. B.-B. "HERE'VE I SPENT THOUSANDS ON A YACHT, BECAUSE YOU SAID WE MUST 'AVE ONE, AND NOW WHEN I WANT YOU TO COME A TRIP TO NORWAY, OR SOMEWHERE, AFTER THE REGATTA IS OVER, YOU SAY YOU 'ATE THE SEA, AND WON'T BE ON IT MORE THAN YOU CAN 'ELP. -WHAT'S IT MEAN, M'RIA?"

Mrs. B.-B. "MY DEAR MAN, YOU DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THAT I'VE NO USE FOR A YACHT EXCEPT AS A SHORT CUT TO THE SQUADRON LAWN."

to rescue the men from death by drowning owing to the splashing prevailing at the time. We altogether deny that we had anything to do with this and we challenge St. Luke's to produce the dog or his owner. As to sportsmanship I beg to say that the boot is on the other leg."

This document was duly sent to St. Luke's and produced the following retort:—

(No. 3.)

[The Captain of St. Luke's College B.C. to the President of the C.U.B.C.]

May 25, 187—.

"SIR,—The letter of the Captain of St. Mary's may be treated with the scorn which such a production deserves. I can furnish the names of twelve witnesses, including four men in my crew, who are prepared to testify that the incident happened in the manner I have described. There can be no doubt that the dog was brought down to the river on purpose and was urged on to his fiendish task either by men belonging to St. Mary's or by their sympathisers. He was seen again yesterday at Baits-bite, but a strong contingent of St. Luke's men chased him from the scene. May I ask when the meeting I have requested will be summoned?"

To this the Captain of St. Mary's put in the following crushing rejoinder which closed the correspondence and the incident:—

(No. 4.)

[The Captain of St. Mary's College B.C. to the President of the C.U.B.C.]

May 26, 187—.

"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge your last enclosing letter from the Captain of St. Luke's. I now beg to withdraw part of my first letter and to state that the dog exists. He belongs to a scholar of St. Luke's whose name is B. F. HODGES. The dog's name is Neptune and he is a retriever. I know where he is kept, and I can show him to you or any one else. The fact that we have been out of our distance from the St. Luke's boat every night proves that it was unnesesary for St. Luke's to throw a retriever into the river so as to find an excuse for crabs which they would have caught without the intrewsion of such an animal. Perhaps the Captain of St. Luke's will now apolligise."

The Tribune, as a family paper, caters for all. But it was a mistake to head one of its articles in this way:

"FOR THE CHILDREN.
HORSE ANTS."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

ABOUT YACHTING.

On board the "Blanche."

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Behold your BLANCHE aboard her namesake, which is a fine, big steam-yacht, quite a baby-liner in fact, with triple-expansion things somewhere, and a lovely deck for dances and afternoon teas. I must say, JOSIAH has done us well. The saloon is a peach, and out of it opens a darling wee boudoir done in white brocade and ivory—a compliment to me.

Cowes was much the same as usual. One seemed to be either landing or going on board again all day, and on the Squadron Lawn were the same people one's been meeting every day in town for the last three months.

The Regatta, of course, I pay no attention to. Of all aggravating, uninteresting things regattas are easily worst. Everything's such an immense way off, and it's all so slow and vague and stupid. Then the regatta-fiend, who always has his glasses at his eyes, and whose conversation is sprinkled with booms and spinnakers, and luffing, and wearing, and sail-area, and all that stuff, is of all bores the most trying. This is the creature who, in an absurdly fresh, breezy, excited state, comes rushing up to you with:—"Wasn't that a ripping win of *Sylvia's* this morning? Wasn't she beautifully handled? Did you notice, when she was brought round in stays, three points off the wind?"—and all that sort of thing, when, very likely, one was playing bridge all night, and didn't come on deck till the afternoon. You'll say I'm no enthusiastic yachswoman. Well, my dear, I'm not. No true woman is. There! I tell you no *womanly* woman loves the sea, and if she says she does she's an old or a young pretender. It's *essentially* a man's element. It has no mercy on the little vanities, and fripperies, and fal-lals that make our lives beautiful. Why, you come on deck sweetly got up (or, in the language of the Solent, "dandy-rigged") to receive visitors for tea, and in two-two's, most likely, your fetchingly little adornment is on the horizon. Also, a woman must be perfectly *genuine* (not that this is a point that troubles me, of course) to get anything out of yachting. And when I say genuine, I don't mean truthful and sincere—that is simply a matter of taste ashore or afloat. I mean *physically*

genuine. She must have a *real* complexion, able to bear "the fierce light that beats upon a yacht," as one of the poets says, and a good head of hair that waves naturally, to defy the vindictive sea-breeze. *Particularly* nice feet and ankles are also a positive *necessity* for getting in and out of boats, and going up and down companion-ways and things. And, unless a woman is well found, to use a sea-phrase, in these respects, though GREENFERN may have worked wonders for her in blue or white serge, she'd better leave yachting alone. With men it *may* be a sport, and a matter of speed and sail-area, and luffing, and wearing. But with us (and I don't care *what* the out-and-out yachting women say to the contrary) it resolves itself, like every other sport, into the questions, How shall I look? Can I come through the ordeal? *Lots* try to come through it who can't, and then there's another Tragedy of the Sea.

You know that pretty little widow, GRACE TREVOR, who was rather successful in London, and wound up the season by getting engaged to Lord NINNY FFOLLYOT? She had a pretty, childish way of throwing back a lock of hair from her forehead, and looking dreamily upward. It became quite a small rage, and heaps of people were throwing back locks of hair from their foreheads, and looking dreamily upward, who were quite unfitted by nature to do so. Well, GRACE TREVOR and Lord NINNY were guests for the week on the MIDDLESHIRES' yacht, *Godiva*. One morning, when they were cooing on deck, a sudden squall tore off GRACE's yachting cap and carried it out to sea—and the famous lock along with it. Isn't that a horrible story? I hear the engagement's off now.

Lady CLARGES sailed her own yacht. She's been through a course of lessons, you know, and holds a mariner's certificate that she's absurdly proud of. She looked very workmanlike, though not at all chic, in her sou'-wester and big pea-coat, shouting orders through a megaphone. I heard she ran into one or two things.

Among our regatta guests on the *Blanche* were KIDDY VAVASSOR and his Yankee girl, DESDEMONA BLOGG of Pittsburgh. (It was her "Pop" who made our Government an offer for Domesday Book, to put in his collection.) They're to be married in a week or two, and DESDEMONA has a lovely idea for her wedding. They're *all* to be on stilts. Owing

to this, she had to give up her idea of being married by some bishops. After a search, they found a curate who was willing to learn the stilts, and he's now learning, and hurting himself *dreadfully*, they say. However, he'll be consoled by an enormous fee—that is, unless his bishop gets wind of it and disestablishes him, or whatever it is they do to them.

As to the *entertaining* during Cowes week, I'm glad to tell you, my child, that I crowded on canvas and sailed away from the lot with my Mermaids' Ball. JOSIAH was called away on business, and I sent out cards, sea-green, printed in silver, for "the first calm warm night." I had the most delicious Mermaid's ball-gown that you *ever*. (At least, it wasn't exactly a *gown*, but never mind that.) It was sewn with iridescent paillettes, and the *décolletage* done with shells and sea-weed. My hair was down, of course, and twined with shells and sea-weed also. The calm, warm night came along all right, and we were rowed into shallowish water, where we chose our ball-room, and DESDEMONA and I received the mermen and mermaids bidden to frolic with us. She was got up like me, only her hair doesn't wave naturally and she found waving-pins but a *reed* to lean on in the circles. The ball-room was lit by electric torches held in boats, the dance-music was supplied by a big gramophone, and supper was on floating tables. DESDEMONA said it was "as big a thing as any hostess had done *over home*." And that, from her, is a huge compliment.

All Cowes was talking about it next day.

Ever thine,
BLANCHE.

THE HOLIDAY SOUVENIR BUREAU, LTD.

WHY go abroad when you can get all the souvenirs you want at home? Save your travelling expenses and deal with us.

WHAT WE DO.

Supposing money is tight with you, and the JONES-SMYTHES and family have gone to Lucerne, while you are forced to retire to Margate for your summer holidays.

WHY BE ASHAMED?

You can stop in Margate, while our headquarters will organise an imaginary tour through the Continent for you. Tell us where you want to go to, and we will let all your friends know that you are there. We send



Guest at Squire's. "WHAT SORT OF A TEAM ARE THESE EAST HYDE PEOPLE WE'RE PLAYING TO-DAY?"

Pompous Barber. "I'VE NO OPINION OF 'EM, SIR; THEY COME FROM A PLACE WHERE THERE'S NOTHINK BUT HIGNORANCE AND HINTERMARRYIN'."

you picture-postcards of Paris, the Schaffhausen waterfall, the Jungfrau, Lake Como by moonlight, etc., etc., and all you have to do is to address them to your friends with a greeting on them, such as "Isn't this a pretty place?" or "Arrived here safely," or "Will this do for your collection?" or "Haven't met the JONES-SMYTHES yet." Then you send the cards back to us in an envelope, and we forward them to our agents all over Europe to post.

The postmarks are genuine; so are the stamps. That is where you score. See?

YOU WILL WANT SOUVENIRS.

We have souvenirs of every place in Europe. We buy them from Birmingham direct, thus saving the French and German middleman. We will deliver as many as you want to your home, and you can make presents to everyone, just like the JONES-SMYTHES.

SEE WHAT WE SAVE!

You needn't even go away. You can stop in your back-garden at Balham,

and rest content in the knowledge that picture-postcards signed by you are fluttering on the neighbours from Dieppe, San Sebastian, Christiania, Brussels, etc. From Iceland, if you like. It's the same price. We have the following souvenirs at cheap Birmingham rates:—Dutch hopjes, fisher-dolls from Boulogne and Dieppe, Joan of Arc statuettes from Rouen, Eiffel Tower spoons, *pâté de foie gras terrines*, Rue de Rivoli jewellery, lions of Lucerne in every shape, wooden bears from Berne, Brussels lace-handkerchiefs, catalogues of the Wiertz Museum, wooden boxes from Spa, Roman beads, mosaic brooches from Venice, Spanish bandannas, cuckoo clocks from the Black Forest, KAISER'S photographs (2,500 different poses) from any German town. Just try us.

WHAT OUR CLIENTS THINK.

"I was obliged to go to Southend last year, but, thanks to your wonderful bureau, I took one of your imaginary tours through the South

of France. My wife's uncle was so delighted with our thoughtfulness in sending him a card from Monaco (the Casino, coloured, by moonlight) that he sent me a cheque on my 'return.' Kindly send me a French five-franc piece, as I promised it to my aunt, who wishes it made into a brooch.

"HENRY YAPP, Peckham."

Telegram: "Maiden aunt asks me map out for her same tour as I made last year have MUDIE's branch in Ardennes is that where I went last year.

PETER CRIMP, Holmlea, Purley."

Commercial Intelligence.

From a bill:—

"Hunter & Co.'s Annual Half-Yearly Sale."

"The last wicket fell just before lunchtime. After the interval a very pleasing improvement in the dimensions of the spectators was seen."—*East Anglian Daily Times*.

HOW THE ANGLO-ITALIAN WAR BEGAN.

A DRAFT UPON THE FUTURE.

From "*Il Secolo*," 2007.

A VALUABLE addition to the Galleria Nazionale has just been made in the shape of a large work alleged to be by the great and popular English master of the last century, SIGISMUND GOETZE.

From "*La Tribuna*."

Considerable mystery attaches to the steps by which the Directors of the Galleria Nazionale became the possessors of the new Goetze. The purchase was made through a firm of dealers, who naturally do not divulge any secrets. They say, however, that everything has been above board (*pensione*) and honest. None the less here is an English masterpiece, exported from England against the law and imported into Italy against the law: a double fracture.

From "*La Verità*."

Excitement in art circles is at fever heat with regard to the new Goetze which has just been hung in the Galleria Nazionale; because no secret is made of the fact that it was discovered in England and conveyed here quite openly, in spite of the prohibition concerning the exportation of works of art. The theory most widely expressed is that it is not a work of art; but on this point the dealers are dumb. The fact remains that the picture hangs in the Galleria Nazionale, and has been pronounced by various gifted experts to be a genuine Goetze.

From "*La Posta*."

The story of the finding of the great masterpiece by SIGISMUND GOETZE that now hangs in the Galleria Nazionale reads like a romance. It seems that it was unearthed by a workman who was excavating in the ruins of the Doré Gallery in London. For a long time the man debated as to what his discovery could be; but at length, on the arrival of a more imaginative mate, it was decided that it was a picture. An unknown expert happening to be passing, doubt gave way to certainty. It was a picture. After a few moments' examination the expert pronounced it a Goetze, and made the workmen an offer for it in beer, which was promptly accepted, and cutting the canvas from the frame the lucky connoisseur rolled it under his arm and carried it off. He has never been seen again, nor can even conjecture

put a name to him. Meanwhile the picture, a magnificent specimen of the art of "The English WIERTZ," as he has been felicitously called, has found its way to this country, nor are we likely to give it back.

From "*Il Semaforo*."

By the kindness of the Directors of the Galleria Nazionale, writes our correspondent, I have been permitted to see the new acquisition which is exciting so much interest. It is certainly a great work, measuring some ninety square feet. So far as I can conjecture the subject is "The End of the Season," or it might be "The Opening of Parliament." Whatever it is, it is a great work, and will cover a gratifying area of wall. How Italy has managed for so long to exist without a Goetze now becomes an acute problem.

From "*La Maglia*."

The most extraordinary thing that could happen with regard to the new Goetze would be the sudden appearance—as in the case of the new Vandyck of a century ago—of duplicates of it. But none has yet come to hand. As Signor BRUNO of Monte di Tavola remarked, the true art lover, who hates replicas, could bear with more equanimity the prospect of another eruption of Vesuvius than that there should be three Goetzes exactly alike in this country.

From "*Il Spettatore*."

The theories expressed by the committee of experts who yesterday visited the Galleria Nazionale to see the new Goetze and come to a decision as to its theme for official adoption in the catalogue, are strangely at variance; were the subject a less serious and exalted one, we might almost say comically so. Signor GIORGIO MORO, who is perhaps the world's first authority on allegory, after a severe examination of the canvas, pronounced it to represent "The Triumph of Mind over Matter." The policeman in the foreground, he held, might be taken merely to fix the time and the district of London referred to, the lettering on his collar indicating his division, and thus pinning down the locality to Mayfair, the abode, in SIGISMUND GOETZE's day, of the Smart Set. On the other hand, Signor ROBERTO NIKOLA holds that the policeman is a postman, and that he here typifies haste and the modern spirit, the subject of the masterpiece being "The Ultimate Triumph of Leisure over Speed." Signor ROBERTO NIKOLA lays great stress on the word "ultimate," be-

cause he holds that the painter's treatment was ironical, to all appearance the lady with the lorgnettes and poodle seated in her car having already conquered. But here comes in the significance of Father Time with his scythe and the jockey on the race-horse. A third theory, propounded by Signor PARCO, is that the picture is not an allegory at all, but a scene from one of the pageants so common in England in GOETZE's day. Be that as it may, it is a fine work; every inch of the canvas, even where subjected to the searching scrutiny of the microscope, being found to be covered with paint.

From "*La Cronica*."

We understand that a formal demand for the restitution of the Goetze to its bereaved country has been made by the English Foreign Office. England, it seems, is on fire over what it calls its loss. Unless the picture is relinquished we do not see how a rupture can be avoided.

From "*La Mattina*."

An envoy extraordinary from the English Government yesterday called at the Foreign Office with regard to the smuggled Goetze, as it is now called. We understand that on being asked by the Foreign Minister why England wanted the picture back again he made no reply. Immediately after seeing the picture at the Galleria Nazionale he left for London. Much importance is attached to the incident.

From "*Il Tempo*."

According to our London correspondent there is no Goetze in the National Gallery there. From this fact we deduce that jealousy is at the bottom of the whole trouble.

From "*Il Corriere*."

Nothing, it is feared, can now avert war. Even if the picture were given up the English Government would consider that the affront was too serious. That the picture will be ceded we have not the faintest hope.

From "*Il Secolo*."

War between Italy and England has been formally declared.

An Early Separation.

"A VERY pretty though quiet wedding was solemnized at the Catholic church here on Saturday morning. . . . After the ceremony the young couple left on the morning train for different points in Manitoba."—*The Forget Mail, Canada*.



LUXURY AT SEA.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE GYMNASIUM OF THE GERMAN TRANSATLANTIC LINERS IS AN INVENTION BY AID OF WHICH HORSE EXERCISE MAY BE ENJOYED. THE ABOVE SKETCHES ARE SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT A DEMONSTRATION BY THE SHIP'S DOCTOR, UNDER WHOSE CHARGE SUCH A THING SHOULD OBVIOUSLY BE PUT.

THE OIL KING AT PLAY.

THIS is how Mr. ROCKEFELLER, in the words of *The Daily Mail*, took the news of the heavy fine inflicted upon the Standard Oil Company:—

"The Oil King was playing golf. He had just made a 150-ft. drive when a messenger rode across the links and handed him a telegram. The richest man in the world tore open the envelope, glanced at the contents for a second, and then, giving his clubs to a caddy, mounted his tricycle and pedalled to the next green."

We do not think much of the 150-ft. drive, which was, after all, only 50 yards; but the poverty of it may perhaps be explained by his having his whole bagful of clubs in his hands at the time (or so we judge from the statement that he subsequently gave them to his

caddy). His next action, however, seems to show that he was more affected by the news than was at first believed; for we read that he "mounted his tricycle and pedalled to the next green." Unless he had holed out in one with his fifty-yard drive, this means that he must have given the hole away to his opponent. It does not sound at all like an Oil King; and it is only kind to suppose that he could not have been quite himself at the moment.

We understand, by the way, that this fine of over five millions sterling has caused a spasm of the most bitter jealousy in Carmelite House.

"THIS is an actress who. . . once learnt the part of *Delilah* in *Samson Agnostic* in three days."—*Throne*.

WHEN CISSIE SWIMS.

WHEN CISSIE swims, by strict command

She doesn't venture far from land,
But shows her skill where all may view

Beyond the waves a yard or two;
And oh! her trudgeon stroke is grand.

Up swings her gleaming arm and hand,

One snowy white, the other tanned;
And water-wings are quite taboo

When CISSIE swims.

Her course no current can withstand,
Yet, all the time, her smile is bland,
While now and then above the blue
A little foot appears, and who
Would guess the other's on the sand

When CISSIE swims?



Gamekeeper. "Hi! WHAT BUSINESS HAVE YOU HERE? THIS IS MR. BROWN'S LAND."

Trespasser. "OH, IS IT? WE THOUGHT IT WAS SIMPSON'S. WE HAVE LEAVE TO SHOOT ON HIS LAND. ANYWAY YOU NEEDN'T GET EXCITED."

Keeper. "THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT WHAT HAVE YOU SHOT? I HEARD A SHOT JUST NOW."

Trespasser. "IT WASN'T US. WE HAVEN'T FIRED."

Keeper (indignantly). "NOT FIRED! THEN WHAT'S THAT HARE DOIN' IN YOUR MAN'S POCKET? I CAN SEE A LEG STICKING OUT."

Trespasser (blandly). "THAT? OH, THAT'S A HARE WE'VE BROUGHT OUT FOR LUNCH!"

ODE TO A MISANTHROPE.

(As seen in the Regent's Park Vulture House.)

DYSPEPTIC biped ! irritably brooding

And perchant in a none too savoury pen,
What is your trouble—if I'm not intruding—
Where do you mostly feel the pain, and when?
What is that woe of yours that wrings the rare drop
From Cockney eyes, and makes the infant seek
To grant you the reversion of his pear-drop
Or ply with currant buns a carrion beak?

Is it regret that haunts you? Does that head-piece
(Needing a tonic) miss Rhodesia's morn
Charged with the subtle fragrance of some dead piece
Of mutton on the mobile breezes borne?
Long ere your plumes sustained such wholesale losses
Who knows—when you were young and sweet and
shy—

What tender obsequies that curved proboscis
Has undertaken, and in spheres how high?

And now a milder tariff fails to tickle
The old *bon vivant*, and you break your fast
Cheerless as colonels chafing for the pickle,
The spicy relish of an Orient past:
Small wonder that you mope, the world despising,
Save when a meditative bill consumes
Some parasite that, strangely enterprising,
Molests your old insanitary plumes.

But this, I take it, most profoundly festers,
And grates your gizzard with a secret care—
The tactlessness of those official jesters
Whose task it was to choose your *nomme de guerre*:
Captive—a bachelor—in bad condition,—
When Fate's malevolence presumed to stick
"Sociable Vulture" on your scant partition,
No wonder that it turned you deathly sick!

The Raison d'être.

"WANTED, a man and wife, under 40. Write, stating wages and length of previous character and reason for living."—*Hastings and St. Leonards Observer*.

Insulting a Friendly Nation.

"MAN or Italian wanted to go with small merry-go-round through streets."—*Glasgow Citizen*.

[Autres temps, les mêmes mœurs.

In the old Greek alphabet, *koppa* came after *pi*, and in late English times the policeman still courts the cook.

"The discussions concerning the proposal to create a separate coloured episcopate continue. The Bishop of Arkansas (Brown) is the most militant champion of the scheme."—*Church Times*, "American Notes."

THE Right Rev. BROWN would naturally be prejudiced.



THE IRRESPONSIBLE.

EUROPA (to SULTAN OF MOROCCO). "I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE MONARCH OF THIS COUNTRY. WHY CAN'T YOU KEEP IT IN ORDER?"

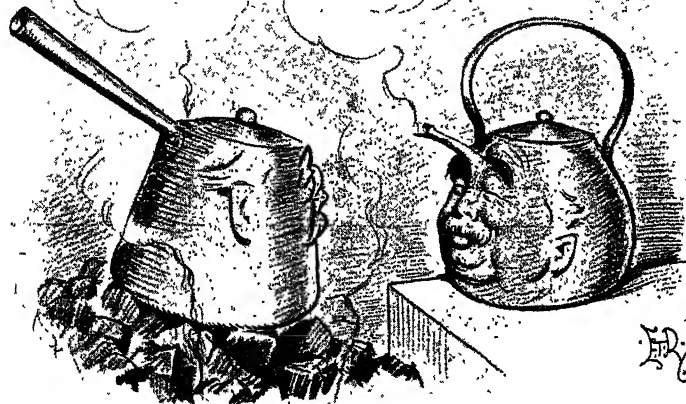
SULTAN. "MADAM, YOUR ALGECIRAS CONFERENCE HAS VERY KINDLY RELIEVED ME OF RESPONSIBILITY. I HAVE THE PROFOUNDTEST CONFIDENCE IN YOUR ADMIRABLE POLICE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 5.—At it again. Pot calling Kettle black. Kettle, represented by C.-B., serenely steams forth pro-

If during that time they were not able to rough-hew its ends, system stood self-condemned. Now proposed to allow three days for consideration of the Bill on Report Stage by the whole House; a fourth for Third Reading. If this aggregate did not



"POT CALLING KETTLE BLACK."
(Mr. B-I-r and C.-B.)

posal to limit period of further discussion of Scotch and English Land Bills. Pot (PRINCE ARTHUR) overflows afresh with indignation. Recalls time when C.-B. had protested that debate under shadow of guillotine reduces Parliamentary procedure to a farce.

Of course it does; he will say it again when, some years hence, he is on the other side of the Table, and PRINCE ARTHUR, as Leader of the House, moves similar motion, as he was accustomed to do in last Parliament. ASQUITH, completing domestic conversation by presenting himself in character of the Broom, swept clean away the artificiality of the controversy.

After familiar welcome manner, he in few short, sharp sentences went to heart of the matter. What's the use of crimination and recrimination? The simple question at issue is, Are Grand Committees to be regarded as integral parts of the legislative machine? If answer be in affirmative, there is no deliverance from the guillotine, either for Unionists or Liberal Ministers. Scotch Bill had been twenty-two days before Grand Committee, sitting for the most part from 11 o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon.

suffice, let them shut up shop and go off for interminable holiday.

Refreshing amidst wasteful war of words to have ASQUITH looking in. None excels him in the art of compressing irrefutable arguments of plain common sense into phrases every word of which is a barbed point.

But what is the use of it? The grievance is that Ministers criminally withhold opportunity for further discussing a measure wrestled with upstairs through more than four weeks of Parliamentary time. Well, here was a sitting, Bank Holiday to wit, at disposal of Members. It might, by agreement, have been added to opportunity for discussing the Bill. What happened was that for full four hours we wrangled round question whether we should or should not begin to deal with it on Report Stage. Further waste of time prevented only by action of closure.

Business done.—Resolved, that tomorrow we buckle-to on Report Stage of Scotch Land Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday, 9 p.m.—For four hours been discussing Irish Evicted Tenants Bill. Peer followed Peer, successfully dissembling his love for the measure. Burning desire to kick it down-stairs.

LANSDOWNE, bland, courteous, cutting, suavely says "No." There are more ways of breaking an egg than flinging it in the face of the passing policeman. As he told them some time ago in respect of another threatened conflict with other House, first duty of the Lords is to consider their own position. If they are coming to grips with duly elected representatives of the People let them carefully select time and means. If they chuck out this Bill they will incur charge of arbitrary conduct, deliberately inviting quarrel. Let them pass the Second Reading. When it gets into Committee they shall go as they please. In these circumstances debate drifted on. Members, mustering in force for opening speeches, sallied forth. ARRAN having added brief speech to chorus of denunciation, there was a pause. LORD CHANCELLOR looked round ready to put the question. From corner of second Bench near the bar uprose a little, spare, grey-haired man with straggling wisp of beard that looked as if it had long been struggling against eviction. Noble lords turned to look at the apparition.

"Who's this?"

"CLANRICARDE!" someone whispered. The listless audience was instantly transformed into ring of eager listeners.

Through thirty-three years HUBERT GEORGE DE BURGH CANNING, second Marquis of CLANRICARDE, Baron DUNKELLIN, Viscount BURKE in the Irish Peerage, Baron SOMERHILL on the roll of the United Kingdom, has had a seat in the House of Lords. For full twenty years he has not broken its silence. Now, with



CLANRICARDE UP!!
(An authority on evictions.)



TEA WITH JACOB.

Sir Alfred J. "Well, Alphy my boy; seen through this lens of mine this is one of the greatest honours I remember!"

[Sir Alfred Jacoby publicly invited Mr. Alphus Cleophus Morton to take tea with him in his private room.]

this fresh attack upon property, "unworthy of any sane Government accountable for the liberties of a free people," his tongue is loosed.

A bitter speech, which clutched attention for twenty minutes. Almost audible grinding of teeth as he referred to "stale slanders against land-owners, attempts to paint the evicted tenant as a poor injured darling. Sops that do not satiate but only whet greed." A querulous, tired voice, which sometimes failed to carry full measure of sentences to the strained ear. Midway he stopped, and, fishing out of his pocket a small bottle, drank a silent toast to the health of the Estates Commissioners.

To old Members of the Commons, now, like *Bottom*, translated, there was in this little action quaint touch of reminiscence. When, in days that are no more, Mr. G. discoursed at length on the state of Ireland, whether in respect of Land or Church, he was wont to produce his home-made elixir and publicly sip it. The historic Pomatum Pot and this two-ounce phial were the touch of nature that made GLADSTONE and CLANRICARDE kin. But what different things they said about the Irish question when their voices were refreshed and their tongues wagged again!

The meagre little grey man, rising

amid the stillness of a nearly empty House, drew no response to his vehement denunciation of the peasantry among whom he does not live. He sat down with the chilling silence unbroken.

A smile of satisfaction suffused decorous countenance of Leader of Opposition. Where would the Party have been had they, after this outburst, gone into the division lobby to throw out Bill on Second Reading? Admits that CLANRICARDE has done more to justify his tactics than was accomplished by his own speech, adroit as it was.

Business done.—Irish Evicted Tenants Bill read a second time.

House of Commons, Friday.—Prevailing dulness of dying Session not been appreciably varied by bovine eruptions. Time was when we had rushes of "bulls" that wholesomely stirred monotony of the china shop. This Session note only a couple; oddly enough they followed each other at brief interval within last few days. Lords and Commons contributed in equal proportion. Of all men it was TIM HEALY that tripped. On the Report Stage of the Butter and Margarine Bill he rose in his wrath and denounced margarine as "a fraud that walks about naked and unashamed."

For "nice derangement of epitaphs" that is hard to beat.

Better still was BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH in another place. Scottish Small Holdings Bill under discussion. Lord CAMPERDOWN, most reticent of Peers, roused to unwonted eloquence by discovery of fresh iniquity in this hardened legislative bantling. BURLEIGH BALFOUR, following, attributed to him certain views. CAMPERDOWN dissented.

"The noble lord shakes his head," said BURLEIGH BALFOUR, "and I am very glad to hear it."

This does not come up to the altitude of GRAND CROSS whilst still with us in the Commons.

"I hear an hon. Member smile," he said, sternly regarding an irreverent group below the gangway.

Grecian that in its simplicity and symmetry. BURLEIGH BALFOUR, considering his inches and his girth, makes an exceedingly good second.

Business done.—Scotch Land Bill read a third time.

A GREAT SEA-DOG ON OUR GREATEST NOVELIST.

INTERVIEW WITH LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT having described Mr. HALL CAINE's meeting with Lord CHARLES BERESFORD in *The Chronicle*, and Mr. HALL CAINE having eulogised the Admiral in *The Daily Mail*, Mr. *Punch* has much pleasure in printing the following notes of a conversation with his representative, in which Lord CHARLES records his impressions of the world-renowned and soul-shaking fictionist.

"And is it really true, Lord CHARLES, that you had never met Mr. HALL CAINE before Thursday, the 1st of August?"

"Alas, that is so," responded the gallant sea-dog, furtively wiping away a tear. "It was not till I was past sixty that I enjoyed the priceless privilege of conversing, man to man, with that massive and monumental genius. As long as I live I shall celebrate the anniversary."

"And how did he impress you?"

"Oh! what a brow, what an intellect! Will you believe it, the man at the look-out sighted his forehead hours before the Isle of Man, on which it was situated, was visible at all."

"You had, of course, read his books before?"

"Read them! Of course. Why they are among my choicest possessions. I know them by heart."

"And which is your favourite amongst his novels?"



TUNNING KING

Blacksmith. "THA KNOWS 'IM. 'E WAS 'EMAYOR ONE YEAR."

Old Man. "NAY, 'E NEVER GOT AS 'IGH AS THAT. 'E WOR NOBBET EX-MAYOR!"

"Well, if I have a preference it is perhaps for *The Master Atom*, but they are all unspeakably dear to me. I love *The Treasure of Greeba* and *God's Good Isle*. There are other writers who can spin a lively yarn, but Mr. HALL CAINE seems to me to stand alone as the heir-apparent of the great Elizabethan dramatists who gathered up the confidence of the English people, and held their hearts in the hollows of their sinewy hands. He's a peach."

"I understand that Mr. HALL CAINE reminded you in appearance of the Vikings who sailed the Northern Seas a thousand years ago."

"Well, you see I am only sixty-one myself, but so far as I can judge there is something very Vikingly in his aspect. He might easily be mistaken for a sailor by an imaginative man. At times, by some strange and subtle Shakespearian association, he reminded me of Captain BACON of the *Dreadnought*. At others his resemblance to *Captain Kettle* was quite overwhelming."

"Suppose he had chosen a naval career?"

"Ah! He would by now be at the top. Nothing could stop him. He would be eating the emerald."

"But what a loss to literature!"

"Yes, indeed. Had he been a sailor we should have no *Murder of Delicia*."

"What did you think of the speech he delivered at the request of Lord RAGLAN on the eve of the departure of the warships?"

"Quite the most formidable oratorical effort I ever heard. The bombardment of Alexandria was child's play compared to it. To do it justice I cannot do better than adapt the historic tribute to ARTEMUS WARD's eloquence. 'It was a grand scene, Mr. HALL CAINE, standing on the platform looking; many of the audience sleeping tranquilly in their seats; the sun shining; the hall and not returning; others, crying like a child at some of the plumes—all, all formed a most impressive scene, and showed the power of this remarkable orator.' Personally I place him even above BARRY KENNEDY and T. P. O'CONNOR."

"Did you see at Greeba Castle?"

"Yes, and I have never beheld amongst all the stately homes of England anything more superbly baronial than this magnificent old feudal pile, unless indeed it be my ancestral mansion at Blarney. Even the cat is perfectly caparisoned, and is the only one in the Isle of Man with a tail."

"You were hospitably entertained?"

"Hospitably isn't the word. I might have been a publisher. It is true that the portcullis stuck, but that is a trifle. The drawbridge too refused to draw until Mr. BLATHWAYT oiled it. But after that! Have you ever tasted Isle of Man champagne? Wonderful! Amazing!"

Cricket Candour.

Heard at the Oval: "Cricket Year Book-Photos of Surrey and all the first-class teams."

Secrets of Success.

"A STEADY, powerful win is indispensable to successful yacht racing."
Globe.

AN AWKWARD CASE.

THIS is one of those really difficult cases (being the seventh of the quarter) where the Editor simply has to ask his readers what A. should have done. The sort of reply that will be given is "A. should have carried it off easily." Remarks like that are unhesitatingly included among the "Answers adjudged idiotic."

The thing happened in the train, while I was returning to town after a couple of nights in the country. The scene—an empty carriage, myself in one corner. On the seat opposite lay my dressing-case. I had unlocked it in order to take out a book, and was deep in this when we stopped at a wayside station. The opening of the door woke me suddenly; somebody was daring to get into my compartment. Luckily only one—a girl.

Women always wish to travel with their backs to the engine; in case of an accident you don't have to change your seat. She sat down next to my bag. Naturally I jumped up (full of politeness), seized the handle, and swung it up on to the rack.

That, at least, was the idea. It was carried out literally, but not figuratively. The bag went up beautifully; only—on its way it opened, and the contents showered down upon the seats, the floor, and—yes, even upon her.

The contents. . . .

This story shows upon what small accidents great events turn. If I had only been going instead of coming back! A clean shirt or two, a couple of snow-white collars, a pair of sky-blue pyjamas perfectly creased, socks and handkerchiefs neatly folded—one would not have minded all these being thrown before a stranger; at least, not so much. Going, too, the brushes and things would have been in their proper compartments; they would have swung up on to the rack. I feel convinced that, if the thing had happened going, I should have carried it off all right. We should have laughed together, we should have told each other of similar accidents which had happened to friends, and we should have then drifted into a

general conversation about the weather. Going. . . .

But coming back! It was an early train, and I had packed hurriedly. The brushes and things had been put in anyhow, and they came out anyhow. There was an absurd piece of shaving soap wrapped up in one of "Linesman's" articles. (I always think that things wrapped up like that look so horrible.) There was a shaving-brush in a pink piece

explain to her. In novels the hero is always throwing upon the heroine an expressive glance, full of meaning. That is what I wanted. There is probably, if one only knew it, a shrug, a wave of the hand, which really does express the fact that you were coming and not going, and took in *The Times* yourself, and had packed in a hurry, and. . . .

If I could only have handed a Statement to the Press. . . .

And I have yet to mention the unkindest blow of all. The evening clothes themselves, the only presentable things, stayed in the bag. If they had come out, too, then I might have done something. I should have left them to the last—conspicuous upon the floor. Then I should have picked them up slowly, examined them, and nodded at the braid on the trousers as if to say, "Hang it, that's the sort of man I am really." I think, if they had come out too, I could still have carried the thing off. . . .

What should A. do? Should he say to the girl, "Close your eyes and count twenty, and see what somebody's brought you," and then, while she was not looking, push the clothes under the seat? Should he be quite calm, and, stretching in front of her, say "My sock, I think," or politely, "Perhaps you would care to look at a piece of *The Daily Mail*?" Should he disown the thing altogether? "I'm very sorry. Let

me put them back for you." That would have been a master-stroke.

Or should he, to divert attention, pull the alarm, and pay his five pounds like a man?

But what *did* A. do?

Alas! he did nothing heroic. For one moment he stood there; then he pulled down the bag, fell on his knees, and began throwing the things in madly. He picked up the bag, locked it, and put it on the rack.

Then he turned to the girl. Now he was going to have spoken to her. An apology, a laugh—yes, even now he might have carried it off.

Only he happened to look up. . . and he saw the cord of his pyjamas dangling over the edge of the rack.



"'E MAY WELL SAY, 'FANCY JOE WILLIAMS DRAPER.' I REMEMBER WHEN 'E WAS A LAD 'E USED TO 'ELP 'IS FATHER WITH THE WHEELS."

of *Globe* lying on the sky-blue pyjamas (and the pyjamas all anyhow). Then the collars. I do think a dirty collar. . . . besides I had screwed them up tightly in order to get them in. . . . of course, she wouldn't understand that. . . .

Socks. Now this is too awful. I don't know if I can mention this. Well—well then, they had two wretched sock-suspenders attached to them. Odd ones, as I live—black and pink. You see, I had got up in a hurry and. . . .

Handkerchiefs. They had been shoved into the pumps. I had been pressed for space, and. . . .

You know, there were about thirty-nine different things that I wanted to

BRIGANDAGE FROM A BUSINESS POINT OF VIEW.

[Although we cannot supply our correspondent with the information which he desires, we greatly admire his idea. Apparently he has lighted upon a new solution of the problem, "What shall we do with our boys?"]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Can you give me any idea as to the probable cost of setting a youth up in business as a brigand? My eldest son is about to leave school, and it is therefore necessary for me to arrive at an early decision as to his future. The ordinary professions, as you are doubtless aware, are somewhat overcrowded; and as THOMAS HENRY's intellect is not unduly robust I am anxious to place him in some walk of life where the competition is not particularly keen. Under the circumstances I have arrived at the conclusion that brigandage would be just the very thing for him, provided that the initial outlay were not beyond my slender means.

The work, so far as I can gather, is light and pleasant, whilst the profits appear to be enormous.

THOMAS HENRY himself is simply delighted with the idea, and declares his conviction that he was born to be a brigand, a statement which has the concurrence of quite a number of my immediate neighbours. I have always understood that a natural aptitude for one's occupation is more than half the battle, and I feel that my dear son would quickly find himself on the high road (probably in a mountainous district) to success. The only difficulty, as I have already hinted, is that of expense, and I should be extremely obliged if you could give me any information on this head. I take it that an apprenticeship would be necessary. If I am correct in this, perhaps you can tell me what the premium would be. I should not, of course, be willing to entrust my son's future to a brigand in a small way of business, one probably addicted to drink and in the habit of neglecting his pupils. At the moment I have my eye on a gentleman named RAISULI, who appears to be quite one of the leading lights of the profession. What do you suppose his fee would be, and can you recommend him? Possibly you number a brigand or two amongst your own personal acquaintances? If so, you might be willing to give me an introduction, a favour which I should appreciate most highly.

The question as to outfit is also one upon which I require information.



Kindly Old Gent. "DON'T ALL THOSE PAPERS MAKE YOU TIRED, MY BOY?"
Little Boy. "No. I DOESN'T READ 'EM, SUR."

Unless my memory misleads me, the main item of a brigand's costume is a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail, whilst certain other portions of the attire consist of velvet shorts and complicated bandages. A sugar-loaf hat with ribbons of all colours is, I understand, *de rigueur*. None of these articles, however, seems likely to entail any very heavy drain upon my purse, and I take it that if THOMAS HENRY had them all in triplicate to start with he would not require more than one complete new suit each year during the period of his probation. He would, of course, need a gun and a few ornamental weapons for the waist-belt, but the cost of such articles should not be prohibitive.

I have never had the pleasure of meeting a brigand in the flesh; but

you, Mr. Punch, with your wider experience, will doubtless be fully posted on the usages of this profession. Please, therefore, do not hesitate, when replying to my questions, to add any hints which your knowledge of the subject may suggest.

Yours very truly,

PATERFAMILIAS.

WE often read in sporting novels of the broken-down bookie who is discovered to be a public-school man. Here seems to be an instance in real life from *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"The High Master referred to the distinctions which had fallen to old Paulines. The list was an extraordinary one in the successes of life by reason of its variety. They had first place in the higher Civil Service, were second in Woolwich, and first out of Sandown."

This last even looks like a bit of welshing.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WE aren't allowed to look over other people's letters, and so, when a whole packet of them is turned out of a forgotten drawer for us, even though a hundred years old, they have the notorious sweetness of forbidden fruit. Countess GRÖBEN's grandfather, *Ralph Heathcote* (JOHN LANE), was educated in Germany, and grew up into a very dutiful young man, something of a prig and a trifle long-winded ("the diurnal revolutions of time suffer scarcely more changes than what are brought about by the seasons and the state of the weather" is a sentence we recommend to modern schoolboys short of copy on Sunday nights), but his letters to his mother give us delightfully picturesque glimpses of the England that struggled with BUONAPARTE. He sees it through spectacles slightly Teutonic, yet rose-coloured on the whole; sketches well (his drawings are reproduced); is no mean musical critic; and has much to say of the opera of the period. But alas, poor Scotland! "The sound was

like what twenty or thirty pigs would make who were all put together to some terrible torture. Yet I saw some Scotchmen affected almost to tears." The most interesting part of the book, however, is perhaps the last, where the ex-attaché to the Court of Cassel is seen serving in Portugal with the 1st Dragoons, fresh from Pier Hill Barracks. One cannot enough admire the son's efforts to allay his mother's anxiety. As is always the case with intercepted correspondence, there is much that is dull (because so purely personal), and a great deal of repetition, but those who care for a leaf from the past that has lost neither scent nor colour in the keeping will find all they desire in these memoirs.

The Marriage Lease (HUTCHINSON) is called the Story of a Social Experiment, but there is more social experiment than story in it. In an imaginary republic, Azalea, founded and governed on scientific principles, a Marriage Bill is introduced which legalises a change of partners every three years. Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE shows how it worked in this particular state. The greater part of the book, however, is given up to the opinions of the various characters, who wonder at length whether the Bill will work, and explain why it *should*, and prophesy what will happen if it *doesn't*, and show how in some countries it *has*. Sometimes Violet says, "I don't quite understand your meaning," and then Basil has at it again. (When a character says, "I don't quite understand," or "Do explain," I am always nervous. I feel as the ancient Greeks must have felt in the play when the Chorus recklessly asked "How so?") Mr. MOORE, as usual, lightens his story with epigram; and people who collect sayings for "Flashes of Thought," and "Wisdom while you Wait," will do well to read *The Marriage Lease* carefully. Sometimes he is very wise, as when he says,

"Knowledge of men is with most women equivalent to a knowledge of one bad man." Sometimes he is only smart. "A bit of a free-lance—the pointed bit" fails to score marks.

Ferriby (METHUEN) is a story in which surprise mounts on surprise. Some of the turns are so sudden and unexpected that it becomes a little difficult to follow them. All the principal characters are madly in love with someone. Occasionally, as in the case of *Irene Garth*, two grand passions are cherished at the same time. The young lady was indeed engaged to be married to *Devil Ferriby* at the midnight hour when she was secretly packing up to flee with his cousin *Paul*. This and other arrangements were upset by discovery of *Devil Ferriby* prone on his back in his sitting-room, done to death. Suspicion naturally turned upon *Paul*, with whom, apart from complications with *Irene*, he had had a long-standing quarrel. But Mrs. VERE CAMPBELL is equal to avoidance of anything so commonplace. The murderer was a casual outsider, a passing visitor in the neighbourhood, a gentleman who we are told again and again reflected



DAY DREAMS. THE ACTOR'S HOLIDAY.

from brown eyes a look of dog-like devotion, and was "singularly pleasant." He made it extremely unpleasant for *Ferriby*, whom he found unconscious after a drunken fall, and finished off by placing a wet towel over his mouth and nostrils. Mr. Robert Gisborne (that's his name) is madly in love with *Daphne Estorel*, who is frantically enamoured of *Paul Ferriby*. Nevertheless, in the last chapter, looking into Mr. Gisborne's brown dog-like eyes, she proposes to marry him, bestowing upon him her ample fortune. From this brief outline it will be gathered that this is a moving drama, its attraction added to by the stage being set in a charming old English Grange.

In *The Lodestar* (WARD, LOCK & Co.) Mr. MAX PEMBERTON has employed a good many of the modern melodramatic devices which take the place of the old *deus ex machina*. Such, among other ingenuities for use if necessary, are the mysterious ubiquity of Poland's secret societies, and the equally mysterious omniscience of Russia's secret police. Mr. MAX PEMBERTON uses these last with a lavishness worthy of their best traditions; but he redeems his story from a commonplace level by an attention to the detail of character-painting which the ordinary melodramatic craftsman wholly lacks. There are also one or two new departures in the sensation line. That network of underground passages between St. James's and the Haymarket, for instance. I should think that a carefully prepared map of the system would have a very extensive private sale among novelists and the criminal classes. The police also would doubtless take a few copies.

A Good Judge.

FROM a school report: "Spelling—week."

CHARIVARIA.

THE ignorance of the mass of the people in regard to things nautical is indeed prodigious. We heard a man in the street explaining, the other day, that a war-vessel which was recently in collision was saved by her water-tight blockheads.

We are informed that the statement which may be read on a new type of electric omnibus now to be seen in our streets,

THE LONDON ELECTROBUS, has no reference to our Poor Law Guardians.

At the quarterly meeting of the Oxfordshire County Council it was resolved that in view of the very serious damage caused to roads in the county by motors the time had now arrived when a further substantial tax should be levied on them. It is thought that to give practical effect to this resolution the local magistrates will be requested in future to fine all motorists whether they exceed the speed limit or not.

"The decision of the Army Council to refuse official sanction to rifle clubs on licensed premises has aroused much indignation," says a contemporary. In our opinion it ought to be forbidden to rifle a club, no matter where it may be situate.

The Emperor of KOREA has approved the sentence of hanging passed by the Supreme Court upon Prince Yi, one of the Korean delegates to the Hague Conference, and the sentences of imprisonment for life passed upon the PRINCE's companions. The delegates are now in America, and you really cannot blame them.

A party of Doukhobors have walked a distance of some 350 miles from Swan River in search of "a

land of perpetual summer." They have chosen a peculiarly unfortunate year for the quest.

Mr. HENRY A. BEERS, the Professor of English Literature at Yale University, declares that the English drama has been dead for nearly two centuries. We had thought the accusation unjust until we suddenly remembered that *The Belle of New York* and *The Prince of Pilsen* were both American productions.

From a White Paper issued by the Board of Trade we learn that, while in 1871 £9,558,000 was spent on 1,237,000 paupers, in 1906 £16,741,000 was spent on 1,089,000

worm, it is said, apologised for arriving late.

Sir OSWALD MOSLEY has offered a penny each for queen-wasps, to prevent a threatened plague in the neighbourhood of Rolleston, near Burton. The rumour that several of the royal insects have come in voluntarily and claimed their pennies is unconfirmed.

Among the prizes offered in a bowling competition at Yarmouth was a set of false teeth. This would surely have been a more useful prize for a boxing competition. On the other hand, it may be that the marksmanship of Yarmouth bowlers is known to be erratic.

A Waterford lady has, by her will, left an annuity of eighty pounds for the support of her two favourite dogs. Since the news has been made public the fortunate legatees have, we hear, been pestered with offers of marriage; but we understand that it is their intention to remain single.

The American Naval Department is considering the question of a new and more appropriate dress for American blue-

jackets, and it is not impossible that a neat striped and starred bathing costume will be decided on.

Answer to a Correspondent:—A *croquette*, we believe, is a female croquet player.

"Leave us still our Old Nobility."

"COULD its walls but speak they could tell a story. . . of the fearless exploits and the splendid achievements of Scotland's Old Nobility. Here it was that a Soulis was rolled in a sheet of lead and boiled in a cauldron. Here a Douglas captured a Ramsay and starved him to death in one of the dungeons."—*Drapers' Record*.



PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE WILDERNESS.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND DISGUST OF SNAPPITT AND POBLEIGH, WHO HAVE BEEN STALKING EACH OTHER FOR HOURS.

paupers. It is good to know that not only have our paupers decreased in numbers, but they have at the same time increased in wealth.

A Bill for the more rigid inspection of food, particularly canned goods, at the ports of entry will shortly become law. We only hope that it will be somebody's duty to see that the canned food, if destroyed, is destroyed in as humane a manner as possible.

The report of the Zoological Society for the past month shows that 210 new animals arrived at Regent's Park. Among them were a slow-worm and a lioness. The slow-

TO A FRIEND, ABOUT TO MARRY BEER.

THOMAS, as you describe the gifted creature
That weaves about your heart her golden spell,
I gather she is Philistine of feature
But in her converse strangely *spirituelle*;
Her figure may be sketchy, but in mental
And moral graces she's a flawless pearl,
And to the arts of forty adds a rental
Fit for a bloated earl.

My boy, I do not here propose to pamper
Your very pardonable self-esteem,
Nor, on the other hand, to throw a damper
Over the dawn of Youth's romantic dream;
I pass no comment on the situation
Save to extract from memory's mouldy stores
A case that fell within my observation
Analogous to yours.

He, too, that other pauper, nursed a passion
For one whose shekels matched the shower of Jove;
He thought to live a life of *luxé* and fashion
Wed to the purple—or, at least, the mauve.
What happened? Halfway through the moon of honey
He had become the queen-bee's humble drone,
And failed to touch sufficient ready-money
To call his soul his own.

In clear and bell-like notes that wouldn't falter,
Not though the parson twitched a dubious brow,
He had informed his heiress at the altar:
"WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDOW."
Whereas 'twas she who bought his youth and beauty,
Paid for 'em like a man—or *said* she'd pay,
And shifted onto him the wifely duty
To "honour and obey."

My boy, I mention this by way of warning,
Not that you have an eye for filthy pelf;
You love the lady for her mind's adorning,
I'm sure you love her solely for herself;
Yet, THOMAS, since the human heart is fickle
And verbal promises are often trash,
See that you have a settlement, and stickle
For something round in cash.

O. S.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

SOMEONE, an admirable man, has sent me a brace of grouse. It is a noble gift, for beyond its own intrinsic delights, its store of rich and juicy food, it has the power of lifting me out of London, of sending my spirit spinning to the North, though my material body remains fast in the clutches of the mighty monster that spreads its vast limbs through Middlesex and Surrey. I too will be off to the moors.

It's the cheapest trip in the world. No packing has broken my temper. Nothing has been loaded on to a cab. No ticket has been struggled for; no seat has been occupied in any train; no night has been spent in a delusion of sleep while the train roared over Chat Moss or rumbled into York station. All I have needed to do was to shake out my wings; and soaring through the open window, and out and up athwart the starry sky, in a moment I have lit lightly upon a Scottish moor.

"So-ho!" says SANDY. "Steady, my man." The old setter stands like a rock, one paw half lifted. His anxious eyes take a quick corner-look at us, to see if we are coming. "Make on quietly, Sir," says SANDY. Two

steps more, a third, a careful fourth—rattle-clatter, cockle-cockle—bang, bang, and away they go over the heather and over the hill, down into the valley and up the hill beyond, as noble a lot of moor-kings as ever gladdened the eyes of a sportsman. "One's down, Sir," whispers SANDY, "and another's hard hit. There he goes towering." Upward and upward strives the bird; he checks; he folds his fluttering wings and down he drops from the sky two hundred yards away. "A good beginning, Sir," allows SANDY. "If you'll be shooting as well the whole day through you'll hit one or two of them."

Now we are in the butts. Is it on the same day or on another? I am not sure, but I know I am in my butt, and JACK is in the right-hand butt, and the old gentleman is on the left. A safe and a sure shot is the old gentleman. No amount of walking tires him. He climbs the hills like a two-year-old. A quarter of an hour or so suffices him for lunch. "I'm not sure," he says, "about the beauty of all this driving. I like to see the dogs work." The old gentleman's ideas are perhaps old-fashioned, and JACK, his son, smiles indulgently. "You can't deny, father," he observes, "that a driven bird gives you better sport. It's a harder bird to hit. Besides, you get a better stock of birds on the moor with driving." The old gentleman acquiesces: "Hit them, JACKY my man," he replies, "and I'll forgive you." But I forgot: I am in my butt.

What are those dark specks in the distance? There's a warning whistle from JACK. The birds are coming. Lie down, Ben, old dog; there'll be work for you if the luck is with us. How silently they come, larger and larger, looming up portentously over the heather. Swoop! The guns have gone off and the birds are growing dim on the sky-line in our rear. One bird to me, two to the old gentleman, and two empty cartridges, but not a bird, to JACK. JACK mutters something about the sun. "The sun shines on the just and the unjust, JACKY," says the old gentleman. "Leave him out of the question, and hold your gun straight, man. I'll warrant you were a yard behind that first bird."

And now we are trudging home, tired but triumphant. Four good miles we have got to go—but who cares? We have had a great day. SANDY is satisfied; the old gentleman swings along as if he could swing for fifty miles instead of four. JACK has redeemed himself by some first-rate shooting. Ben, the retriever, paces beside us. We shall dine greatly; we shall talk, and then we shall sleep without tossing or dreaming. Is there anything like a day on the moors for health and delight? If there is I don't know it.

What was that? Boom—boom. Midnight from Big Ben. It's time to go to bed in London.

THE Cunard Company spares no pains to bring facts home to the British public. One could conceive a selfish director, secure in the knowledge of what 68,000 horse-power meant, unwilling to share the secret with his shareholders. Not so with the Cunard Line, as an extract from their booklet on the *Lusitania* will show. After explaining that the screws are rotated by engines of 68,000 horse-power, it goes on—

"In other words, this is the measure of the work done by the engines of one of these vessels. Sixty-eight thousand horses placed head to tail in a single line would extend 90 miles, while, if the steeds were harnessed twenty abreast, there would be no fewer than 3,400 rows of powerful horses."

This last is a wonderful thought, as well as a strong bit of arithmetic.



AN OBJECT-LESSON.

BRITISH LABOUR MEMBER (to Swiss Peasant). "AND SO YOU GO IN FOR UNIVERSAL SERVICE?"
 SWISS PEASANT. "YES; WE ALL LEARN HOW TO DEFEND OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN."
 BRITISH LABOUR MEMBER. "HORRIBLE! MILITARISM! AND YOU CALL YOURSELVES A FREE COUNTRY!"

[A mission, which is to inculcate some Labour Members, will shortly visit Switzerland to study the Republic's system of Universal Service.]



WILD LIFE ON THE MOORS.

Cheerful Terror. "I SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN THESE NEW SAFETY WHATTECALLEMS? I MEAN T'SAY MY GUN'S LOADED, BUT I CAN GO ON PULLIN' THE TRIGGER LIKE FUN, AND IT WON'T GO OFF. SEE?"

SARAH'S EXAMPLE.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S account of her holiday routine at Annecy, in France, has inspired several English actresses to equal efforts to attain what the divine one calls rest by exhaustion. This is SARAH'S bill of fare every day:—"In all weathers, up between five and six. Shooting immediately. Eight A.M., back home; gun exchanged for fishing-net, and I go shrimping. Eleven A.M., bath and toilette. Twelve-thirty P.M., lunch. After lunch, siesta, lying on a wicker sofa against the fort. Then to work in the studio, reading manuscripts, learning parts, or using the sculptor's chisel. At five, tennis. Then dinner, then music, then bed; and we (for Madame generally has her castle full of guests) begin all over again."

Miss JULIA NEILSON, who is immensely impressed by her French colleague's activity, has drawn up the following programme:—"In all weathers, up between four and five A.M. Walk to Brighton before

breakfast. Nine A.M., back home; walking dress exchanged for gymnastic costume, and I go long-jumping on the lawn. Twelve noon, lunch in the pimperl pleasaunce. After lunch, siesta in a *chaise-longue*. At three P.M., exercise on the cinder track, hurdle racing (three strides), and throwing the hammer. At five, high tea. Then to work in the gymnasium: punching the ball, lifting the grand piano with Mr. TERRY at the keyboard. Then dinner; then leaping the billiard table. At ten P.M. I give the lions their supper, and so to bed."

The Misses ZENA and PHYLLIS DARE plead guilty to excessive strenuosity. Their trivial round runs thus:—

6.0 A.M. Rise.
6.30. First sitting with the photographer alone.
7.0. Family group.
8.0. Breakfast.
9.0. Photographed for the *Tetch*.
9.30. Photographed for the *Skatler*.
10.0. Photographed for the *Shy-sittler*.

10.30. Family group, all standing on gates.

11.0. Sandow exercises (with photographs).

11.30. Photographed for picture post-cards.

12.0. Rehearsal of new parts in *The Camera Girl*.

1.0 P.M. Photographed at lunch.

2.0. Photographed in a motor car.

2.30. Sign autograph albums for undergraduates.

3.30. Photographed with father.

4.0. Photographed with mother.

4.30. Photographed with brother. Light getting bad.

5.0. Tea interval.

5.30. Answer letters from undergraduates and crowned heads.

7.0. Dress for dinner.

8.0. Photographed at dinner by magnesium light.

9.30. Family prayers (with cinematograph).

10.0. Photographed saying Good night to father, mother and brother, all standing on the pillars of the pergola in the limelight.

THE M.C.C. TEAM.

RUNNERS AND STARTING PRICES.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Next Monday.—I am privileged to make the official announcement that it is now quite uncertain whether BRACEY will accompany the team to Australia or not. The M.C.C. are much hurt that BRACEY has not answered their last letter; and, as they point out, it is certainly his turn to write. In the event of the correspondence between them dropping altogether, Mr. *Punch* will be the first to inform his readers of the fact.

Next Tuesday.—The refusal of BUSWELL, the popular Northamptonshire cricketer, to accept the invitation extended to him has been generally attributed to his dissatisfaction with the terms offered, viz., £300, together with expenses, allowances, tips, gratuities, bonuses, and washing. This is entirely wrong, and does that player a great injustice. The strongest possible family reasons, which I am not at liberty to mention, keep him in England; while the fact that when on the sea he suffers acutely from *mal-de-mer* must not be overlooked. Moreover, loyalty to his native county is another deciding factor, he being of opinion that, after a hard season in the Colonies on behalf of England, he would not be in a condition to do himself justice in Northamptonshire's engagements next year. However, if the M.C.C. saw their way to offering £500, it is quite possible that these difficulties could be overcome.

The case of BENSKIN, the well-known Leicestershire bowler, is quite different. He has a large interest in the "Jasper Benskin Almond Rock Company," and it would be inimical to the best interests of the firm if he were away for an extended period. It has been hinted that the name of the famous county player is all that is wanted to make the company a success, and that his presence in Australia would, by keeping his name before the public, be actually an advantage to the firm. This is quite a mistaken idea. BENSKIN has a direct control of the business, and it is revealing no trade secret when I say that it is he, in fact, who puts the almonds in. At the same time, he agrees with BUSWELL that if the terms had been £500 the situation might have been saved.

Next Wednesday.—The inability of SILVERLOCK of Monmouth to make the trip has caused the acutest disappointment in Australian circles.

Our Sydney correspondent cables that in the circumstances, financial considerations naturally being everything, the Board of Control are of opinion that they may have to ask the M.C.C. to postpone the tour altogether, as—with BENSKIN, BUSWELL and SILVERLOCK all unable to go, and BRACEY doubtful—they cannot guarantee any gates whatever.

Next Thursday.—The difficulties of the M.C.C. increase every hour. Late last night came the news that "Linesman" was unable to accept an invitation, and needless to say the announcement caused a profound gloom in the City. It may not be generally known that this *nom-de-guerre* conceals the identity of an extremely well-known cricketer, and his presence on the side would have undoubtedly strengthened both the batting and the bowling.

Next Friday.—The latest news is that HIBBERT (Lincs.) has been prevailed upon to accept. His attitude at first was that nothing that he might do in Australia could possibly make his reputation greater than it is now, and that, on the other hand, he might, through ill-health or ill-luck, fail to do himself justice, and so spoil his record. It was pointed out to him that similar arguments had not prevented HIRST and HAYWARD playing against Derbyshire, or (to take another parallel) Lord ROBERTS going to South Africa; and after much consideration he consented to withdraw his refusal. The following additional names, therefore, have to be added to the list of last week:—

Accepted	Refused	Doubtful if asked
HIBBERT	BENSKIN	W. G. GRACE
(Lincs.)	BUSWELL	DUCAT
	SILVERLOCK	SIDLEY SNOOKE

Next Saturday.—After weeks of waiting GAUKRODGER has decided to make the journey. He has been in daily correspondence with the M.C.C. lately, and his last letter announced that he would be coming to town on the next day, and hoped to see them. Mr. LACEY immediately wired, "If yes, wear flower in buttonhole, so that I shall know at once. FRANK"; and great was the excitement when the popular stumper was seen approaching the pavilion with an immense bunch of sweet peas in his coat. The team may now be considered settled.

Monday.—Our Sydney correspondent cables: "Immense excitement here at news that GAUKRODGER will come. Guarantee increased to £15,000. Consols risen to 128. Crowds parading the city."

A PROBLEM IN GLOVES.

[Small hands are said to be "disappearing," as a result of the modern girl's devotion to games.]

WHEN DELIA—latest of my loves—
Disturbed my afternoon repose
And thereby claimed a pair of gloves
(The petal of a falling rose
Fluttered my lips), I thought it
cheap,
Seeing that I was *not* asleep.

But tho' she comes of gentle blood
My DELIA shares the modern fad
For pastimes of the field and flood,
A point on which she's rather
mad,
And DELIA's hands—a shapely pair,
No doubt, but still, you know
they're there.

And gladly tho' I own the debt
It still remains unpaid; I know
How many buttons, what to get
In such-and-such, and so-and-so,
Et-cet'ra; but I can't devise
A scheme for getting at her size.

A candid spirit (such as mine)
Would lean to sevens and a bit;
But there politeness draws the line;
Besides, suppose they didn't fit—
Or worse, suppose they *did*! Good
heavens,
She'd never own to wearing sevens!

Yet sixes—here politeness errs:
The compliment itself is thin;
Indeed, with such a hand as hers,
She'd think I meant to "rub it
in";
Besides, they'd split; she couldn't
fail
To think I bought them at a sale.

But clearly something must be done.
It's plain that I must face the
task,
And probably it's ten to one
That I go wrong; and yet to ask
Would be deplorably uncouth,
Nor would the lady tell the truth.

But wait; I have it. Happy touch!
I'll order—sent to *her* address—
"Gloves so-and-so, and such-and-
such,
And"—blot; and there the shop
must guess.
And, if it's wrong, why, then the
shop
And DELIA can arrange a swop.
DUM-DUM.

FROM a Buckinghamshire sign-board:—

"Saracen's Head. Patronised by Royalty."
Would this be our old friend,
RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION?

MORE LITERARY HELP.

[With Apologies to "T. P.'s Weekly."]

MR. PUNCH will be pleased to give reliable criticisms of his readers' literary outbreaks at the undermentioned figures:—

FICTION.—£5 per yard.

GENERAL LITERATURE.—According to merit.

(Minimum charge of £10.)

VERSE.—The charge for this to be entirely at the Editor's discretion. £100 to be deposited with each poem. Epics barred.

"IRIS."—Your *June Idil* (this should be spelt "Idyll") is lacking in observation. For instance, the refrain—

Bathing in the sunlight,
Bathing in the sunlight,
Bathing in the sunlight
From eve to dewy morn—

could never have been written had you given the matter a moment's thought. We do not think that any of the periodicals would accept your poem, but a well-known soap firm might use it for advertising purposes.

"M.U.G."—Your essay *A Day in the Country* displays a nice appreciation of the beauties of nature. The subject, however, is one that has been treated too often to find a ready market, and you also make several errors in composition. "As she stood picking apples with dreamy eyes and tightly pressed lips, she looked like some sweet spirit drawn from the wood," is a little mixed. Did she gather the apples with her eyes and lips, or had the apples she gathered eyes and lips, or what? Further, is the maiden supposed to be like a wood nymph or a beverage? It is always advisable to make yourself understood. If you observe this, and choose an original subject of great interest, and develop an individual style, you may write something of distinction. The magazines might then take your work; on the other hand, they might not. The best way to find out is to write and ask them. Do not be disappointed if your manuscript is returned; you will be luckier than many authors.

"DETERMINED."—You lay great stress on your request that our criticism shall be quite candid, so for once we will make it so. *Winkles on the Beach*, then, is deficient in that coherency and grip that go to the making of a good story. After the little boy had rescued his sister from the waves, you say "an enthu-



He. "MABEL, YOU GROW MORE BEAUTIFUL EVERY DAY."

She (pleased). "OH, JACK, YOU DO EXAGGERATE!"

He. "WELL, THEN, EVERY OTHER DAY."

siastic and sympathetic crowd showered pennies and oranges upon him, which he proceeded to eat quite unconcernedly." From this point we cannot follow your characters clearly. Your manuscript is not numbered, so possibly there is a page missing, which might make a difference. Persevere. Several of your words are spelt quite correctly.

"PIXIE."—Your little dog's tale is quite charming in its wistfulness. But we think it wants cutting.

"J. S. H."—*Helping* shows that you have a tender heart.

Let us always help each other,
Or at least let's try,
Helping father, friend and mother,
Rates man in this life high.

The sentiment of this is praiseworthy, but the final line is lacking in liquid movement. Don't try again.

If "IOTA," "JUMBO," and "HOPEFUL" let us have their full names and addresses we will at once communicate with the authorities.

OUTSIDE OPINIONS.

(A Reminiscence of the Late Season.)

SCENE—A West End square. TIME—About 12.30 A.M.
On one side of the awning in front of a house where the last dance of the Season is in progress is a group of tall footmen in long drab coats and powder, chauffeurs in black leather, and pages. On the other a double row of spectators, chiefly women. Under the awning one of those licensed buffoons known as linkmen. He wears a glossy tall hat, a frockcoat, scarlet waistcoat, and light trousers, and carries a lighted lantern for some purely traditional purpose. He has just seen an early departure off with a roguishly insinuating smile and a flourish of his hat, and is relaxing from the mental strain so far as to sketch a few valse-steps on the pavement, while the tall footmen look on impassively, considering such levity out of place. Round the railings of the Square, and along the pavements of two sides of it and the adjoining streets, are serried rows of carriages, motors, and cabs. Another knot of onlookers has collected in the road so as to command a view of the balcony.

Tall Footman (to Chauffeur). Nothing more doin' after to-night. What you may call the Wind-up, this is.

Chauffeur (a wag). And time, too, for some of 'em. I know my little lot are precious near runnin' down as it is.

T. F. To Goodwood, eh?

Chauff. I didn't mean that. Waxworks was more what I had in my mind when I said "runnin' down."

T. F. I shouldn't have said myself the weather 'ad been so warm as all that.

Chauff. (after a prolonged stare at him). What I like so partickler about you, old feller, is your astonishin' quickness at seein' anything in the way of a joke.

T. F. Ah. I take after my old dad there. He was most remarkable quick. (A page in front of him sniggers suddenly.) What's set you off? Young imps like you have no call to overhear the conversation of your betters.

Page (with presence of mind, indicating the linkman). I was on'y larfin' at 'im.

First Woman. They 'ave got a lovely band up there. I feel I should like to start dancing meself if I on'y 'ad someone to dance with.

Second Woman. Well, there's a p'liceman just behind.

The front doors are partly opened and two powdered footmen in black satin knee-breeches and white stockings make some communication to a drab-coated footman on the steps, who passes it down to the linkman.

Linkman (bawling). Lady 'ARRIET FEATHERSTON-AUGH's Ser-vint!

First W. He's downstairs in the kitching, 'aving somethink.

Second W. 'Ow do you know?

First W. I don't know—but I surmise.

IN THE ROAD.

A Girl (to Facetious Fiancé). Fency! Jest now I 'eard that lady up in the belkony say "'Ow byutiful!" as plain as anythink. I wonder what at.

The Facetious Fiancé. Well, I 'ardly like to tell you—but if you must know, she 'd jest 'appened to ketch sight of your 'umble.

Girl. You indeed! Go on!

F. F. It set her thinkin': "'Ow different is he from the gilded popinjays by 'oom I am surrounded!" You didn't

notice 'er fling me a flower? She did—on'y it fell in the airy.

Girl. I dessay. You 'd better ring the bell and arsk for it!

F. F. It would on'y encourage 'er to 'ope for what can never be. See, she has turned 'er 'ed aside to 'ide 'er feelings. Pore gel! She has already divined that the fair youth who has won 'er 'art is perlighted to Another!

Girl. Oh, you are a— There's the music gone and broke off quite sudden. What's that for?

F. F. You may well arsk. At that percise moment a mysterious female stepped from beyind a mawble column, and, throwing back the 'eavy veil which obscured her features, exclaimed: "Sir JARSPER, 'ave you no greeting for the wife your villainy doomed to a livin' death?" On which Sir JARSPER, not 'aving none, fell back on the band in a fit—which accounts for their leavin' off so abrup'. Or else a sluice-'ound of the Lor in the disguise of a Blue Bulgarian 'as sprung forward and arrested a Viscount for murderin' his mother-in-lor the Marshiness by choppin' " 'orse-air " into her Irish stoo! Either way, I shouldn't be surprised if it broke up the party.

Girl. Oh, do tork sense! And you're wrong, 'cause the band's just struck up again!

F. F. It jest shows yer the 'eartlessness of Society. "Why should such a trifle interfere with our enjoyment?" they say. "Let the dance perceed!" (The döors are thrown open, revealing the hall and foot of staircase, with a glimpse of the Supper-room beyond.) There they are, you see, all goin' down to supper, and tellin' each other what a 'orrible revelation in 'igh life it's been, and 'ow they 'd 'ad their suspicions all along!

Linkman (shouting). Sir RUNBURY KEGG's 'ker-ridge! Now then! Sir RUN-BURY KEGG!

The Assistant Linkman runs out, taking up the cry, till the name of Sir RUNBURY is heard echoing and resounding along the line of vehicles.

F. F. It's to be 'oped Sir RUNBURY 'asn't bin thinkin' o' sneakin' orf unbeknownst.

Girl. Whatever should he want to do that for?

F. F. (darkly). Some Earls 'ave a way o' keepin' the family dimonds in a burglar-proof safe in the boudwore. I don't say he's pinched any of 'em, but it looks bad, leavin' so early.

A Young Footman (in a straw hat, white tie, and striped waistcoat, to a friend, as Sir RUNBURY comes out). I know 'im. Stayed with us once at the Towers, and didn't bring 'is man, so I valeted 'im. And he found out my name was the same as his, and ast how I come by it. And I told him my people was descended from Spanish smugglers as settled down on the Cornish coast. Which was quite right. There's some of the old stills there yet.

His Friend. And what did 'e say?

The Y. F. He says there was no doubt we were the same family, on'y different branches of it. And when he went he left a sov'rin for 'is namesake, as he called me, to drink his 'ealth.

His Friend (impressed). Ah, that comes of 'aving good blood in your veins!

BY THE AWNING. LATER.

Linkman. Claridge's 'Otel! Now then. Where's Claridge's?

A Bystander. Won't be up just yet, ole man. It's run into the Coburg and broke a arch.

L. Baroness VON BUNKEL'AUSEN! Coming out! Baroness VON BUNKEL'AUSEN's Ker-ridge! Oh, a four-



SKETCHED AT BRIDLINGTON.

"MOTOR BOAT, SIR?"

wheeler, is it? (with patronage). Come along, cabby! Baroness VON BUNKEL'AUSEN'S four-wheel kebab stops all the way!

First Woman (as carriages and motors are called up in quick succession). They're beginning to go now. And glad enough to get 'ome to their beds, I'll be bound!

Second Woman. Some of 'em do look 'aggard. But it's the pore pageboys I'm most sorry for, kep' up till all hours.

First W. Oh, boys! they're never in no 'urry for bed. It's their mistresses I pity, 'aving to dress up and go out night after night, and from one party to another, and to be on their best beyaviour all the time. I don't wonder at their breaking down.

Second W. They needn't do it if they don't like.

First W. That's where you're wrong, my dear, they can't 'elp themselves. I've a friend who's lady's-maid in a 'igh family, so I 'ear things. And once you're in Society you've got to go on till you drop, or else drop out of it altogether.

Second W. Pore things! Well, all I can say is, thank my stars I'm not in Society.

First W. Same 'ere, I can assure you. And now I'll say good night, for, to tell yer the truth, I've 'ad about enough o' standin' about 'ere all these hours.

Second W. Oh, I'll come with you as far as I live. I'm reg'lar tired out myself. Though I don't say some o' them dimond tyarers wasn't well worth it. F. A.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF PHYLLIS.

THE scehe: a luscious punt, a day of days,

A wealth of cushions and a gentle stream.

"O princely Thames!" cried I, and in its praise

Made statements which in calmer moments seem
Hysterical and almost indiscreet;

While she, my PHYLLIS, held it "rather sweet."

I dropped the Thames, its princeliness, and next

I let myself become extremely warm

Dilating fiercely on my daily text,

"The Wantonness of Tariff (bah!) Reform."

But PHYLLIS did not share my righteous heat:

"Oh, don't you think Protection's rather sweet?"

So much for that. "But what," I cried, "for lunch?"

(Before that problem other problems pale),

"A plate of beef, tomatoes and a bunch

Of lettuce with a pint (or two) of ale,

A little Stilton . . . ?" I, as standing treat,

Made choice, and PHYLLIS murmured, "Rather sweet."

I ate, I drank, I smoked, and, fortified,

I posed myself as fitly as I could,

Then, "Charming creature, will you be my bride?"

I pleaded hotly. She (I knew she would)

Informed th' impassioned lover at her feet

"She thought that really might be rather sweet."



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

Charlie (falling into seat). "COME ON, 'ERB! WHY, EVEN LYING ON THE GRASS MAKES ME TIRED!"
'Erb (following with supreme effort). "Yus!"

THE TWO DESPERADOS.

[*"Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX and Mr. HARRY DE WINDT left London yesterday for Arctic Lapland."*—*Daily Mail*, August 13.]

THE two boldest heroes that ever I kneux
 Were WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX.

They were harder than nails, they were harder than flindt,
 Were HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

SAVAGE LANDOR turned pink and DE ROUGEMONT turned blueux
 At WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX.

Each had in his eye an adventurous glindt,
 Had HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

They touched with romance the drab page of *Who's Who's*
Wheux,
 Did WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX.

The language was often too luscious to prindt,
 Of HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

No man was so brave as to dare to say Beux!
 To WILLIAM DE WINDT or HARRY LE QUEUX.

They obeyed no command and they took not a hindt,
 Did HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

They were always received with applause at the Zeux,
 Were WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX

The earnings could hardly be stored at the Mindt,
 Of HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

They chartered a yacht with a cannibal creux,
 Did WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX.

They dyed their moustaches a terrible tindt,
 Did HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

They bought fur coats from the Wandering Jeux,
 Did WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX.

And they padded their waistcoats with bullet-proof lindt,
 Did HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

Now they're gone to the Arctic together—Hurreux
 For WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX!

And won't they make PEARY and NANSEN just squindt,
 Won't HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT!

Sad Fate of a Respectable Club.

"On September 2 the Reform Club will close its doors,
 and members will go to the Union."—*Daily Express*.

"While hunting with Mr. Tracey's otter hounds on Tuesday, a fine
 otter, weighing 24 lbs., was killed at Headley Park."—*Farnham Herald*.

Of course, if an otter *will* run with the pack, he must
 take his chance.



AN EMBARRASSING CHAMPION.

ROSEBERY-ACHILLES (*after knocking over a few Greeks*). "LET ME SEE—AM I A TROJAN AFTER ALL? ONE GETS SO OUT OF TOUCH WITH THINGS, STICKING IN A TENT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 12.—"The Noble Lord is the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled a ship. But he scuttles the ship all the same."

Thus the Marquis of LANSDOWNE,



"MAGNIFICENTLY IMPERTURABLE."

(Earl of Cr-we.)

regarding the Earl of CREWE in charge of the Evicted Tenants Bill.

Happy summing-up of an interesting character. Relentless fate has, since he entered the political arena, made CREWE the leader of forlorn hopes. Fifteen years ago, when Mr. G. returned to power with unworkable small majority and a new Home Rule Bill up his sleeve, a prime necessity in the new administration was a Lord Lieutenant for Ireland. The eye of the veteran Cabinet-maker roving round fell upon Lord HOUGHTON, as the MILNES peerage then ranked. He was young and inexperienced in office, and the situation was peculiarly difficult. The appointment seemed risky; Mr. G.'s prescience was abundantly justified.

It happened that the MEMBER FOR SARK paid two visits to Ireland during HOUGHTON's Vice-royalty, and had opportunity of observing from close quarters his Excel-

lency at work. He stood in position of chilling isolation. Predecessors at the Castle had friends in one or other camp. If they were Unionists they had the landlords behind them. If they represented a Liberal Government the populace, animated by a sense of gratitude for favours to come, cheered their appearance in public. During his residence in Dublin HOUGHTON was boycotted by his own set. There was no compensation in the way of popular enthusiasm. The Nationalist M.P.s stood aloof. As he drove through the streets or visited the racecourse in state, there were none among the crowd to cry, "God bless him!"

He bore the painful ordeal with dignified patience that in the end did something to disarm Party animosity and popular suspicion. The earldom with which the service was rewarded was well merited.

Scene has shifted to Westminster. Stage the floor of House of Lords; play the same in its main bearing. The Earl of CREWE, like Lord HOUGHTON, finds himself fighting against hopeless odds. Last year it was the Education Bill; this Session it is the Evicted Tenants Bill. Nominally representing a powerful Government, *locum tenens* for the Leader of the House, he is actually at the mercy of the Opposition. It is LANSDOWNE who is master of the situation. He does his spitting courteously; but—pressed from behind by ruthless advocates of sanctity of the land or inviolability of the Church—mercilessly withal.

In hourly adversity, buffeted from below the Gangway and above it, CREWE never loses his temper. Now and then he manages to land a

polished and barbed dart in chink of armour of noble Lords opposite. In the main he is magnificently imperturbable.

Business done.—The Lords having passed Second Reading of Evicted Tenants Bill without division proceed to cut it up in Committee.

Tuesday.—Leaving for a while his



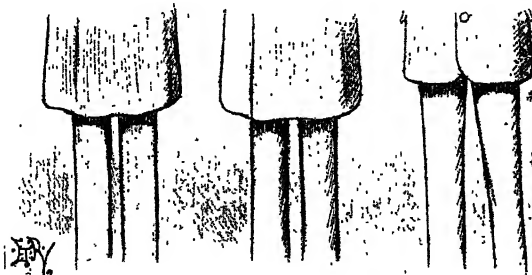
ROSEBERY'S "YOUNG FRIEND."

(Earl of W-m-ss.)

lonely furrow, Lord ROSEBERY stood at the Table to-night and smashed the Scotch Small Holdings Bill. A peculiarity shared with Irish Members leaves him on Opposition side. Ordinary Members, Peers or Commoners, follow Party leaders crossing the floor when change of Ministry takes place. Ministers may come and Ministers may go; ROSEBERY in one House and the Irish Members in t'other retain their old positions.

In last Parliament he was accustomed occasionally to stroll up to table from below Gangway and address House from Opposition side. There he stood to-night, when with genuine sorrow for a much-loved Ministry which he, so he said, had worked hard to bring in, he banged its head, broke its ribs, left it not a leg, whether English or Scotch, to stand upon.

When he intervened, House was steeped in dulness inseparable from



THE BROTHERS PH-L-PFS. PART II.

Our artist wishes to express his deep regret that this instalment of the hon. members has been somewhat delayed. The fact is that as he was gazing upwards with a view to making accurate studies for this picture his attention was distracted by the new Comet which appeared in a neighbouring part of the heavens, and he lost himself in abstruse speculations as to the speed limit.

debate on Scottish domestic matters. As at touch of enchanter's wand the scene changed; the benches filled; a throng of Privy Councillors peopled steps of the Throne. News reaching the Commons "ROSEBERRY is up!" Members raced across Lobby to find places in pens over the Bar.

The speech equalled high expectation. It gained something from the undercurrent of tenderness which flowed through his mind as he thought of old friends and companions dear in a Ministry from which he was an exile. Only a sense of public duty would induce him to do anything hurtful to the feelings of C.-B. But, in view of his responsibility as Premier for an attempt to introduce into the body-politic of Scotland the poisonous bacillus of Irish agrarian system, he

Caught him by the collar,
Cruel only to be kind,
And to his exceeding dolour
Gave him several slaps behind.

For lookers-on effect of brilliant display of argument, invective and humour, was marred by little mannerism of sprawling over the Table on bent elbow. For the rest the speech was a pure intellectual delight, reminding listeners of all that the House and the country have lost since ACHILLES habitually sulks in his tent.

Business done.—Second Reading of Scottish Land Bill moved by LORD CHANCELLOR.

House of Commons, Friday.—NAPOLEON B. HALDANE has this Session established for himself a position that cannot be undermined. By patience, adroitness, thorough mastery of his subject, he has carried a system of Army Reform for which parallel must be sought in the achievements of that other civilian, LORD CARDWELL. It would be a pity if success should be dimmed by display of little weakness. Natural tendency of a much-applauded man to cultivate a swelled head. N. B. H. will find food for reflection in study of one episode of the career of his great exemplar. If the other NAPOLEON, puffed up with continuous victory, confident in his star, had not petulantly invaded Russia, there would have been no retreat from Moscow, and no St. Helena.



"GENUINE SORROW FOR A MUCH-LOVED MINISTRY."

Earl of R-s-b-ry.

These dour reflections arise in contemplation of the SECRETARY of STATE's attitude towards that warrior bold, the Lord Mayor of Dublin. Mr. BOWLES, with hereditary instinct, has nosed out the unsuspected fact that his Lordship is ranked as captain of a Foot regiment, and as such receives pay of £300 a year.

"Does the name of this officer appear on the Army List?" enquired the Bellicose BOWLES. "If not, what is the reason of the omission? And has the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR any claim upon this officer's services should they be required?"

"The Army," answered N. B. H., with regrettable note of superciliousness, "has no claim upon the services of the Lord Mayor of Dublin."

Here was opportunity lost of drawing two nations closer together. It would have been so easy to have put the thing differently. Easy to have framed a few honeyed sentences, indicating that though, thanks to useful reform, the British Army is now impregnable, those concerned for its direction could not view without apprehension the contingency of presence of Captain the Lord Mayor of Dublin found lacking when the roll was called.

The Lord Mayors of Dublin have ever been a warrior race. HALDANE, who did not enter the House till 1885, was not present on the memorable night when the occupant of the civic chair, who, like MALACHI, "wore his collar of gold," rose in his place and defied FORSTER, then Chief Secretary. House was in Com-

mittee on Coercion Bill, which gave police authorities right of domestic search.

"If," said Lord Mayor of Dublin (known as BAKER PASHA in playful allusion to a flour-shop business that commanded his attention when not engrossed in Imperial politics), "the right hon. gentleman were to enter my domicile and approach the bedside of my wife, he would have to pass over my dead body."

Poor FORSTER had not harboured or hinted at the felonious design attributed to him. But the warning had due effect. It showed whom it might concern what manner of man was the Captain of Foot who was Lord Mayor of Dublin for the time being.

And it is his successor whom HALDANE snubs.

Business done.—English Small Holdings Bill read a third time.

THE ETERNAL VERITIES OF CRICKET.

THROWING-IN FROM THE RING.

(After Mr. C. B. Fry)

For too long has this most important branch of our great national pastime been neglected. How often has one been present at a match and noticed the lamentable, almost tragic, loss of time that has followed upon a boundary hit owing to the incompetence of the spectator to whom the ball had gone to return it more than a third of the way to the nearest fieldsman!

Let us look at what this delay involves. The batsman, say, has not long been in: not more than four hours, say, for thirty runs. His eye has hardly yet properly accommodated itself to the conditions of light; the cross wind has still fully to be mastered; the pitch, with its myriad blades of grass, has yet to be learned and committed to memory. At such a juncture, when every moment is of importance for the prosperity of his innings and average, it is almost fatal for him to have to wait an undue time for the next ball. The balls should be coming with perfect regularity, and here is a delay owing to the defective throwing-in of some over-eating old gentleman or over-smoking young one. The chances are that in the course of an hour or so

the batsman will be bowled, and all through this deplorable lack of decent shoulder-play on the part of the crowd.

Now and then one sees a good throw-in from the ring; but how seldom! I remember such a case in the Surrey and Sussex match at the Oval in 1903. The ball had been driven hard to the on-boundary by TOM HAYWARD. It was fielded by a soldier in a red coat, who returned it promptly with such force and accuracy that it reached the feet of the man who had bowled it, whose name I forget for the moment. What a pleasure this was to the trained eye. Here was efficiency at last. But usually, as all participants in the first-class game can testify, the ball is thrown wide and with little power.

Another recollection which I retain is of courtesy run riot, the hero being an aged clergyman at Leeds. Chancing to be the person whom the ball reached from a fine uppish drive by MICHAEL ANGELO TUNNICLIFFE, he actually carried it in his hand to the bowler, refusing to allow any of the fieldsmen to relieve him of it, and by so doing robbed the other side of the ten minutes required for a certain win.

I calculate that if all the time that is wasted by bad returns from the ring were utilised there would not be a single draw in the whole season. An ingenious contrivance for saving this time, and dispensing with the doubtless well-meant if feeble efforts of the crowd, has been invented by my friend Mr. GEORGE W. BELDAM in the shape of an india-rubber bulwark—or cushion, as billiard-players would say—running all round the ring, of such elasticity as to return the ball that strikes it with any force automatically back into the centre of the field of play. But only the more wealthy counties could at present afford such a luxury. Sir ARTHUR HAZELRIGG has, I am informed, ordered one for the Leicester ground for use during his own innings.

THE CONTRIBUTOR'S GUIDE.

1. It is always advisable to write on paper if possible, but if you should be in the habit of jotting down bright thoughts on your shirt cuff *write on one side of the cuff only*. In a case of this kind it is of course unnecessary to send the entire shirt.

2. Number the sheets as you go along, thus—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. This will show not only the actual number of sheets to which the MS. runs, but will also indicate the order in which each sheet is to be



"THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN."

Recruit (to Instructor). "PLEASE, ZUR, DO 'E 'AVE TO PULL MUCH 'ARDER AT THICK 'ERE FIVE 'UNDRED NOR AT THE TWO 'UNDRED YARDS?"

read. Roman numerals may be employed in the same way if desired.

3. Always enclose a stamped and fully addressed envelope. You will in nine cases out of ten get it back. Should, however, your article be accepted, the editor (or someone) keeps the stamp, and it is deemed inadvisable as a rule to pursue the matter any farther.

4. In sending MS. there is no need to enclose your photograph or birth certificate. The editor does not in the least want to know what you like to think you look like, and he knows (perhaps to his cost) that you have undoubtedly been born.

5. If you do not hear anything as to the fate of your MS., say in two days, ring up the editor on the telephone, and ask him what he means to do about it. He will let you know almost immediately, and your anxiety will be allayed.

6. It will save you a lot of trouble if at the end of your article you put the following:—

NOTICE TO EDITORS.

DEAR SIR,—SHOULD THE ABOVE PROVE UNSUITABLE TO YOUR COLUMNS, WOULD IT BE ASK-

ING YOU TOO MUCH TO FORWARD IT WITHOUT DELAY TO

THE EDITOR OF.....

[Here insert in rotation the names of the journals to which you wish the MS. sent]

7. One more piece of advice, *Keep on trying!* There is no royal road to success in journalism—unless, of course, you happen to be an ex-criminal or a first-class cricketer.

The Smart Set Again.

UNDER the heading "Social and Personal" *The Dublin Evening Mail* prints the following:—

"At a special Court on Saturday, M—D—, labourer, was remanded in custody on a charge of assaulting his sister-in-law by striking her over the eye with a tea-pot."

This kind of thing may, or may not, be "social," but it certainly sounds rather "personal."

Half-hours with Hobbs.

LAST week we showed why Notts won, and we are now able to explain why Middlesex rarely lose. In their match with Surrey, we read in *The Bristol Evening News*:—

"Hobbs then survived a ball which came spontaneously from every player."

"— AND WAVED HER SILLY HAND."

I WALKED slowly into the station, and, glancing at the clock, saw that there was still a long wait before me. A train at the platform had to be despatched before mine could come up. I was turning away to the bookstall for relief when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and the next moment I caught a faintly murmured remark:

"Will you join?"

"Join?"

I turned and confronted a small worried man, with lines upon his forehead and ear-stoppers in his hands.

"Join?" I repeated.

He nodded eagerly.

"Do," he said. "If only a few would join the movement something might result. We might really put it down, and—"

"But join what?"

"The SOCIETY for PREVENTING FATUOUS FAREWELLS IN RAILWAY STATIONS. Listen!"

He waved his hand in the direction of the train at the platform.

I listened, and what I heard was:

"Bye-bye."

"Bye-bye; be sure to write."

"Yes. Are we off?"

(The train was not due to start for several minutes yet.)

"Not quite. It's always well to allow plenty of time, you know."

"If you see GLADYS on Monday, give her my love."

"Yes. Got your ticket all right?"

(This necessitates a careful search in a purse, in which both know perfectly well that the ticket is resting.)

"I'm going to have a fine day after all."

"You'll send me a line to-night, won't you? You're nearly off now."

"Well, bye-bye."

"If you've left anything behind I'll be sure to send it on to you." (I glance at the over-burdened rack and wonder what could have been left behind.)

"Thanks so much. I'll be able to get some tea on the way, I expect."

"Yes. Got your sandwiches?" (Both know that she has.) "That's right. Now you're off. Be sure to drop me a line when you get home."

"I wonder if I've got everything."

"You're sure about your ticket?"

(A second search now takes place.)

"That's all right."

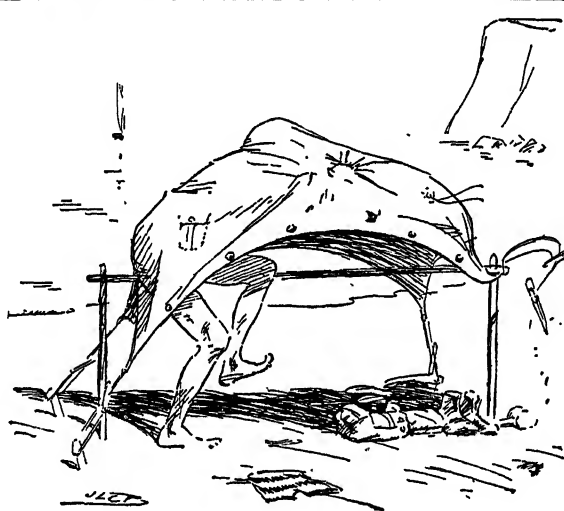
"Oh, there's that hat-pin you lent me. Did I give it you back? I believe I left it in the tooth-brush jar on the washstand. I'm so sorry."

"Never mind, I'll find it when I get home again. Don't you worry. Here's the guard. Now, you've really got everything—your sandwiches and your ticket and everything? Well, bye-bye, dear; write soon. My love to everybody."

"Yes. My love to all your people. Ta-ta. Had such a good time."

The whistle sounds, and the train gives a jerk.

(In chorus.) "Bye-bye; write soon."



[The War Office has issued, "for experiment and report," a new garment which is described as "a combined overcoat, waterproof sheet, tent, and wagon-cover."]

Experimental Tommy. "Ere! 'Elp! THE BLOOMIN' GARMENT'S TURNIN' INTO A WAR-BALLOON!"

Two handkerchiefs flutter and the train at last disappears.

I turned to my companion wearily.

"Please put my name down," I said.

MARINE INSURANCE NOTES.

AMONGST the list of recent regrettable casualties we notice that S.S. (Second Scullerymaid) *Elizabeth* sustained damage to three ribs last Monday whilst taking in coal at Port Putney. She is now in dry dock at St. Thomas's, and is quoted at ten guineas per cent.

On the 6th inst., while window-cleaning during a stiff breeze, Mrs. SMYTHSON'S *Saucy Mary* lost her companion the *Pride of Balham*, who fouled with all hands and feet. *Saucy Mary* herself became a wreck; but much of her has been reinsured at 35 guineas per cent.

On the 7th *Clara Jane*, of Tooting, came to grief while tacking, her spanker having sustained injury; but salvage companies are still hopeful. On the other hand, *Robert's Pearl*, who was dredging for coppers in the Bayswater reach, has not yet been signalled, and it is feared that she may become a total loss.

The Earl of PECKHAM'S lawn-cutter *George* lies in a very crippled condition, and underwriters refuse to touch him.

Two nights ago Sir HUBERT FROBISHER'S new six-footer *Jeames* started on a short cruise from West Kensington, and early yesterday morning was reported off Battersea in difficulties. His steering-gear seems to have been badly affected.

Insurance offices decline liability on the ground of contributory negligence.

Whilst coasting along the Margate Roads the *Scorching Polly* of Broadstairs has run into a local sandbank. Her cargo, which was chiefly eggs, will probably not be recovered. She herself is quoted at 45 guineas.

A later telegram corrects the above, and states that the *Scorching Polly* collided with a tramp, and has lost her screw.

ANOTHER HARD CASE.

A., an exceedingly nervous but inquisitive gentleman, and a great collector of antiques, is returning a first call from B., a lady whom he has never seen

before. On being shown into the drawing-room, and while awaiting the arrival of his hostess, he observes upon her ivory table a fine example of an 18th-century Scratch-Stick (a small ivory hand fastened upon a slender handle of ebony). Impelled by curiosity, he is unable to resist the temptation to put the implement to a practical test, and has just inserted it within the back of his collar for that purpose, when a foot-step outside throws him into a sudden panic. Hastily endeavouring to withdraw the instrument, in his agitation he pulls too hard, the handle breaks, and the ivory hand remains out of reach. What should A. do?

On a notice-board in Crief:

"Mrs. A... B...
Dealer in old Antiques."

This should be the real thing.

THE HYPNOTIC EYE.

[According to *The Daily Telegraph*, the burglar with the hypnotic eye is the latest product of America. At first people scoffed at him as a fiction of the imagination, but Professor MÜNSTERBURG of Harvard and other learned men have set themselves to show that hypnotic power may become a most dangerous asset of the criminal.]

JOHN P. BECK of Fortieth Street
Was as smart a burglar as one could meet;
The jemmy and sandbag too he viewed
As hopelessly primitive, coarse and crude:
On one thing only would he rely—
The power of his black hypnotic eye.
Armed with his orb, JOHN P. would dare
To burgle the hall of the millionaire
And pleasantly humour each passing whim
By taking whatever might chance to take him.

But—who is happy in this round ball?—
At last his triumphs began to pall;
He loathed the monotonous situation
And craved in his soul for a new sensation;
So one dark night, when the policemen found him
With a heap of stolen goods around him,
Instead of making them shrink and quail
He let them carry him off to jail.

Great was the thrill when the news was brought
That JOHN P. BECK had at last been caught.
Never was seen such a crowd before
As hustled around the court-house door.

JOHN P. leant with an easy grace,
Watching the scene with a smile on his face:
Witness One was sworn to the fact
That BECK had been caught in the very act:
“At ten past twelve on Monday night—
I could swear to the minute—I’m certain quite—
I came on BECK in an old shebeen
Just as the clock struck one-fifteen.
The man was wearing some emerald rings.
I said to him, ‘Where did you get those things?’

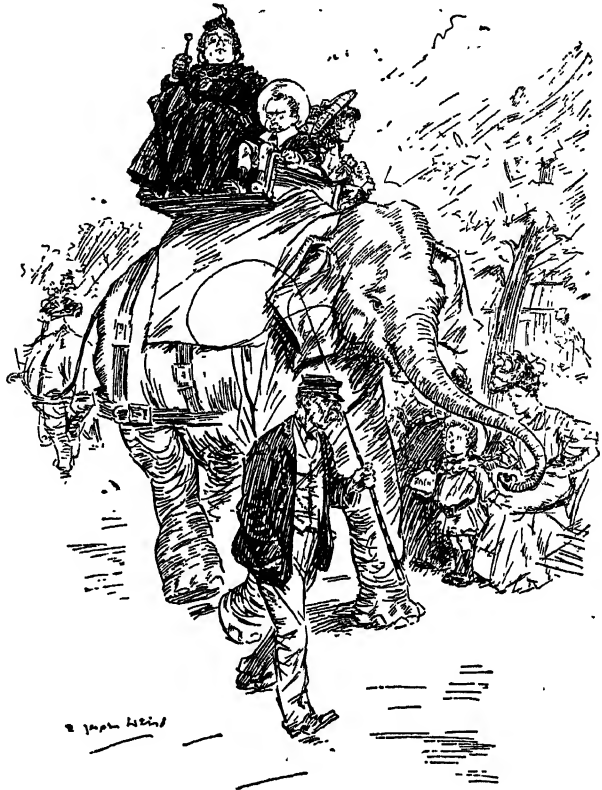
It’s very queer
To find you here

With a lot of rubies and pearls and plate
On a Sunday morning at half past eight?”
The jury stared at the witness. “Mad!
Mad as a hatter!” the thought they had.

Witness Two was called and swore
That BECK was arrested at half-past four:
He caught him himself. The deed was done
Without the aid of Witness One.
He’d known BECK well since he first appeared
With a clean-shaved face and a coal-black beard.

Again the jury opened their eyes
And stared at the man with a wild surmise;
And each who came through the witnesses’ door
Seemed still more mad than the man before.

But further yet was the Court to try
The power of BECK’s hypnotic eye,
For when the judge started to sum up the case
The orb was fixed on his learned face.
“The evidence certainly seems,” said he,
“A little conflicting—at least to me.
How BECK was arrested, and why, and when,
I cannot make out from these gentlemen.
If he committed the crime, or crimes,
With which he is charged, at the time, or times,
It is, of course, for the jury to say
That he is guilty. That’s clear as day.
But if, again, he never committed
The crime, or crimes, he should be acquitted.



Auntie. “Now, TOMMY, JUST YOU KEEP PERFECTLY STILL, OR YOU’LL HAVE THE WHOLE LOT OVER. AND BESIDES YOU MUST THINK OF THE POOR ELEPHANT.”

Again, were it proved that another man
Had conceived a base, nefarious plan
To commit the crime, whatever it be,
And throw the suspicion on good JOHN P.,
Should BECK be punished? The jury, I trust, is
Opposed to such a miscarriage of justice.
Suppose such a wretch existed—What?
You say impossible?—Ah, ’tis not.
I know the criminal. Yes, you see
The wretch before you. I am he!
The man who should be in the dock is me!
Arrest me, warders! Step down, JOHN P.!”

The New French “Dreadnought.”

The *Yorkshire Evening Post* alleges that a Reuter’s telegram says that the *Petit Parisien* publishes (we are going to get there soon, but we must give all our authorities first) a telegram from Casa Blanca to the effect that

“A squadron of chasseurs from the D’Afrique and half a squadron of Spanish spahis were landed this morning, and took part in the fighting.”

Nom de chien! A difficult language, this French!

Commercial Candour.

“WASHING IN A NUTSHELL.

“Washing with — Soap is almost as easy as the title suggests.”
Glasgow Evening News.

THOSE who have tried bathing in a walnut may agree.

Willing to Please.

“Alistair, the winner of the last race, is a son of Ladas and a daughter of Bonavista.”—*Morning Leader.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EVELYN SHARP's quick sense of humour and her nice understanding of childhood have never been in doubt. And in her new book, *Nicolette* (CONSTABLE), so long as the children remain children, they exercise a most compelling fascination. But they grow up, and the charm is gone. To blame the author is only to renew the old complaint against Life for spoiling her best. Besides, Miss SHARP knows just as well as you and I that the spell is snapped. She becomes serious to the verge of priggishness, and her genial humour inclines to narrow itself to an almost unkind ridicule of suburban snobbery and Philistinism in the person of a maiden Aunt. Like many natural humorists when assuming a gravity that is alien to their habit of speech and thought, she loses her originality and tends to follow the obvious beaten track. Otherwise

she could never, for instance, have permitted herself the false delicacy of an attitude long hallowed by fiction, where she makes a clean-hearted woman "falter" in telling her husband that she is to bear him a child. But if the author fails in her larger ambition, it is only by comparison with her own gifts in another field. She actually maintains a standard of which she has no reason to be ashamed. And indeed, if these children had all been *Peter Pans* and refused to grow up, we should have

missed a charming study of hereditary influences drawn from the father, a painter with a soul above mercenary considerations; a loose, vague, irresponsible creature, after the manner of LEIGH HUNT, with a touch of the Bedford Park School. And anyhow the delightful pictures of childhood contained in the first 120 pages are alone well worth the paltry 4s. 6d.

Mr. E. WAY ELKINGTON has written, and Mr. NORMAN HARDY has illustrated, and Messrs. A. AND C. BLACK have published, an attractive book on *The Savage South Seas*. The blasé tourist in search of a novel sensation might do worse than go to the Solomon Islands and be eaten. Only he must hurry up, for cannibalism, I learn, is distinctly on the wane. This is possibly owing to a large extent to the discovery that the scourge of indigestion which is so prevalent in these islands is due to unwholesome food. However, some of the natives are still shockingly ignorant, and the traveller who has an objection to being dined off would do well to impregnate himself with naphthaline. This will cause a feeling of nausea to the man-taster, and he

will seldom take more than one bite. One of the most interesting illustrations in the book is "An old Cannibal Chief whom the Artist met on the Island of Aoba." One can almost hear the artist's farewell speech, "Well, good-bye, Sir, and thank you for not eating me." The volume also contains much illuminating information as to the local fashions, from which we learn that in some parts of the islands even a few tattoo marks are looked upon as prudish, while a pointed bone run through the nose is considered over-dressing. And the mystery as to how living statues get over the no-pocket difficulty is satisfactorily solved. Big holes are made in the ears, and here looking-glasses, and pipes, and matches, and other necessities are stowed. In conclusion we would mention that there are many things which we might with advantage learn from these so-called savages. For instance, in the New Hebrides they bury their helpless and decrepit old men. Here we keep them in office. Over there, ancestor-worship flourishes. Here we throw

stones at the House of Lords.

I anticipate for *The Savage South Seas* a large sale, not only in the Solomon Islands, but also over here. Its price is a New Guinea, less one shilling.

Dr. Manton (JOHN LONG) is a tale of mystery and humour. The humour is unconscious and the mystery so transparent that the reader sees through its various ramifications long before they dawn upon the intelligence of the worthy doctor and the detectives whom he employs.

Manton is, in fact, almost as stupid as Dr. Watson, the admirer of *Sherlock Holmes*, although in the eyes of his creator, Mr. MORICE GERARD, he is no end of a fine fellow, whereas Watson was meant to be a fool. This is how he addresses his chauffeur, about three pages after it is perfectly obvious that the villains from whom he is endeavouring to save the inevitable damsel in distress have tampered with the brake of his motor, in one of their many efforts to kill him: "Do you mean to say, Penrose—speak out, man, and don't make any mistake—that the motor had been intentionally tampered with, that someone had taken away the nut which keeps the brake in its position and gives it its grip?" The characters are all either knaves or fools, with the solitary exception of an intelligent miller who set the sails of his mill in motion when the three villains were trying to climb up them into his window, and so hurled them to instant death. As it does not occur to the author that he ought to have been tried for manslaughter, and as, thanks to his assistance, the fools won the day, the book may be considered to end happily. *Quod erat faciendum.*



Timid child (who has just been assured of the company of the angels in the dark).
"YE-E-S. BUT, MUMMY, COULDN'T YOU HAVE THE ANGELS, AND LEAVE ME THE CANDLE?"

CURTAILED DOGGEREL À LA MODE.

THERE was a great batsman of Suss.
Whose brains would have crowded a
'bus;

He wrote a fine novel,
Whose hero, *Mark Lovell*,
Was a blend of perfection and muse.

There was an old Mystery Man
Who once led the Liberal van,
Now he ventures to think
That poor SINC. is a ninc.,
And he falls tooth and nail on Camp.-
Bann.

There once was a fifth-rate LASSALLE
Who was always addressing the gall.
He said, "Give it 'em hot,
Here's a big broken bott.,
I must catch the next boat for Colne
Vall."

There was a fair siren of Strat,
Who narrated the *Sorrows of Sat*.
She'd a gond. on the Av.,
She was everyone's fav.,
Though she used SHAKE's Trustees
as a mat.

FOOTBALL FASHIONS FOR 1907-8.

["Norwich City have altered the club's colours for the coming season. Instead of blue and white they will appear in yellow jerseys, with green collars and cuffs. The idea is that the colours shall be more in keeping with their nickname, 'The Canaries.'"—*The Sportsman*.]

COMMENTING on the above, our Special Football Correspondent writes:—*Norwich City* are by no means the only professional club to follow their supporters' hints on this subject. *Chelsea*, newly-promoted to the First Division of the English League, will make a striking change in their costume. Following out the idea of the nickname which their popularity so quickly won for them, they will appear next month in the interesting uniform hitherto identified exclusively with the aged Pensioners of *Chelsea Hospital*. N.B.—League medals will be worn upon the left breast by those who are entitled to them.

Tottenham Hotspur are already practising for the coming season with spurs firmly fixed to the heels of each player's boots. It is felt that this innovation, while establishing a further bond of sympathy between the team and its followers, will not in any way interfere with the antagonistic relations which rightly exist between the "Spurs" and their opponents.

In the same spirit of *entente*,



"I THINK WE'LL REST A FEW MINUTES, IF YOU DON'T MIND. I'M QUITE OUT OF BREATH, AND THIS IS A VERY COMFORTABLE PLACE."

Southampton have recognised the wisdom of their supporters in christening them "The Saints," by arranging that henceforward, in addition to the ordinary football attire, their players shall wear angels' wings and a halo.

It is further reported that *West Ham* will don the pig-skin, and that *Fulham* (better known as "The Craven Cottagers") will sport the white feather. There is also a bare possibility that "Pompey"—the ab-

struse nickname so often applied to *Portsmouth*—may be seen turning out in the good, old-fashioned toga.

"Mr. Hudson yesterday caught a beautiful trout, which weighed close upon 2 lbs., with the fly."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

WHILE we are always glad to hear evidence of the veracity and accuracy of any fisherman, yet we think that Mr. Hudson has rather overdone the thing in this case.

PETTING THE PYGMIES.

(A Sketch from the Balkan Village at Earl's Court.)

At the turnstile a gramophonic official repeats at intervals: "This way for the Pygmies! The most Remarkable and Genuine Show in the Exhibition!" Inside the building, the double semi-circle of chairs are all occupied by spectators, most of whom are trying to attract some recognition from five Pygmies in the centre. The Pygmy Chief is sitting on a table at the back, gloomily nursing a bow and arrows; the second male Pygmy occasionally condescends to humour a pretty English girl by catching and returning the india-rubber ball she throws him. The youngest male is lying on his back sucking a piece of ice, with his head resting on a native drum, and his legs negligently crossed. The elder of the lady Pygmies, Princess QUARKE, is squatting by a kind of brazier, while the younger is spasmodically accepting invitations to shake hands. Both ladies are in dark blue robes, with numerous bangles and bead necklaces. Their coiffure is simple, consisting of a narrow hoop of short wool across a clean-shaved head.

First Female Enthusiast. They really are rather sweet, aren't they? So like monkeys!

Second Do. Do. That one with the bow and arrows wouldn't be so bad-looking if it wasn't for his nose.

A Lady (who seems pardonably proud of having the entrée). He never lets go of his arrows. That's because for every arrow he takes back with him, he'll get three wives. I got him to give me one arrow—but it was a most difficult job. He'd never have parted with it—only, you see, he likes me! (Caressingly to the Pygmy Chief.) Tired? Want go bed? (The Chief replies with a guttural monosyllable which seems intended to remind her that she has been guilty of a breach of etiquette.) Oh, all right! Don't, then!

The Ball-throwing Young Lady (who, like her two younger sisters, is evidently a constant visitor). Fancy! they know all our names, and never make a mistake in them! They're getting quite affectionate with us now!

A Male Spectator (after sitting for half an hour in patient expectation of witnessing some illustrations of native songs, dances, and customs—to his neighbour). I s'pose it won't be long now before they give their performance, eh?

His Neighbour. I don't think they do any more than they are doing.

Male S. What? Sixpence—jest to sit 'ere and look at 'em! I'm off! [He departs.]

A Smart Woman (to her escort, after an inspection, which has taken exactly thirty seconds). Let's go now. I'm getting tired of them. [They go.]

A Throaty-voiced Visitor (who is apparently under an impression that Pygmies have been created expressly to gratify his post-prandial sense of the ludicrous—to his companion, a nervous man with a horror of anything approaching a row). I say, look at that one! (Pointing to the Princess, who is now waddling about in the centre with an air of importance.) That's Princess KARKIE. She's in Court dress. Ho-ho-ho! Look at her jewellery! Isn't she a darling? I love her! (He blows the Princess a kiss; she rolls her eyes and "bridles.")

His Companion. I wouldn't, old fellow—really I wouldn't!

The Throaty V. (beckoning to the Princess). KARKIE! Come over here!

[Princess QUARKE conveys by a coquettish waggle of one hand that she is not seriously offended.]

His Comp. We shall be asked to go directly—I know we shall!

The Thr. V. P'st! KARKIE! I want to talk to you! (She approaches him cautiously.) Naughty girl! Bolla-woggle-amaloppi!

The Princess (after putting out her tongue to indicate that such language is unworthy of a gentleman). Susi-sem!

[A retort which she obviously considers unanswerable.]

The Thr. V. (equal to the occasion). You're another!

His Comp. Oh, I say. Do drop it. You'll put her in the deuce of a rage!

The Thr. V. (to the Princess). Ah, naughty girl! Amabolla-woggle-oppi! Susi-sem!

[He makes a pass at her with his stick.]

The Princess (seizing stick, and thrusting her contorted face close to his, while she bounds with every appearance of frenzy). Susi-sem! Susi-sem!

[Her frenzy suddenly evaporates in a roar of delighted laughter.]

The Thr. V.'s Comp. You'll have the Chief down on you in a minute if you go on like this!

The Thr. V. All right, my boy. She's a lively old girl, but she knows exactly where to draw the line.

[He continues his attentions until his Companion decides to "wait for him outside."]

The Exhibitor (suddenly, in dulcet tones). Ladies and Gentlemen, I have much pleasure in giving you a short account of these interesting little people. They were brought over by Colonel HARRISON from the Intuli Forest in Central Africa. In their native land they exist simply as animals. Wear no clothing; cultivate no land. Are subject to no authority but their own, and do no work. They reach maturity and marry at the age of nine or ten, and have never been known to live longer than forty years. This very old one here (indicating the Chief, who preserves his air of apathetic indifference) is thirty-six. The one next to him thirty-three. The middle-aged man on the floor (pointing to a frivolous Pygmy who is now diverting himself by shooting paper pellets at the Spectators) nineteen. The old lady flirting over there in the corner (with a nuance of rebuke that is entirely wasted on the vivacious Princess) is thirty. The other lady, twenty-seven. Portraits of these little people one penny each.

[He subsides as abruptly as he began.]

A Young Man (to his friend—a good-looking young fellow who is seated gravely on the floor beside the younger lady Pygmy, a fascinating little personage in a cowrie tiara, whose chocolate complexion is set off by a very broad flat pinkish nose). How much longer are you going to stay?

The Young Fellow. Just wait till I've got her to give me one of her bangles. I shan't be long now. (He touches first the glass bracelet on her arm, and then his own chest, and nods at her persuasively.) You will, won't you? (She gives him a side-glance of indescribable coyness.) You give me this—as present—See?

Pygmy Lady (who clearly does not see it at all). Ma-a!

[She shakes her shaven head with decision.]

The Y. F. Oh, you can spare me one out of all that lot. Now, can't you?

[She giggles helplessly, and then turns her head and shields her eyes with one hand.]

His Friend. Now you have done it! She's telling you to speak to her parents!

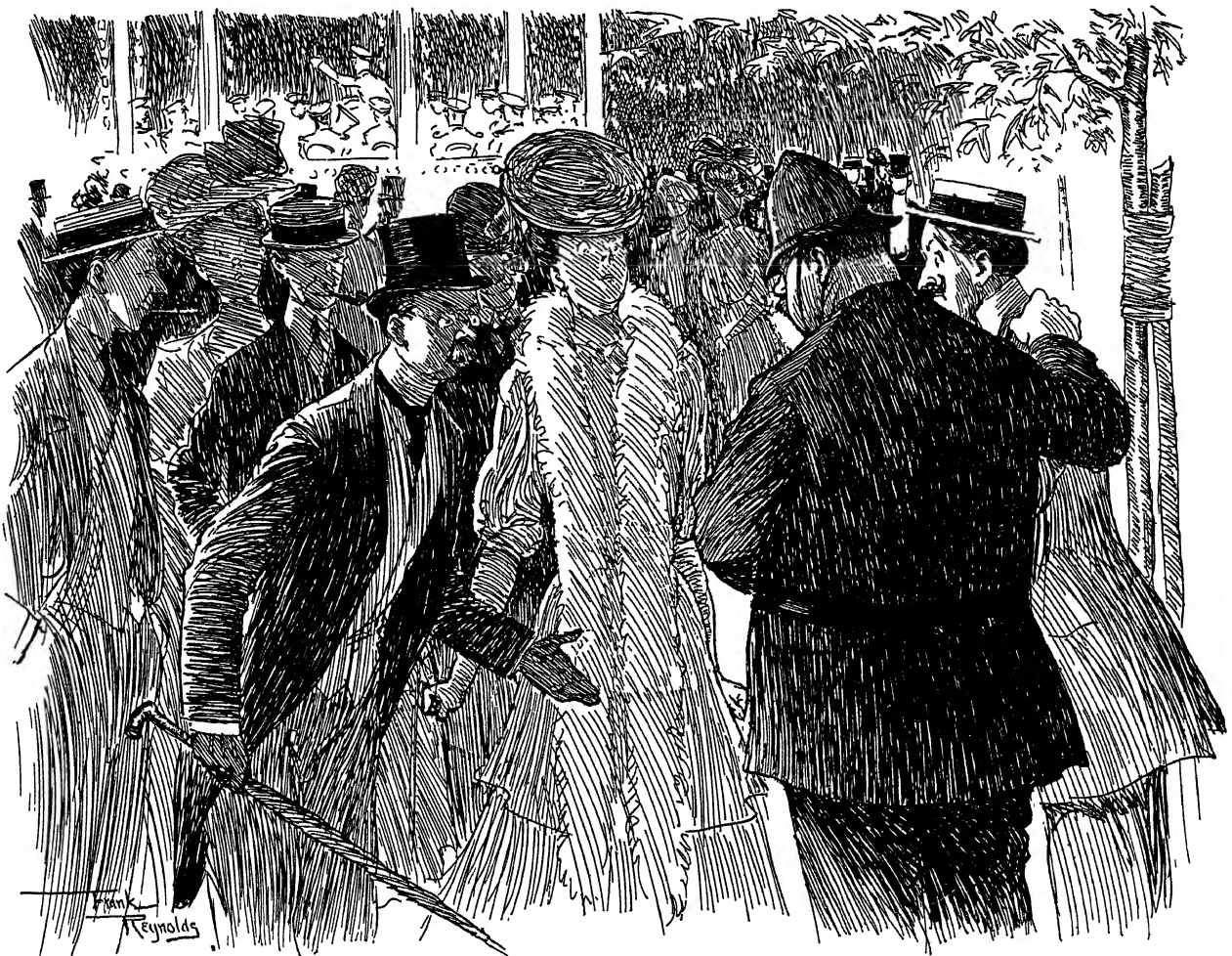
The Y. F. (taking the lady's hands and pulling her to



THE GREAT WALL OF AUSTRALIA.

OLD MOTHER COUNTRY. "DEARY ME! YOU'VE BEEN AND RAISED THE WALL SEVERAL FEET. I SHALL NEVER GET OVER 'IT.'"

AUSTRALIA. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MOTHER. I'VE NOT FORGOTTEN YOU. I'VE PUT AN EIGHT-INCH FOOT-STOOL THERE ON PURPOSE FOR YOU."



"POLICEMAN, THAT RUFFIAN TOOK MY WIFE'S ARM!"
 "ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE'LL SEARCH HIM AT THE STATION."

her feet). Come and dance while you're thinking it over.

[They caper together in a kind of double shuffle, while she exhibits her delight in her newly-acquired accomplishment by screams of laughter.

The Princess (clapping her hands with just a suspicion of envious irony). Verri good! Verri good!

The Y. F. (to his exhausted partner). Let me fan you? You are a giddy little flapper, aren't you? And now you're going to give me that bangle, eh?

The Lady (coquettishly—but still with firmness). Ma-a-a!

The Exhibitor. As it is now close on eleven o'clock, ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid I must ask you all to leave.

The Lady (to her partner without a trace of sentiment). Hee-hee-hee! Goo'bye!

The Y. F. (falling on one knee and kissing her hand). False gy-ur! I see too late you were but ter-rifling with me. No matter. I forgive ye. Farewell!

[He leaves her in a condition of giggling mystification. The other spectators withdraw gradually. The two lady Pygmies bestow generous kisses on such fortunate female admirers as have attended sufficient audiences to have earned the distinction. The Pygmy Chief appears to be pondering over the excessive susceptibility of the British Public to the

charms of his countrywomen, in whom, though fine women enough in their way, he can see nothing whatever to make all that fuss about. But then these big white folk, though they have their uses in providing him with cigarettes, do seem to him to be rather lacking in intelligence.

F. A.

CONTRIBUTORY NEGLIGENCE.

A CRASH like thunder petrified my brain.
 Anon I reached our scullery, and there,
 Minus six teeth and nearly all her hair,
 Lay our domestic treasure, MARY JANE,
 Who, though undoubtedly in horrid pain,
 Scented much compensation in the air,
 And impudently asked was I aware
 How much a week I had to pay per sprain!
 Then, somewhat caustically, I admit,
 In biting phrases that were *merum sal*,
 I showed 'twas not intelligent to use
 Explosive oil to clean the kitchen flues.
 Alas! I found the flavour of my wit
 Was caviare to the General!

"A big music store in Louisville has been burned out. The brigade played on the burning instruments for many hours."

Northern Daily Mail.

NERO's performance seems quite ordinary after this.

FRESH WORK FOR THE FRONTIERSMEN.

THE superb and unexampled heroism displayed by the Legion of Frontiersmen in defending LA MILO and her chifon from the ardent enthusiasm of the populace at the recent Godiva procession at Coventry, though recorded in some of our weekly illustrated papers, has by no means met with the recognition that it so richly deserves. The endurance, the horsemanship, and the gallantry shown by General ROGER Pocock's brigade during the engagement (of LA MILO) have not so far been acknowledged by any of the Service papers. The Special Military Correspondent of *The Times* has preserved a jealous silence. Even *The Spectator* has been a dumb dog. Yet the perils of the procession were at least equal to any faced by the Japanese during the siege of Port Arthur, and they were surmounted without a single serious casualty.

Undeterred, however, by the coolness with which these efforts have been received—except by LA MILO herself, that gracious lady having presented each of her bodyguard with a lock of hair from CLARKSON's wig—the Legion has mapped out for itself further tasks of self-sacrificing zeal. Having mounted the mettlesome ex-cab-horse, and put its hand to the plough, it will never turn back. The Frontiersmen have recently all been under Kentish fire, and not a man blenched during the ordeal.

Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER's juggling with the Volunteers or Mr. HALDANE's light way with the Militia now signify nothing. The Legion is with us. These perfectly disciplined centaurs, ready at a moment's notice to eclipse the prowess of the Light Brigade, are at hand with protection in their gallant hearts. Hitherto, with three bright exceptions—the historic ride to Brighton, the defence of Coventry, and the wild chase through the Hop County—they have been denied an opportunity to prove their mettle. But now all is changed. Their true career is beginning, and it behoves us to be very grateful. With Consols still sinking, with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL sapping the foundations of our Empire, and Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON collecting ammunition in every bottle factory, it is simply suicidal to abandon the irresistible weapon forged for the defence of society by Field-Marshal Pocock.

The programme of the Legion is vast and daring. Nothing is too trivial for it: it protects all. For

example, an urgent peril which periodically convulses the metropolis is the danger to which great instrumentalists, adult and infantile, are subjected at the hands of their frenzied female admirers. To protect PADEREWSKI and KUBELIK from being mobbed and possibly torn hair from hair—what nobler task could be assigned to Admiral Pocock's intrepid cavaliers? It is true that they would probably have to be dismounted for the purpose; but we believe that they are quite as firm on foot as in the saddle. At any rate, they mean to try. "PADEREWSKI," they cry, "shall never be bald; we are here."

Another duty, Herculean no doubt in the exertions involved, yet not impossible to a corps which flies to the call of forlorn hopes, has been suggested by the position of Lord ROSEBERRY. Lord ROSEBERRY's recent utterances have, it is well known, exposed him to the relentless fury of his former colleagues. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE is credibly reported to have said that he would never rest content till he saw Lord ROSEBERRY's head affixed to the Marble Arch. Lord RUPON is alleged to have indulged in even more bloodcurdling threats. The Legion of Frontiersmen propose at once to garrison the Durdans, or, at any rate, camp out at Tattenham Corner. The Primrose League holds aloof; but a Primrose Legion shall ensure the safety of the ex-Premier. Henceforth for some months to meet Lord ROSEBERRY will be to meet Major Pocock and his spurred and puttid sons of ANAK. Mentmore, Dalmeny, Berkeley Square, the House of Lords, Naples—all will know the Legion. The Legion will infest all. No missile shall reach that honoured grey head without first running the gauntlet of the devoted Frontiersmen.

But not peers alone go in peril of their lives in these troublous times. Racing motorists, while travelling at the rate of 60 miles an hour and upwards on our country roads, are constantly liable to sudden death by endeavouring to avoid children. The Legion of Frontiersmen has undertaken the duty of patrolling the Brighton road and resolutely confining all children indoors, except between the hours of, say, 11 p.m. and 5 a.m. After this coroners may rest in peace: and what nobler task is there than to ensure the repose of coroners? Motorists also may "open her out" without fear of being at any moment unseated and perhaps seriously injured, if not killed, by collision with the body of a foolish

and dangerous child. In this context we may add that the Legion intends to provide a suitable escort (with ambulance and canteen) to the stockbrokers during their annual walk to Brighton.

At every important cricket-match in the future a strong detachment of Frontiersmen will be stationed to protect the pitch from the fury of the mob. It is still in every one's memory how at Lord's, a few short weeks ago, a crowd of cricket enthusiasts, baulked of their sport by the untimely activity of Jupiter Pluvius, disfigured the turf by way of compensation for their ill-spent sixpences. Well, nothing of the kind is ever likely to happen again; for the Legion will be there. You can't play tricks with the Legion. It is their intention to camp out on the boundaries (or frontiers) of the ground and allow no one on it but the umpires and the roller. Jolly Commodore ROGER Pocock will be there.

And what reward do the gallant fellows ask for these services? Nothing. Only a paragraph here and there and the privilege of using any piece of waste ground for a camp. Their greatest ambition is to be permitted to camp out in Leicester Square, with SHAKESPEARE (Generalissimo Pocock's favourite author) in the midst. Surely this could be arranged.

CHARIVARIA.

In order not to offend the susceptibilities of the nations represented at the Peace Congress at the Hague the Moors are calling their struggle with the French "a Holy War."

* *

Morocco is not the only country where stirring events have been happening in the past week. Wiring from Marienbad on the 19th inst., Reuter flashed across the world the statement that on that very afternoon an English gentleman, returning from a motor-car trip, had been about to enter the Hôtel Weimar, when an old lady who was sitting outside dropped a stick. The English gentleman stooped down and picked up the stick, which he handed to the lady, raising his hat.

* *

It is rumoured that the Republic of Switzerland and two of the Balkan States are about to signify formal acceptance of the British proposals as to the exchange of naval secrets.

* *

So many different nationalities are represented at the Socialist Congress

at Stuttgart that it is proposed that the Liederhalle, where the meetings take place, shall be re-named The Tower of BEBEL.

British workmen are highly amused at Canada's being described as "The Worker's Paradise," in view of the fact that in that country work is found for everyone.

Mark Tapley is evidently in Wales just now. "Too much wind and too little sunshine," says a report from Aberystwyth, "have not helped to make the best of the holidays. Visitors, however, have enjoyed the spectacle of the rough seas."

A Consular report states that the teak industry in Siam is seriously handicapped by the incessant thefts of elephants, as many as ninety-nine having been stolen recently. How the thieves secrete the animals is something of a mystery, as the natives of those parts have no pockets, but just wear loin-cloths.

Whatever the pessimist may say we have certainly advanced in some respects. A modern young lady who was offered one of Ouida's novels by a librarian the other day refused it with the remark, "Oh, no; her books are so goody-goody."

"No man," says a leading West-End physician, "should marry a woman whom he cannot lift up with both arms above his head." This new form of proposal should prove interesting, especially if the young lady is unaware of its significance when it is made.

Socks of variegated colours are the latest fashion among men of the Smart Set. The idea is said to have been evolved by the Smart Set itself, and is thought to be a complete answer to those who accuse them of being brainless.

"Should railways carry bicycles free?" asks *Cycling*. Why only bicycles? Surely the concession should also be granted to passengers.

The fact that a Zoological Garden is about to be installed at Pekin by order of the Chinese EMPEROR leads to the rumour that His MAJESTY is now about to make experiments in constitutional government.

We are pleased to hear that the attempt to cross the Channel which was to have been made by four City policemen has only been postponed.



Studio Caretaker (to Miss Vera, who is "going in strong for Art," and has hired a skeleton for her anatomy studies). "LOR! MISS—ARE WE REALLY AS THIN AS THAT INSIDE?"

It is absolutely essential that the Force should practise the feat, for there can be no doubt that the day will arrive when it will be necessary to have constables on point duty in the Channel to maintain order among the crowd of swimmers.

"During the match at the Oval between Surrey and Yorkshire," says *Truth*, "the authorities introduced an innovation which might commend itself to the very superior M.C.C. There was heavy rain at luncheon time. . . ." In these days of unruly "gates" this certainly does seem to be the best time to have the rain, if one must have it at all.

"Coming Events . . ."

"MR. LLOYD-GEORGE, President of the Board of Trade, has accepted the invitation of the Manchester Chambers of Commerce to be their guest at a banquet."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.

"Those who have not yet seen one of the most charming little musical plays will have a final opportunity to-night of visiting the Ipswich Lyceum, where *See-See* bids farewell (let us hope adieu) to-night."—*Ipswich Evening Star*.

LIKEWISE "Addio" and "Vale," if we might dare to express the longing.

BOYCOTT OF THE SILLY
SEASON.INDIGNATION MEETING OF HOUSE-
HOLDERS.

TUMULTUOUS SCENES.

UNDER the auspices of the Paterfamilias League a crowded meeting was held on Monday last in the spacious drawing-room of Dulce Domum, Magersfontein Road, Tooting Scrubs, to protest against the boycotting by newspaper editors of the Silly Season 1907.

The Rev. GUS BERRY ("Paterfamilias" 1897, '98, '99, "Retired Publican" 1900, "Sweet Seventeen" '01, '02, "M.F.H." '03, "A Woman Who Did" '04, "Widower" '05, "Lonely Widow" '06), having been unanimously elected to the chair, stood on it, and addressed the assembly.

He was proud, he said, to speak before a meeting representative of the intellectual backbone of the country. (*Cheers.*) They were here to face the most serious crisis of the age—no less than a concerted attempt to silence the great voice of the spinsters, curates, country rectors, and suburban householders of the country, made by the Government, RAISULI, the Moors, organisers of Limerick competitions (*uproar*), the Esperantists, the weather (*emotion*), the donors of the Cullinan diamond, and the editors of Fleet Street (*hoots*).

Miss SARAH MITTENS ("Mother of Twelve") rose to remind her audience that ever since the discovery of the original giant gooseberry—she thought she could recognise the venerable horticulturist who was the hero of that great feat sitting near the coal-scuttle.

[Fifteen gentlemen and three ladies here rose and bowed. Tumult. Order having been restored—

Miss ANNIE MUFF ("Ex-pugilist") begged to take up the previous speaker's argument. Ever since the great discovery of the giant gooseberry, ever since that epoch-making discussion, "Is Marriage a Failure?" (*indescribable enthusiasm*) the principal columns of the daily Press had been during August and September devoted to the views of the intellectual spine (a more delicate word, she thought, than backbone) of the country on subjects of world-wide importance. Why had this right been denied them this year? It was because the tyrants to whom reference had been made were terrified of allowing the intellectual spine

further to express itself. (*Application of the 3-minute closure.*)

Major HY. TOPPER ("Suffragette") pointed out that editors would plead pressure of space on their columns. Well, they knew what editors were. (*Uproar, in which a "Standard" reporter was nearly torn to death.*) But how came that pressure? Was it merely coincidence that RAISULI should have captured Kaid MACLEAN simultaneously with an August sitting of the Commons? Or that in the same month the bombardment of Casa Blanca should have been arranged—he said arranged—"Hear, hear") or that so powerfully scented a hering as the Limerick competitions should have been drawn across the writing-tables of the intellectual vertebrae (*applause*) of the country? Well, if this was coincidence all he could say was—well, he hardly knew what he could say. (*Cheers.*)

Reading from notes made on the counterfoils of sixpenny postal orders, the Rev. SEPTIMUS PUGH ("Pretty Poll" '05, "Gentleman Jack" '06) said he was an old parson of Tring, who proposals quite helpful would bring. (*Peremptorily ordered by the Chair to resume his seat.*)

Prolonged applause greeted the rising of Miss MARTHA TIPPET ("Harrovian" 1896-1902, "Etonian" 1903-1906). Another body, she said, in addition to those named, had been made a party to this disgraceful combine. She referred to the International Congress of School Hygiene. It had given editors the excuse for saying that the public were tired of school subjects. That was a cruel blow to thousands of old women and old men. (*Emotion.*)

Everybody having spoken twice, sub-committees were formed for the following purposes:—

- (a) To steal the Cullinan diamond.
- (b) To sandbag editors of papers running Limerick competitions.
- (c) To kidnap RAISULI.
- (d) To blow up any congress that might assemble during the month.

Mr. LANCE BOYLE, L.S.A. ("M.D."), having pointed out that should these enterprises be successfully carried out they would of themselves supply even more news than is at present filling the papers, the meeting went into hysterics and dissolved.

The Australian Tariff Wall.

Thus spake the Dutiful Daughter,
Framing her Tariff Bill:
"Blood may be thicker than Water,
But Bricks are thicker still."

THE SEAMY SIDE OF ARCADY.

I saw you when the tide was in,
Poltrepen, by the Cornish sea;
Like quantities of local tin
The waves were soldered round
your quay;
The air was bright, the cliffs were
green,
The balmy cove was all serene.

"Thrice happy tars," I thought,
"who get

Their ozone thus absurdly cheap,
And stand, with trousers wringing
wet

From toil upon the furrowed deep,
Untouched by urban doubt or fear,
Expectorating on the pier!"

I saw you when the tide was low,
Poltrepen, and a quick sea-change
Had turned you into something—oh!

How marvellously rich and strange!
Like forest paths when leaves are
spilt,

Or gingerbread without the gilt.

Forgotten was the balmy blue;
The tactless ebb no longer hid
A poignant exhalation due

To pieces of departed squid;
And wakened from their mortal hush
Remains of herrings wrapped in
slush.

Lost was the low of kine, above
That haven underneath the hill,
In sounds I had not learned to love,
That made me feel extremely ill;
It takes some nerve to stand the
squish

Of hob-nailed boots on heads of fish.

Alas! Poltrepen, that a nook
So picturesque at 1.0 P.M.
Should lose at 6.0 its cheerful look;
Alas (to make the usual mem.)
That charming coigns of mirth and
light

So seldom have their drainage right.

ONE often hears of the Power of the Press, but it is only now and then that one gets a glimpse into the extraordinary influence which is wielded by the editor of any well-known journal. The *Oxford Times*, for instance, glancing at Domestic Economy, advises as follows:

"To make never-baked bread digestible, keep a loaf till it is two days old."

And now in thousands of homes this remedy, so simple and yet so complete, is adopted daily.

Biergarten or Bear-garden?

"THIS evening the English section was entertaining the delegates to a 'bear evening,' which was made the occasion of a great ovation in favour of Mr. QUELCH."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.



THE GROUSE-DRIVING SEASON.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

First Keeper. "WHAT DO YOU THINK O' THESE FOLK, DUNCAN?"

Second Keeper. "JIST NAETHING AT ALL. IF YIN O' THEM'S NO EXPLAININ' HOW HE CAM TO MISS THEM, THE ITHIR'S MACKIN' ME RIN MY DOG OFF HIS LEGS LOOKIN' FOR BIRDS HE'S NEVER TOUCHED AT ALL!"

THE POLE SPA.

You recollect last August by the sea

When, PHYLLIS, we essayed to pledge our true love
During a game of tennis after tea—

Soft service only—and you triumphed 2—0?

"Dearest, be mine," I muttered o'er the net,
And you made answer, "Yes, with all my soul, BILL."

August is here again, but who could fret

For love deferred, when carping at his coal-bill?

Warmed by the Gulf-stream! Is there on the roll
Of bracing esplanades that Neptune washes

One where an invalid is wise to stroll

Without his respirator and goloshes?

No,—and I doubt if heat-waves from the West

Would penetrate the wound where Cupid's bolt is,
In one who wears by day his winter vest,

And nightly slumbers in a linseed poultice.

Meanwhile they tell me that in Arctic snows,

Where travellers rave at the superb Aurora,
And find the cleanly aspect of the floes

A compensation for defective flora—

There—or in further tracts as yet untrod,

Save by the heroes of our boyhood's stock tales—

The mercury remains at 90-odd,

And great white bears are clamouring for cock-tails.

There let us fly, my PHYLLIS, on a sled,

With tins of patent cocoa, and if there a
Serenely hydropathic hoists its head

Along a last and loveliest Riviera,

Retie with tears the amatory knot,

Do the romantic neighbourhood with skis on,

And sip the sparkling waters in a spot

That really does possess a summer season.



Lady (age seven). "How much is that, please?"

Stallholder (age nine). "How much has your mother given you to spend?"

HINTS TO GENERAL READERS.

WHEN reading a friend's humorous contribution in a paper, do so quickly and in silence; then have a paroxysm of mirth at some paragraph farther on.

Having had a paper handed you for the purpose of reading a special paragraph, retain it to see if there are not other paragraphs of equal or surpassing interest.

In the train, when facing someone with an open paper, lean forward and read the side presented to you. Should the owner show signs of turning over before you are ready, a polite remonstrance, couched in the words, "Steady there!" or "Hold

on a minute!" should suffice, without your seizing the lower corners of the paper.

At the Club show your varied taste in literature by securing half-a-dozen of the most popular weeklies. Retire with these to a large chair, like a dog with bones to his kennel.

If you find yourself dozing over a periodical, clasp it firmly to you. It will thus not only keep you warm while you sleep, but be there for you when you wake.

Should a friend lend you an Edition-de-luxe, reserve it for breakfast reading. You can then generally find your place from the last coffee-stain or grease-mark, and don't have to thumb it so much in turning over

Never be so lost in your book that you are oblivious to general conversation. Break in now and then with a "What's that?" or "Who's that you're talking about?" just to show that you are not selfishly absorbed in your own pursuits.

At a bookstall stand with your stick or umbrella protruding horizontally while you sample the newest weeklies before you. Borrow the attendant's knife for the uncut pages; or, if too independent, rip them with an old envelope, or your finger.

Don't read immediately after a meal. Hand the bill to your friend.

SOLACE.

DEAR JOHN, you say it moves your ire
To find from observation
That public platitudes acquire
A private application;
And what a man despised in youth
As but a pointless maxim
Becomes a penetrating truth
Whenever age attacks him.

"Time flies? Well, let the beggar fly:

That's what his wings are there for.

My limbs are strong, my hopes are high,

And that is all I care for.

"Time flies? A silly saw," you said,
But now you understand it,
For Time keeps forging on ahead,
And you (and I) are stranded.

"Once only are we young? Agreed."
You smiled in comprehension,
And gave your little "once" at need

An infinite extension.

But now the limit reappears,
And, while your pace grows hotter,
Adown the hateful hill of years
Reluctantly you totter.

And so, all through, our youth eludes

The wisdom of the ages,
Those trite and ancient platitudes
Of prophets and of sages.

It lifts us up and bears us on;

No mortal power stops us,
Until at last, my faithful JOHN,
It flies away and drops us.

We will not grieve: our breast indues

The mantle of its virtue.

The loss of joys you couldn't use
May vex but cannot hurt you.

Our life may be a fading star,
Our hearts grow daily colder;

Yet know I cheerful men who are
Considerably older.

R. C. L.



REAPING THE BENEFIT.

ARTHUR BALFOUR (*late tenant*). "NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE GATHERED THAT BIG CROP SO QUICKLY."

"C.-B." (*present tenant*). "MY DEAR SIR, I OWE IT ALL TO YOU AND THE ADMIRABLE LABOUR-SAVING MACHINE YOU SO KINDLY LEFT BEHIND."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 19.—There is nothing really blood-thirsty in the nature of the statesman long known in the Commons as ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, now Viscount ST. ALDWYN. (Still sticks to the saintly appellation, you see.) But there is a certain measure of provocation which stirs hot blood in the mildest breast.

House profoundly struck by little incident happening in debate on English Small Holdings Bill. Proceeded throughout on that high level that marks discussion in the Lords when it is directed upon a purely business topic. Had apparently closed when ST. ALDWYN was discovered standing at the Table. It was C.-B. who was responsible for the interposition. Has been "saying things" about the Lords, threatening them with what would happen if they dared to throw out or mutilate Small Holdings Bill.

"I wish," said ST. ALDWYN, "the forms of our Constitution permitted the PRIME MINISTER to be present this evening."

There was something about the unconscious gesture of turning up his cuffs, the squaring of the shoulders, the clenching of fists, not entirely in keeping with the saintly denomination of the speaker. Noble Lords instinctively turned to survey the



LONG JOHN TAKES THE "BABY" OUT.
(Mr. J-hn O'C-nn-r and Viscount T-rn-r.)

space before the Throne, where, had he pleased to avail himself of his privilege as Privy Councillor, the PREMIER might have stood. But C.-B. wasn't born yesterday. There is about him an innocence of countenance, a simplicity of manner, a general air of benevolence, that invite the attention of the unscrupulous. He is just the man who, as he took his walks abroad, would present irresistible attraction to the practitioner of what is called the confidence trick. But the enterprising expert would speedily realise the error of his preliminary calculation.

House of Lords the last place C.-B. likely to be seen in just now. ST. ALDWYN's aspiration unfulfilled. With a last hopeless look round—peradventure he might be lurking in the pens provided for ordinary Members of the other House—he turned down his cuffs, resumed his seat, relapsed into ordinary aspect of law-abiding Viscount.

Business done.—Lords read English Small Holdings Bill a second time without division.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—SARK says BABY TURNOUR has re-

ceived communication from the Scots Greys, now stationed at Tidworth, which affords pleasing evidence that gratitude is not dead in the human breast. They offer to send up a detachment to guard his perambulator in its journeys to and from the House. As daily reports in newspapers show, the noble Viscount, his soul seared by contemplation of the gallant Dragoons trotting three times daily over the five miles that separate Tidworth from Bulford, has been incessant in appeals to War Minister to alleviate their condition. Hearing of JOHN O'CONNOR's attack last night on their benefactor, anxious to protect him against personal violence, they offer this guard, composed of men who, as nearly as resources of regiment permit, come up to LONG JOHN's standard of 6 feet 4½ inches.

Deplorable event leading up to this happened in dead of last night's sitting. Things looking dull on third reading of Appropriation Bill, LONG JOHN, ever anxious to oblige, proposed to vary them by discoursing at length on the subject of the arterial drainage of Ireland.



WOULD LIKE A FEW WORDS WITH THE PRIME MINISTER.

(Viscount St. Aldwyn.)



A WINDFALL FOR THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH.

A study of the almost frenzied delight with which certain distinguished gentlemen received a naive admission of the Prime Minister's that "tactics" had some part in the political campaign against the Lords. (Such things are of course unheard of in "another place.")

BABY TURNOUR, wide awake in his seat above the Gangway, audibly sniggered. LONG JOHN, sweetest-tempered, most pleasant-mannered of men, couldn't stand that. Had the advantage of ST. ALDWYN in the Viscount's reference to C.-B. inasmuch as the object of his kindly thought was actually in House.

"If," he said, "the noble lord were outside the precincts he should receive the treatment his inane conduct deserves."

From his monumental height LONG JOHN regarded our youngest Member with a look dark enough to make a grown-up tremble. What if he strode across the Gangway, tucked him under his left arm, carried him outside, and proceeded to administer reproof with his right fist?

BABY TURNOUR, jumping up, claimed protection of Chair against what he described as "practically a threat of personal violence." DEPUTY SPEAKER mildly remarked he thought no such intention was suggested. LONG JOHN not disposed to skulk behind the Chair.

"If I had him outside," he grimly remarked, "I would treat his observations not as those of a noble lord but as those of an impudent puppy."

A nice distinction this. In broad daylight Members might have been disposed to consider it from various points of view. As it was, the few

Unionists present broke into agonised cry of "Oh! Oh!" DEPUTY SPEAKER insisted on withdrawal of the impudent puppy. LONG JOHN sat unresponsive. At length, on personal intervention of WHITELEY, a practical man who wanted to get on with business, he withdrew the phrase, punctiliously explaining that the concession was made "entirely out of respect for you, Mr. DEPUTY SPEAKER."

Business done.—On resumption of sitting Scottish Land Values Bill carried over report stage. The Lords read Deceased Wife's Sister Bill a second time by 111 votes to 79.

Wednesday, 8 A.M.—Evicted Tenants Bill back from the Lords. House invited to consider their Amendments. These numerous and serious in import. When moved in other place were stoutly resisted by CREWE; but what was he and the Ministerial following among so many? After taking one or two divisions that displayed hopeless weakness of numbers was content with verbal protest.

"Yes, Toby, dear boy," he said, talking the matter over afterwards, "I think it was the best thing to do. You remember the story about the old sailor with a wooden leg. Asked by a sympathetic day tripper how he came to lose it, he mentioned a shark. 'And what did you do

when the shark seized your leg?' said the interested visitor. 'I just let him have it,' answered the honest tar. 'I knew it was no use disputing with a shark.' Of course I don't mean to carry the simile too far. But you will see that the story has some application to my position in charge of the Evicted Tenants' Bill in Committee."

Bill reached in Commons at half-past three this morning. Stuck at it till 8 o'clock. Work finished, going off home. Back again 2.45 this afternoon.

Business done.—Quite a lot, through continuous sitting of 17 hours.

Thursday.—During the Session the snow has with marked persistence drifted over PRINCE ARTHUR's head, changing the colour of the locks of yester-year. But he is ruddy and bright in countenance; looks extremely fit after seven months' hard labour at Westminster. Reclining on small of his back on the almost empty Front Opposition Bench, he is just now mentally reviewing the Session, thinking of what it has brought him of good or evil.

Too modest to recognise that, on the whole, it has been for him personally a successful campaign. He has recaptured the position of predominance imperilled, for a while lost, in the new Parliament. There had come in with a rush a throng of men who knew not ARTHUR, had no sympathy with his pretty ways. They have now been educated; submit to his fascination with the docility of long trained Parliaments that succeeded each other under his Leadership.

Throughout, as happened in the final sessions of last Parliament, his most embarrassing foes have been those of his own household. Even at beginning of current Session there was incipient mutiny in the thinned ranks; murmurs that "ARTHUR will never do;" complaints that in spite of verbal fencing he remained unsound on subject of Tariff-Reform.

Since the controversy was started thousands of speeches have been made, numberless editorial columns have been written, derisive of, remonstrant with, PRINCE ARTHUR's methods of contributing to it. Years ago NEWMAN, all unconscious of the future, described them in a phrase that for precision and picturesqueness exceeds all lengthier commentaries. Writing at a critical time in Church history of the Anglican Bishops, he described them as "steering between

the Scylla of Aye and the Charybdis of Nay, through the channel of No-meaning."

Can't beat that as crystallizing description of PRINCE ARTHUR's attitude on Tariff Reform question.

Once this Session fresh attempt made to force the wary Leader's hand. Notice of motion raising the question was given by a colleague on Front Bench. Good Tariff Reformers gleefully rubbed their palms together.

"Now we've got him," they said. "With all his skill and practice he can't dodge LYTELTON's motion."

After all they didn't know their PRINCE ARTHUR. He spoke for an hour, his voice and manner suggesting that he was consumed by righteous indignation about something or other. What it was exactly his audience, like little *Peterkin's* mentor discouraging on another historical conflict, "could not well make out." Certainly when he sat down he was no further committed to Tariff Reform than when he rose with assumed intent finally to declare himself.

Exceedingly clever but nothing new. Repetition of physical or intellectual feat, however smart, palls on repetition. Still there is satisfaction in having once more run the gauntlet unscathed; more still in knowing that the Session is practically over, and through the long recess no one will expect him to make a speech about Tariff Reform.

Business done.—Winding it up.

THE BUCK-EYED VIEW.

[Being a free versified paraphrase of the impressions of the "Buck-eye Daisies," the batch of "prize girls" from Ohio who lately visited Europe.—*Vide "Daily Telegraph," August 22.*]

FRESH returned from ancient Yurrop,
The delightful Buck-eye Daisies
Have recorded their impressions
In illuminating phrases.

They have seen, these maids entrancing,
Sights that set their pulses dancing,
Spires and palaces galore,
Statues, pictures by the score—
TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO—
But they never saw, O no!
Any sight or any show
Half as great as Ohio;
Anything so fine and frank
As the manhood of the Yank.

Somewhat chary in their praises
Are the breezy Buck-eye Daisies.
They declare, in tones emphatic,
Germans are "too automatic,"



Shopman (to undecided customer come to purchase a dog-trough). "Would you like one WITH 'DOG' PAINTED ON IT, MADAM?"

Customer. "N-NO. YOU SEE, THE DOG CAN'T READ, AND MY HUSBAND DOESN'T DRINK WATER!"

And the chivalrous Parisian,
Though he dwells in fields Elysian,
In their free-and-easy way
They pronounce a "popinjay."
Clumsy to the Buck-eye view
Is the Englishwoman's shoe.
And, although they have confessed
Her complexion is the best,
Unrelentingly they add
That her style in dress is bad.

Unexpected are the phases
Of the gentle Buck-eye Daisies.
How a maiden Transatlantic
Can be so insane and frantic
As to wed a titled gent
Of European descent—
This prodigiously amazes
Patriotic Buck-eye Daisies.

Yet, though liberal of blame,
We adore you all the same;
For, delightful to relate,

You have been alleged to state
That "The Englishman is great."
And for this, O Buck-eye Daisies,
We forgive you all your phrases.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these 'It might
have been.'"

"In the first semi-final Messrs.
H. and R. passed the winning post
together, when the latter turned
turtle, and but for the untimely
efforts of two clubmates, he might
have been drowned."—*Sportsman.*

"The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of a large number of parents, which were both handsome and useful."—*Leytonstone Express.*

CERTAINLY on such an occasion
everybody seems ready enough with
parental advice.

THE KISS AND THE CURSE.

At the Temple of Apollo (Lord of Light) a rather fatuous trifle, called *The Three Kisses*, and described as a "Musical Production," was redeemed by the quiet humour and delightful personality of Miss ETHEL IRVING. In the part of that merry widow, the *Contessa di Ravogli* (here pronounced Ravoli), she entertained with great lavishness in her villa at Sorrento. So large-hearted, indeed, was her humanity that she allowed just any orange-girl and fisherman of this charming watering-place to have the free run of her house, and in the case of the women to stay the night. Nevertheless, her duties of hostess sat very lightly upon her, and she found time for a dainty exhibition of pink hose and an extremely clever impersonation of Madame ZANCIG. Her quiet ease of manner served as a foil for the strenuous buffooneries of Mr. WALTER PASSMORE as a local dotard, and Mr. ALFRED LE FRE as "The Tourist's Friend" and general factotum.

Apart from the ZANCIG imitation there was not much to rive the diaphragm, though there was humour in the Bold Conspirators' Quintet, in which Mr. WILLIE WARDE was delightfully improbable, and Mr. WILLIAM PRINGLE very happily illustrated the limited relaxation permissible to the dignity of a Contessa's footman. Even so, the song compared unfavourably with "*The Bogey Man*" of the old Leslie days.

Mr. PASSMORE's glistening face was sufficient testimony to his energetic methods, and I understand from the critics that if he is only given time he will extract a wealth of humour from his part. Meanwhile a flattering audience was content to be tickled by dialogue of this sort:

A. You'll get a decree nisi.

B. I'll give you a nice eye.

Mr. TALBOT's attractive music was wasted on the book, whose plot was thin to the point of emaciation. It seems that in Sorrento (where much else occurs that is unusual) there is a floating family tradition that engaged couples may not kiss more than twice before marriage. For the Italian temperament, and so near Vesuvius too, the figure strikes one as inadequate. Still, there it was, and when you broke the rule a curse came on you, and your smack (if you were a fisherman) instantly foundered. But there was a charm to stay the curse, and it resided in a certain snuff-box. Unfortunately this talisman had been taken out of the country (contrary to the Italian law about

works of art), and had disappeared in London. It was a vague address, but we know of what stuff this brave Sorrento fisherfolk (and particularly Mr. WALTER HYDE) is made; and nobody was surprised when at a moment's notice he set off to England to retrieve the treasure. Ulti-



Signor Pimpenello . . . Mr. WALTER PASSMORE.
Ghi-Ghi Mr. WILLIE WARDE.

mately, by doubling back on his traces, he overtakes it in the possession of a Wimpole Street physician, who happens to be on a visit (like most other people) at the Villa Ravogli. A great piece of luck, for if he had been two seconds later the final curtain would have cut off his pursuit.

There was a pretty girl in the chorus. O. S.

JIGGERNAUT.

I NOTICED that JONES was looking pale and worn when I met him, and we went into a tea-shop to chat.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I am developing a sixth sense," he answered, with a shocking laugh, "something never before owned by Man. I live at a corner which has been selected as a stopping and starting place by motor-buses of several denominations; my bedroom, moreover, overlooks the road by which an entire line of them pounds its homeward way from Ultima Thule all night long. Talk of the acuteness that the senses of the wild Indian achieve! Nothing at all, my dear Sir, to what the civilized Londoner is having thrust upon him. I tell you I can already distinguish a Vanguard from a Union-Jack at fifty

yards without looking out of my window."

"You ought to go for a sea-voyage," I said, much pained, for I had always regarded JONES as a truthful person. Then I beckoned to the buxom waitress.

The floor of the shop began to tremble slightly. JONES shut his eyes. "Don't tell me—let me guess!" he cried childishly.

"No," he said, listening intently—the shaking increasing in violence every moment, "this isn't a General—it isn't a bus at all. It's a heavy goods van with six cylinders."

At this the vibration suddenly ceased. The waitress had reached our table and was in repose.

ÆSOP ON TOUR.

A YOUTHFUL Stage-player, approaching the front-door of the eminent Dentist between whose daughter and himself a marriage had been arranged, was surprised to see issuing therefrom the elderly Actor-manager whose understudy he was. The regularity and robustness of his Chief's Performances had long been a grievance to him, since thereby the Opportunity that was to bring him fame and fortune and incidentally his affianced bride was indefinitely postponed; but he had always dissembled his Annoyance, and it was not any inkling thereof which accounted for the great man greeting him with a mere Grunt, as the first-named strode down the steps with his Pocket-handkerchief pressed tightly against his mouth. And pondering these things the Understudy entered the house and, undeterred by the novel contents of the magazines for the year before last in the waiting-room, pressed steadily forward to the innermost sanctuary of the Dentist. And finding it empty he searched it until he espied a small square Box, in the superscription whereof appeared the name of the Actor-manager aforesaid; and pouncing upon it he endeavoured to secrete it in his coat-tail pocket. "Aha!" he exclaimed many times over, rattling the contents of the box horribly, "curfew shall not ring to-night!" And, the daughter of the house running in at that moment, he embraced her, even in the presence of the Chair; and, showing her what he had found, he told her gleefully whose they were. "Yes, I know," said the damsel; "Papa's been busy all the morning fixing him up with a temporary set."

MORAL: *Il y en a toujours les autres.*

BRUCE.**A SHORT STUDY OF A GREAT LIFE.**

BRUCE is a cricket. When I am lying awake o' nights, thinking of all the wonderful things I am going to do on the morrow, BRUCE is on his back, somewhere behind the boiler, singing to himself.

Looking back on the days when I first knew him, it seems strange to reflect that there was a time when I almost wanted to kill him. That was before I understood that he was really quite out of reach behind the boiler. The first night (how absurd it sounds now) I got out of bed with a slipper, tracked him three times round the room, and returned to bed very cold and mystified. The next day I spoke to the housekeeper about it, and learnt that I should never be able to get the slipper on to him properly.

On that night he sang more loudly than ever; the way he kept the note was wonderful. I decided to call him BRUCE and, as he and the boiler were fixtures, to make the best of him. Even so I did not love him. The intrinsic merits of his song were few—the position from which he gave it argued a want of confidence in his powers.

And then I made a wonderful discovery. I was told by a man who knew a little more about crickets than I did that BRUCE did not sing in the ordinary sense of the word, but that the chirping noise characteristic of him he made by rubbing his knees together. And the same with grasshoppers.

Now I invite you to consider what this really means. There is a heroism about this that is truly wonderful. Picture to yourself a hot August night; on the one hand, myself in bed dropping comfortably off into a peaceful slumber—on the other hand, BRUCE behind the boiler vigorously rubbing his knees together. The contrast is a terrible one. I don't know, but I should think that BRUCE must be a Socialist by now.

Of course I want to know two things. First, how did BRUCE get behind the boiler; secondly, why does he rub his knees together? There are seventy-two steps up to my rooms; if he came by the stairs it was a long and tiring journey for

him, and there was always the chance of finding me out. Perhaps he came straight up the hot-water pipe—Excelsior!

I like the picture of him coming up the hot-water pipe. Probably he had others with him. They would take up position on the first three floors.

"Hallo, wherever are you off to?" they would say to BRUCE, as they sat down and began to rosin their knees.

"How do you know there isn't

temptible. I don't even know why he wants to rub his knees together so violently. Is it merely a nervous spasmodic twitching? Oh no, it cannot be that. It may be with the others, but not with BRUCE. But if he does it deliberately, does he never get tired? Do his knees never wear out? When does he take nourishment?

That brings me to another point. What does BRUCE eat? He might possibly tap the boiler for hot water now and then, but how does he manage for food? Is his diet animal, vegetable, or mineral? Mineral, it would appear. . . .

It is twelve o'clock. I have had a hard day's work, and I am tired. There is no noise save from the direction of the boiler. As I lie awake, my thoughts are with BRUCE. He has abandoned his whole soul to his song. For one moment, it is true, I am tempted to say, "Confound the beast, why won't he let me go to sleep?" But then I think of his noble unselfish life. I think of his unceasing labour and of his love for music. And I recall, too, how in the face of disappointments which would have soured and embittered the life of another, he has remained cheerful. For while hustlers have sung hymns in praise of the bee, and have recommended the sluggard to the ant, no one has yet done justice to the tireless life of the cricket. . . .

BRUCE, I raise the water-bottle to you. More power to your knees! A. A. M.

**ECLIPSED.**

A REGENT STREET STUDY IN THE SLACK SEASON.

another floor?" BRUCE would answer. "Anyhow, I'm going to see."

"Don't be an ass. It's warm enough here for anybody."

"No, I think I'll just go on a bit. There's a chap up here who's never heard 'Bluebell.'"

Perhaps, though, BRUCE was born behind the boiler. I should be sorry to think that. I don't like the idea of him taking advantage of the accidents of birth in this way. I prefer to regard him as a self-made cricket.

My knowledge of BRUCE is con-

advance 250 marks to Russia, on condition that the total amount was applied to the construction of war vessels in German shipyards." And now all the TSAR has to do is to think of a good last line, and the national credit will be restored.

Literary Candour.

How authors may supplement their professional incomes:—

"The fullest, and in many respects the best biography. It is largely based on original documents and letters entrusted to the authors, many of which have never been seen since."—*Sotheran's Catalogue.*

THE midnight meeting of the EMPEROR of GERMANY and the TSAR of RUSSIA is like to become historic. One of the results of it is announced by *The Telegraph* as follows:

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Folk Afield (METHUEN), by EDEN PHILLPOTTS, is a bouquet of exotic specimens, taken from peasant life on the edges of the Mediterranean and other seas of the South. The author has studied the vegetation of the Riviera with great particularity, and is eloquent, in the way he knows so well, over the lights and shades that dapple its terraced hills. But to read the heart of its people something more is needed than a botanical eye; and Mr. PHILLPOTTS, who is always at home among his folk of Dartmoor, does not here impose himself as anything better than an intelligent traveller with a pleasant appreciation of externals. MAUPASSANT is his model; but he misses the subtlety of the Master's art, his *flair* for the right situation on which to build the short story. There is too much of crude, elemental emotion, jealousy and passion and the lust for blood, in these tragedies *à trois*, and they bear too close a family resemblance to one another. Far the best of the tales, "The Skipper's Bible," is one of the few that have an Anglo-Saxon atmosphere. A negro, condemned to death, is being shipped to Kingston for execution, and is concerned to improve his soul by the study of literature designed for that end. But there is no such literature in this godless ship, save one copy of the Bible belonging to the godless Yankee skipper, who, for pure cussedness, declines to give it up. The English mate,

determined at all costs to let the nigger have a chance, demands the loan of it, and it is only after a terrific dust-up, in which both parties come within an ace of perishing, that he wrests the Bible from its stricken proprietor, and so attains to save the black man's soul. The episode is rich in humour and irony.

I cannot hope that this book will greatly add to the author's reputation. He is essentially a writer who needs room in which to spread himself. But his scenic pictures are still nobly painted, and these warm colours of the South are a timely change from the drabs and greys of the Devon moors.

The hero of *A Mother's Son*, by B. and C. B. FRY (METHUEN), would be described in *Who's Who* like this: —LOVELL, MARK, b. March, 1867; o.s. of the late Richard Lovell. Educ. Minchster; Magdalen College, Oxford (Scholar). Oxford University Rugby XV., Oxford University Cricket XI. (Century v. Cambridge at Lords), Oxford University Athletic Club (Quarter-mile Inter-University record), All England XI. (Century v. Australia). Rcd. winner of Grand National. Recreation: Hunting. Club: M.C.C. "Absurd!"

you say. "Nobody could believe in him. Men aren't like that." On the other hand the heroine of the book, Mark's mother, is just a good and lovable woman. "Ah!" you say, "one could believe in her. That's exactly how mothers are." Yet, after reading the story, I feel that it is Mark who is the real living character, and that Mary Lovell is simply a lay figure. The authors make the common mistake of thinking that if you only say a thing often enough people will believe you. We are always hearing what a splendid mother Mark had, and that he owes all his success to her; nearly every character in the book swears that she is the best woman in the world; but Mary Lovell herself never says or does anything to make one even think her rather a dear. (If Mr. and Mrs. Fry should read *The Country House* they will see that it does not require praise from either the author or any of his characters to make a true mother infinitely lovable.) With Mark it is different; at any rate he does some things which are minutely and realistically described. In the hunting and steeple-

chasing scenes the authors are at their best, and in their description of the test match not far behind it. But I like most of all Mark's first going to school, with his pathetic enquiry of everybody, "I expect it'll be all right, don't you?"

There seems a likelihood that readers of *The Bay of Lilacs* (METHUEN — whose firm, by the way, seems very prolific for the off-season) will shortly startle from their calm the young gentlemen of Messrs. Cook's bureaux by demanding return



THE LATEST TERROR.

THE MOTOR BATHING MACHINE.

tickets for Syrenvik and Lerkstrom. Finland (if we may trust Mr. PAUL WAINEMAN) is a place of sunshine and blue waters, of white heather and wild strawberries, that comes very near the cinematograph for rapid pictorial effects. And what if the hotel accommodation is rather limited, when a farmhouse can give you mushrooms in cream and *pjerpe* with a salad of sweet marrow and gherkins for breakfast? But the plots (other than grass) are apparently not so radiant; there is a kind of Maeterlinckian presage of woe and symbolic obscurity about this book, that makes us a bit shivery in spite of its sun; no one seems to come quite happily out of it, except *Sister Antoinette* (who dies), and a promising love-idyll comes hopelessly to grief. Again, there is far too much mystification about *Fröken Hildur's* relatives, and far too great a profusion about those of the grammatical kind. One or two sentences read rather like "the house that Jack built." Nor do we believe that a nurse (however fine her Finnish) would say, "Even an Englishman is not exempted by Providence from colds." These, however, are minor details; as a word-picture of seductive scenery this novel almost enables us to form a mental image of summer.

CHARIVARIA.

IN view of the official announcement that our Government has decided not to lay down an additional battleship in any event while the Peace Conference is sitting, certain Powers are said to be in favour of the permanent sitting of the Conference.

Captain GROGAN has addressed a letter to the Governor of British East

Africa expressing regret at his action in flogging natives at Nairobi, and those persons in this country who adjudged the captain innocent without giving him a hearing consider that he should have consulted them before making this admission.

An International Congress of Anarchists was held last week at Amsterdam. To the great annoyance of the Anarchists an International Congress of Detectives was held at the same time and place.

Mr. QUELCH, who retired from Stuttgart on being threatened with expulsion, has been congratulated by his *confreres* on his "courageous stand against the action of the German Government Police." He did not take it "lying down," he took it walking away.

Meanwhile the English Socialists are still nursing a grievance against the President of the Stuttgart Congress who, when they were making a disturbance, requested them "to behave like good Social Democrats." They declare that that is just what they were doing.

Judge LANDIS, who fined the Standard Oil Trust, is suffering from nervous breakdown, and has been obliged to take a rest cure. It is not at all improbable that certain officials of the trust will also have to undergo arrest cure later on.

The Maerjelen Lake, at the foot of the great Aletsch glacier in Switzerland, has suddenly disappeared. It is thought by some that recent geological disturbances have caused a subsidence. Others, however, suspect some American souvenir-hunters who were recently in the district.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is determined to be in the fashion. This up-to-date monarch, it is said, has

such word to be illuminated after dark.

Sir CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY, it is stated, has decided to go to a remote part of South Africa for a desert holiday. We are at a loss to understand why Sir CLAUDE should go so far afield, for some of our newer seaside resorts would appear to cater especially for tastes of this kind.

We understand that the proceedings against the driver of a taxicab, who was fined last week at the Guildhall for carrying five passengers, were taken at the instigation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Taxicabs.

One of the latest gentlemen to make an attempt on the Channel is M. JULES GAUTIER, who is described as "an ornamental swimmer." We take this to mean that M. GAUTIER will not wear goggles.

The brilliant comet which was seen for a moment by many persons the other day, and then disappeared, is now thought to have been the sun.

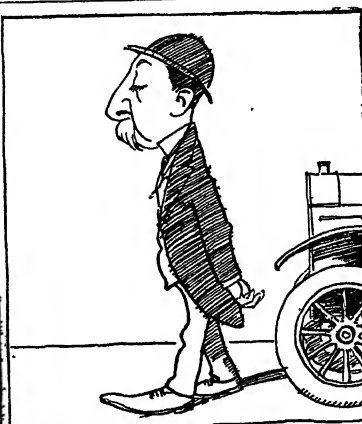
An official report just issued shows that while the number of visits to our Museums decreases the sale of guide-books tends to increase. It is, we

believe, the same with the Royal Academy. Many persons buy catalogues to enable them to talk about the show, and shirk an actual visit; conduct which, in our opinion, is entirely contemptible.

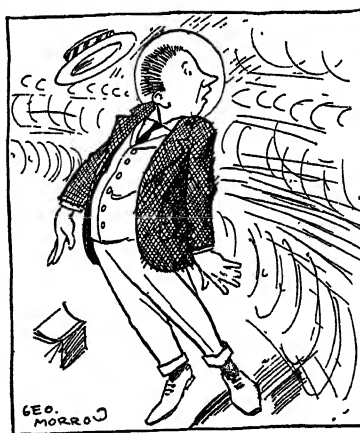
What is said to be "a new dog" has been discovered in West Australia. Judging, however, from its description—it is about the size of a rat, and extremely ugly—the majority of dogs are of the opinion that the creature is not a dog but a cat. We cannot enter into a controversy on the subject.



PEDESTRIAN'S IDEA OF MOTORIST.



MOTORIST'S IDEA OF PEDESTRIAN.



PEDESTRIAN'S IDEA OF PEDESTRIAN.



MOTORIST'S IDEA OF MOTORIST.

AFTER READING THE CORRESPONDENCE WHICH HAS BEEN RAGING FOR SOME TIME FAST IN ONE OF THE MORNING PAPERS, WE VENTURE TO REPRESENT THE CONFLICTING OPINIONS PICTORIALLY.

just acquired the famous Shah Suza diamond, which is said to be worth £25,000.

Deaf persons are complaining that they are more frequently run over by motor-cars than other persons owing to their infirmity not being recognised. The motorists acknowledge that there is something in the complaint, and it is proposed that, with a view to preventing accidents, pedestrians who are hard of hearing shall wear white costumes with the word DEAF imprinted in large characters on their backs and fronts,

SESSION ENDS: SUMMER BEGINS.

[Lines composed during the glorious weather immediately succeeding the prorogation of Parliament.]

No, I am not of their belief who say
It is the Government we have to thank
For summer's inexcusable delay
And weather-records absolutely rank;
They lapse at times from grace, like you and me;
They even fail in reverence for the Primate;
But they would never wantonly agree
To dislocate the climate.

And yet 'tis strange—of course it may have been
Merely coincidence and nothing more—
That, while they sat and worked their guillotine,
The wet was beastly and the wind a bore;
But, when their labours ceased, then sky and earth
Grew glad and warm the very instant after,
And summer, left for dead before her birth,
Woke up to life and laughter.

I draw no inference. I only know
That in the King's Speech, somewhere back in Feb.,
C.-B. invited Heaven to look below
And watch him weave his legislative web;
And ever since has Heaven concealed its eye,
And, though I don't profess to plumb the reasons,
Has markedly omitted to supply
Two of the usual seasons.

But hope revives; and, as the impartial rain
Fell squarely on the unjust and the just,
Giving the Commons water-on-the-brain,
Drenching Another Place's Upper Crust,
So now the sun with equitable heat,
Dispensing wide his Paradisal weather,
Shines on the wolf and lambkin where they bleat
Like turtle-doves together. O. S.

THE LEAGUE.

THE League only lived one day and then broke up.

NINA has asked me to write down this story so as to put us right with the outside world, and to show it was not our fault, but MRS. AUSTIN's. Please excuse blots and other things, but I am not good at spelling, so NINA is dictating some of this, and will look it over. She is over ten, and I am nearly nine, and my name is HERBERT.

We were in the coachhouse on Wednesday playing at knights rescuing a distressed lady. NINA took the ribbons out of her hair and spread herself out against one of the doors and said, "The Paynims have entreated me sore. Gramercy, but the cords bite my flesh. In ten minutes I shall yield up the ghost if no succour comes." Then she sobbed and flopped her head down and rolled her eyes about; and the second time she did it I dashed up with the pony's bridle on my head for a helmet and cut her cords with Dad's razor-strop. Next time she hid behind the dog-cart and said she was in the deepest dungeon of a Saracen castle, and I had to fight my way through the encompassing hosts and fish her out. The St. Bernard and the Dandie Dinmont were the encompassing hosts, but they wouldn't stop in their places. Dogs are always messing about after something, and whenever I severed Roy's head with one blow of my Toledo blade he wagged his tail like mad and tried to lick my face.

At last NINA got tired of being a distressed lady, and

I didn't want to be any more knights myself, so we had supper, for which we roasted an ox whole and invited all the countryside to join in the revels. NINA said, "Let mirth prevail," and then she pledged the company to drink with her to the health of her beloved son, who had lately returned from the wars after having slain the KING OF FRANCE. I said, "Hear, hear," but she whispered, "Shut up. You are my beloved son, and you mustn't cheer yourself," which was rot.

Just then MRS. AUSTIN came in. She's our cook, and very good at jam-tarts. She had been asked to keep an eye on us while Mum was out making calls. She said, "What mischief are you two limbs up to? That's your second clean frock to-day, Miss NINA; and as for your face, Master HERBERT, I never did see such a sight. Wherever did you get all them black smudges from?" She was going on, but NINA stopped her, and stood up with one of her solemn mysterious looks and said in a deep voice, "It grieves me, your Grace, that you should have intruded upon our orgies at this moment. The penalty is death by lightning on the castle battlements. Say, will you die to-day or to-morrow?" MRS. AUSTIN said that on the whole she thought she would prefer to-morrow, and then she laughed, and NINA got much solemn, and said, "Peace, woman; you may yet escape your dreadful fate by joining the League. Will you do so?" MRS. AUSTIN said the one thing she'd always hankered after was a League, but was it expensive, and was there any work to do? "That," said NINA, "you shall learn in due time," and then we swore her in. I gave her the stable-hose to hold in her right hand, and NINA got on a bucket which was turned bottom up, and said, "As Arch-Priest and Grand Duke of the Secret League of Champions I now admit you, MRS. AUSTIN, to be a Cavalier of the Order. This is the Royal Room, and you must never enter it save in complete armour and bearing a lily in your hand. You will find your coat of mail and your visor and your gleaming falchion in the armoury. Now go and remember your oath." Then she dismissed MRS. AUSTIN with a grand wave of her hand and we went round with her to the kitchen.

Next day, a little before dinner (I mean our dinner at one o'clock), NINA said there must be a meeting of the League, and we went into the kitchen to summon MRS. AUSTIN. She seemed very hot and busy, and when NINA said, "The League is about to meet in the Royal Room," she said in her short way, "It can meet in the attics for all me." Then NINA tried persuasion. "Remember your oath, MRS. AUSTIN," she said. "If you do not attend when summoned your right hand will wither on its stump." MRS. AUSTIN didn't seem to care. "You two get out of my kitchen," she said. "Do you then resign the League?" asked NINA, very quiet and sad. "I do," said MRS. AUSTIN; "and if you don't make yourself scarce I'll resign you too in a way you won't like." We went out, and then NINA sat down and wrote to MRS. AUSTIN. This was the letter:—

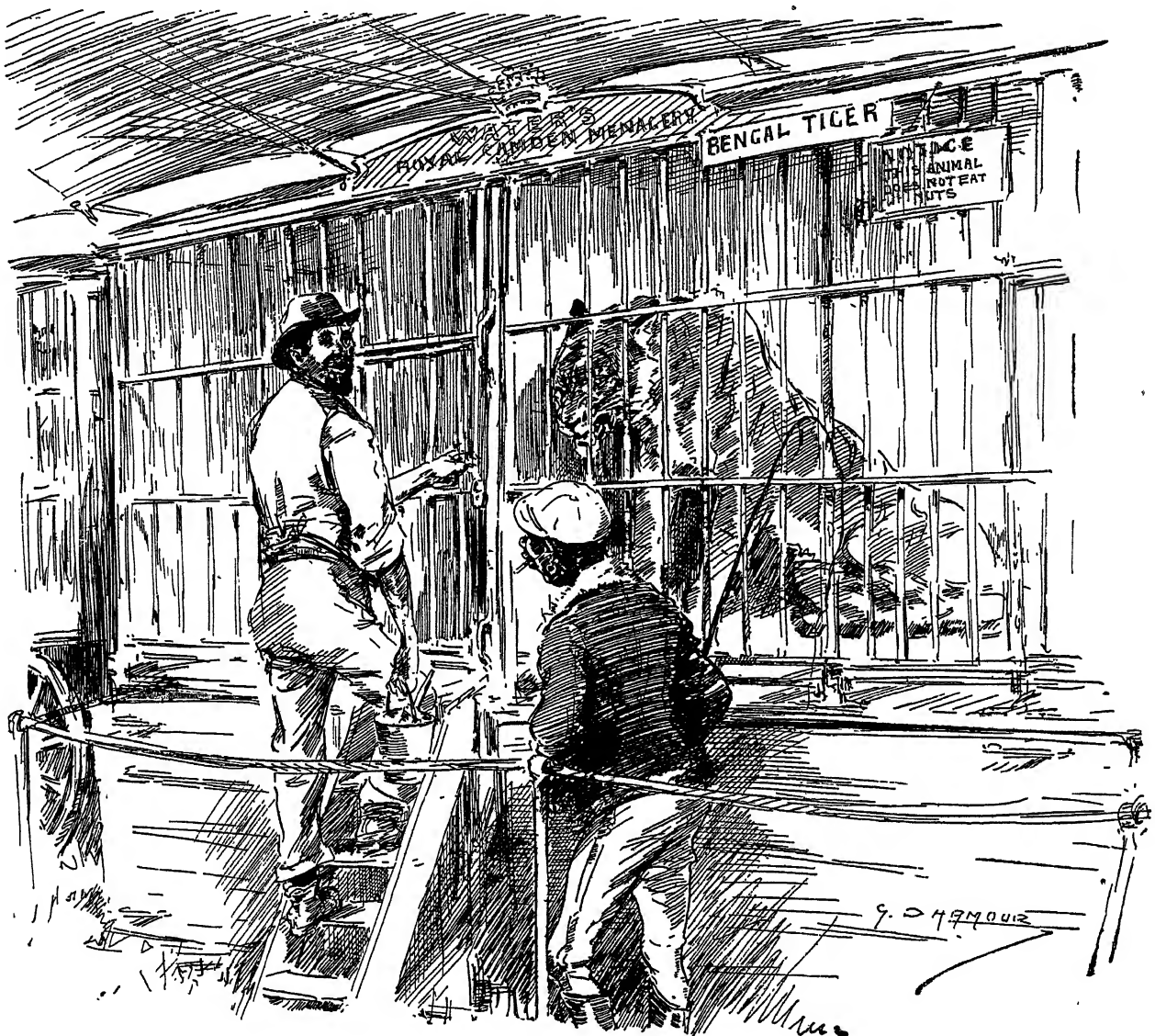
"To MRS. AUSTIN, Cupar House, Oldmarket.

"We are extremely sorry to hear that you have no further wish to join our League. Of course not being a member you will not come on Saturday or any other day, and you must not share in any of our festivities, for which I am sorry, but it is my duty to tell you so. If I may give my opinion in the matter I think it is a very trivial affair to be annoyed at indeed. But of course some opinions differ. Of course not being a member



THE SPARE-ROOM GUEST.

THE OLD LADY OF FLEET STREET WELCOMES THE ARRIVAL, LONG DELAYED, OF THE SILLY SEASON.



THE REALISTIC IN ART.

Coloured Lion-tamer. "WHAT YOU GWINE TO DO WID DAT PAINT, ANDY?"

Irish Handy Man. "SURE THE POLAR BEAR'S GOIN' IN HERE, AND SORRA AN OBSTACKLE THERE'LL BE BETUNE HIM AND THE BINGAL TIGER BUT HALF AN INCH O' BOARD, SO 'TIS THE WAY I'M GOIN' TO PAINT A LITTLE SKETCH OF AN ICEBERG ON UT, JUST TO DESAVE THE VARMINT!"

you are requested not to go to the Royal Room under any pretence whatsoever, except with permission, which I cannot possibly grant you. Do not suppose that I write this with joy. It is a sad moment for both of us. Expressing our sincere regret in the matter,

"We are, yours truly,

"NINA and HERBERT."

We never got an answer from Mrs. AUSTIN, and the League has not met since. NINA asked me to write this because she says the truth must be told even if it is painful to Mrs. AUSTIN: Yesterday she said we were an International Congress of Socialists or something. She shouted "Shame, shame!" and "Put him out!" and at last she said if I couldn't obey the chairman I was to go home. I did.

R. C. L.

For Valour?

ACCORDING to the *Anglo-Chilian Times* the Victoria Cross has been conferred on the celebrated tenor, Signor CARUSO.

Commercial Candour.

"£100 Accident Coupon, etc., in case, 2d. (To-day) at all GROTTO CAFÉS. 4 Courses 1s."—*Daily Dispatch*.

We like the "in case." You never can tell.

UNDER the heading "Local Inventions," *The Portsmouth Evening News* prints the following:

"The following are among the recent applications for patents:—
J. H.—Apparatus for coaling two ships at sea and four in harbour at the same time."

It certainly sounds difficult, but the Editor need not have been quite so severe about it.



GALLANT RESCUE FROM DROWNING AT LITTLEHAMPTON. A.D. 1907.



AN ALDERSHOT REVIEW. A.D. 1907.

See article, "To Revive the Grand Manner."

TO REVIVE THE GRAND MANNER.

WE are glad to hear that there is some talk of reviving the post of Royal Historical Painter, once held by BENJAMIN WEST, but now obsolete. It is time. The prevalence of the cynical camera is belittling, and its influence must be counteracted. We need a return to the grand manner, and this a Royal Historical Painter would supply. The *Daily Mirror* is too actual: we require a *Daily Magnifier*. The commonest events of life are capable of fine and exalting treatment. To snap-shot a scene is to vulgarise it; to paint it in the grandiose manner is to ennoble it.

Take for example a rescue from drowning on the Littlehampton sands; what can the photographer do with it? Nothing. It will come out merely as a smudge. But the Historical Painter can make it classic: perpetual reminder of man's humanity to man. He can group it as it should be; he can put nature into key with the great act of heroism. In fact, he has done so, as our illustration shows.

Another example: A military review. Here is a subject indeed. What would the camera make of a cavalry charge? Merely a huddle of rushing horses, with their legs anatomically correct but artistically appalling. No order, no regularity. The camera left to do its full work would effectually put an end to recruiting. But the Historical Painter would send young fellows by thousands to the N.E. pavement of Trafalgar Square, because he would make the scene grand and memorable and orderly. By all means let us have the Royal Historical Painter again.

ANIMAL HELPERS.

LAST Wednesday's papers contained a thrilling account of the wreck of a special train conveying a travelling menagerie in West Virginia. According to a *Central News* telegram:

"Nine highly trained elephants, among them being the mother of the once famous *Jumbo*, were passengers by the train, but escaped unhurt. The driver of the locomotive was pinned beneath a heap of debris, and several of the overturned cars caught fire; but, under the direction of their trainers, the elephants formed themselves into an effective salvage corps. The mother of *Jumbo* was made to lift sufficient of the wreckage to enable the imprisoned driver to crawl out, while her eight companions trotted smartly backwards and forwards between the wreck and the river, filling their trunks with water from the latter, which they poured on the burning cars, eventually extinguishing the flames."

This instance of elephantine sagacity, in view of the time of year at which it was displayed, has naturally prompted a good deal of comment, and we are indebted to the courtesy of our esteemed contemporary *The Dictator* for leave to reprint a selection from the letters which will appear in the forthcoming issue:—

[To the Editor of "The Dictator."]

DEAR SIR,—The behaviour of the elephants at the railway accident in Virginia reminds me of a curious and hitherto unrecorded incident which occurred at the Inter-Varsity sports when I was an undergraduate at Oxford more years ago than I care to confess. The Cambridge first string in the high jump happened to have spent the previous "Long" in Australia, and brought back with him a kangaroo, which speedily became the pet of his college—Trinity Hall. Just before the sports his master was laid up with German measles, and

conceived the audacious project of substituting the kangaroo for himself! The aid of the Clarkson of the period was requisitioned, and thanks to a clever facial make-up the gifted marsupial was converted into a very fair representation of a human athlete. At Lillie Bridge, where the sports were held in those days, the animal was carefully swathed in a long ulster until the last moment, and then easily defeated all other competitors. Unfortunately, while it was in the act of clearing 6 ft. 6 in. in an exhibition jump, one of its running shoes came off, and revealed the peculiar formation of its foot, with the result that it was promptly disqualified by the judge, my old friend THOMAS HEBBLETHWAITE, K.C. The mortification of the kangaroo was painful to witness, and it fell into an early decline after taking an *aegrotat* in botany.

I am, Sir,

Yours truthfully,

ANNAN EYAS.

[We are indeed proud to be the means of giving publicity to this extraordinarily interesting anecdote, and can only regret that the authorities showed such an unsportsmanlike spirit towards one who was clearly a member of the University, for otherwise how could he have taken a degree?—Ed. Dictator.]

[To the Editor of "The Dictator."]

DEAR SIR,—I think it right to let you know that my aunt, Miss RHODA PENHALIGON, of Boscastle, had a tortoise which she trained to act as a paperweight. As she was a woman much addicted to literary pursuits, and invariably worked with her windows open, you can well imagine that the task was no sinecure. But the faithful animal never complained, even when she dropped sealing-wax on it by accident. My aunt died many years ago, but the tortoise is



CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

Mary Anne, after spending a morning on the shore, is told by her mistress to take the children home.

Mary Anne. "YES, 'M; BUT, PLEASE, 'M, MUST I TIDY UP THE BEACH FIRST?"

still alive, and is, I believe, at the present moment employed as a fore-caddie on the Boscastle links, where it signals a clear green by protruding its head and uttering a plaintive coo.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ELEANOR MUFFETT.

[The fidelity of the tortoise is one of the most moving things in the annals of natural history. We earnestly hope that the Boscastle golfers appreciate their privilege.—Ed. Dictator.]

[To the Editor of "The Dictator."]

DEAR SIR,—The touching story of the elephant has inspired the following trifle, for which I hope you may find room in your revered columns:

O mother of Jumbo
Of deathless fame,
From far Colombo
You possibly came,
And certainly Mumbo
Was your Christian name.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

IVORY BULL, F.R.G.S.

[Mr. BULL's charming lyric will, we feel sure, appeal to all our readers, young, old, and middle-aged. It is not often that the spirit of HERRICK is so faithfully reproduced nowadays. We may add that we have cabled his lines to Jumbo's mother.—Ed. Dictator.]

[To the Editor of "The Dictator."]

DEAR SIR,—DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI's desire to possess an elephant which should clean his windows is well-known. But as a matter of fact a giraffe is far better suited for the purpose, as I have proved by actual experience. At my place in Kent I keep a giraffe in a disused oast-house—the structure of which is admirably suited to the animal's configuration — and the spotless purity of my window-panes is the envy of all the countryside.

Yours faithfully,

PULBOROUGH LEGGE.

[We are most grateful to Sir PULBOROUGH LEGGE for his charming letter. But could not the giraffe be also utilised for the purpose of hop-picking?—Ed. Dictator.]

[To the Editor of "The Dictator."]

DEAR SIR,—Knowing your interest in animals I venture to send you the following:—My Russian poodle, Pushkin, has an exceptionally tender skin, and the periodical clipping of his coat caused him acute annoyance, until, at the instance of a friend, I presented him with a safety-

razor, which he now uses on himself with perfect success and dexterity.

Faithfully yours,

SEPTIMUS PHIBBS.

P.S.—It has just occurred to me that years ago I met an American, a very highly cultivated man, who assured me that he had heard a gorilla singing in grand opera at Sierra Leone. Can any of your readers verify this assertion?

[We are delighted, as we always are, to print Mr. PHIBBS's interesting letter. Personally we have never been so fortunate as to hear a gorilla sing, but we are assured by our musical critic that it is a soul-shaking experience. We have, however, a distinct recollection of once being told that hedgehogs in some remote parts of Yorkshire were until recently employed to clean chimneys.—Ed. Dictator.]

"Alejandro de la Arena yesterday morning received a telegram stating that the stallion Saulsberry had been assassinated. As the telegram did not state distinctly that the horse was either poisoned or shot, Mr. de la Arena believes there is no doubt but that the stallion was stabbed to death."—Mexican Herald.

"MARVELLOUS!" said Dr. WATSON.

"Child's play," replied ALEJANDRO DE LA ARENA.

A FINAL FLICKER.

(A Saturday Night Study at the Balkan States Exhibition.)

TIME—nearly eleven. Most of the side-shows in "Elysia" have already closed. The "Cycle Circus" is coming to a standstill, and the few remaining patrons of the "Helter-Skelter Lighthouse" find themselves, after making the spiral descent with joyous whoops, received by the attendants in sailor costume below in a rough-and-ready fashion indicative of frank disgust. The General Public is drifting slowly towards the exits, lingering here and there, with a view to protracting its enjoyment to the last possible moment. An entertainment, as welcome as unexpected, is provided for them by a light-hearted young Clerk, who is addressed by his two companions as "FREDDY." FREDDY has already distinguished himself by descending the Lighthouse on his back with his legs in the air, and is recovering from the marked failure of the two sailors to appreciate his humour. At a stand occupied by some automatic machines he perceives further opportunities for "comic business," and plumps himself down in a weighing-chair.

Freddy (to the Boy in charge). I can't trust you to shave me, but you can cut my hair if you like. What—not a barber's? Oh, I see—a swing. My mistake!

[He rocks himself violently as he chants "See-saw, Marjory Daw."]

Boy. 'Ere, you stop that. 'Ow do you suppose I'm to weigh you without you keep quiet?

Freddy. Why didn't you tell me I was being weighed? I'll keep quite quiet—honest, I will. How much does it come to? Eleven stone five! (Receiving ticket.) Why, your bally machine has done me out of two whole pounds! I'm not coming out till I get my full weight!

Boy (tipping him out without ceremony). You don't want to get no fuller, you don't.

Freddy. Call this a pennorth! I say, there's not a word on this ticket about when I'm to be married, or my future, or anything!

Boy. I shouldn't worry about your future if I was you—you'll know it quite soon enough.

Freddy. Think I shall? All right—then I'll have a go at punching the ball. (He goes to an automatic Punching Bag, and tries in vain to pull it down.) How'm I to punch it if it won't come out?

Custodian. It'll come down right enough when you've put a penny in.

Freddy. Haven't got any more coppers. Will you oblige me with the loan of one penny? You won't? (To one of his companions who are looking on at a distance with an unholy joy.) I say, old man, that ball has been most disrespectful—lend me penny to get the satisfaction of a gentleman. (He obtains it.) Now then! (To the ball, which he pulls down to the extent of its chain.) You defy me, do you? (Squaring up at it.) You young rascal! I'm goin' to hit you most fearful blow. Will you apologise—or will you take a licking? Which is it to be? (The ball answers the question by unexpectedly retiring into its metal cage.) None o' that. Come out into the open like a man!

The Cust. You weren't quick enough, Guv'nor. Try another pennorth.

Freddy. It won't get off this time. (He borrows another penny and extracts the ball.) Do you hear? I'm going to knock you out very first round. Ah (he makes a feint at it) you would—would you? Just you

wait a bit. Woa, then! I shan't tell you when I begin—but you'll know it. (He delivers a blow which might have proved more effective if the ball had not retreated the moment before.) Do I get my penny back for that? (affecting to watch the lower slot for the coin's return.) No? Ah, well, never mind. (He pats the ball consolingly.) I don't bear any malice. Gobbless you!

[He moves on, pleasantly persuaded that he might make his fortune if he went "on the Halls."]

IN THE IMPERIAL COURT—AT THE "VOTES FOR WOMEN" STALL.

A Suffragette (behind the counter, showing pamphlets to a husband and wife). These will tell you what the arguments on our side are. We are making immense progress already. Nearly all the Members on both sides have given us pledges. Would you care to come to our meeting at Clement's Inn to-morrow? I could give you tickets.

The Wife (with distressing candour, as she takes her husband off). Thank you, I wouldn't pay a halfpenny bus fare to come and listen to it!

The Suffr. (calling after her with some acerbity). All right! Your husband will, any'ow!

[Here FREDDY, who seems to have made a halt for refreshment in the interval, arrives, followed by a small train of admirers in the hope of further sport.]

Freddy (fetching up in front of the stall, with his straw-hat slightly awry). I want a Flor de Capilla Blanca cigar and box of matches, Miss, please.

The Suffr. Then you've come to the wrong stall for them, that's all. We're here to plead for Votes for Women.

Freddy. That so? I've no objection to that—none in the wide world!

The Suffr. Of course not. All sensible men admit that our sex is every bit as capable as yours is to exercise the franchise.

Freddy (whose frivolity is now replaced by an owl's gravity). Cerrn'ly they are. As a marrer of fact, I don't mind tellin' you I've always been in favour of the idea. Of the idea, mind you!

Suffr. Then perhaps you would like to attend our meeting in Hyde Park to-morrow?

Freddy. I'll take ticket—two tickets. How mush did you say?

Suffr. Nothing. The meeting is free to all. Mrs. ENID GRAEMAIR and Miss IRENE YELLS are going to speak. You've heard of Miss IRENE YELLS, I daresay?

Freddy. Not t'my knowledge. But I haven't word t'say against her (handsomely)—norra word!

Suffr. I should think not, indeed! Can I sell you this pamphlet, which gives an account of the share we women took in the Jarrow and Colne Valley Elections?

Freddy (inspecting the pamphlet with an air of complete comprehension). Jarrow 'n Colne Valley 'lections, eh? Yes, I'll have that—something to read when I get home. (As he pays for it, the band in the kiosk opposite plays the National Anthem.) Excuse me—am I making mistake, or did I see you laughing at me for removing my hat like loyal subject? My 'pinion is everybody ought take off hats for "God Save King"—ladies same as rest. Why don't you take off hat? Mean tell me you're not parriotic?

Suffr. Why should we be patriotic when we're not allowed to vote?

Freddy. If you're lady, you ought be parriotic. I'm parriotic. I love my King. Gobbless him, I say. Gobblessim! (He uncovers once more.) Take back



Mrs. Plenteous (who has just seen Patricia Penny arrive in donkey-cart). "WE MOTAW'D OVER IN OUR NEW SIXTY-HORSE-POWER DIEHARD. DID YOU MOTAW?" Patricia (taking the pose). "No, WE MOKED."

your beashly rag! (He flings it into the stall with a noble indignation.) Sell it again for wharricare! I'm not going encourage Votes for Women who're not parriotic. Tell you wharri think 'bout you. (He is proceeding to express his candid opinion in terms of increasing profanity when he is led off by his friends.) All right, dear ole fiers, don' you take any notice of me. I can't help bein' paralytic—I mean parriotic. It's crule thing to laugh at man for bein' loyal subject. D'you know, I think I must have broken my legs goin' down lighthouse—'cause I can't gerrup these stairs without 'sistance. Is there mush furrer to go? On'y fault I find with Exhibition is—way out's much longer 'n way in. Let 'sh stop somewhere and have supper.

[His friends, however, ignore this suggestion as they pilot him to the Warwick Road exit, at which he arrives in a state of acute depression. As we obtain a last view of FREDDY shedding tears of sensibility in a hansom between his companions, we are permitted the hope that he reaches home without any further inconvenience or refreshment.]

F. A.

"Sir,—May I ask you to assist me to make known that yesterday I picked up a carrier pigeon with wing stamped 'John F. Field, Erith, Kent. 653.'? I am anxious to find the owner."—*Buckingham Advertiser*.

THE writer might try Devonshire for a start. Most of these pigeons give a false name and address in the first place.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

WE understand that, owing to apiarial depression, many bee-keepers are arranging to rear wasps for sporting purposes. Lord WALSHINGHAM, who is the greatest living authority on this subject, used for many years to walk up his wasps, but being anxious to increase the stock upon his home preserves by killing off the old cocks he took to having them driven over him. He has made record bags in both departments of this sport, which he regards as a high test of courage and marksmanship.

Seaside Resorts.

I.—BEAUTIFUL BARMOUTH.

"C. W. was charged by P.C. N. DAVIES with having furiously ridden a bicycle down hill very furiously on August 3. The officer shouted to the delinquent, who took no notice. Whereupon P.C. DAVIES, noticing that h's prey was likely to bolt, procured a bicycle and gave chase and ultimately overtook him.

"The Chairman: We fine defendant 30s. and costs for his impudence."—*Barmouth Advertiser*.

"A Young French Student, 23 years old, gives French lessons and information on Cognac Brandy."—*Hornsey Journal*.

SURELY a very bad tonic to work on.



Seaside Wc7. "WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOUR SIXPENNY DIAMOND PINS AND YOUR SHILLING ONES?" Jeweller. "YOU GET A BETTER DIAMOND."

THE EMPTINESS OF THINGS.

LONDON was absolutely empty. The last Member of Parliament had telegraphed his holiday arrangements to *The Daily Mail*, and had left for the North or South. I stood on the island of Piccadilly Circus, none disputing my right, and surveyed my kingdom from the centre right down to St. James's Park. Glancing up Regent Street I seemed for a moment to catch sight of a solitary American, but when I had rubbed my eyes and looked again he

was gone. Sick at heart, I turned aside, and began to push my way through the Desert of Piccadilly. . . .

"Well," said a voice suddenly, "what are you doing in London?"

I looked up in amazement.

"A sail, a sail!" I cried. "Like-wise a footprint. What on earth—"

"I do believe we are the only two people in London," said Miss MIDDLETON. "This is an historic meeting. Dr. LIVINGSTONE, is it not?"

"My dear Miss STANLEY! Are you alone?"

"My faithful followers have de-

serted me. Shall we sit down in the park? It's so crowded here."

"Now then," I said, when we were comfortably settled, "perhaps you will explain. Anything you say will be used in evidence against you."

"Well, the fact is, I'm up for a wedding."

"I didn't know people ever got married in August. But perhaps it's a deceased wife's sister. Anyhow, the Bishops don't like it."

"I can't help that. Now, what about yourself?"

"I? Oh, that's different. I work."

"I think I must ask for that again," said Miss MIDDLETON. "The birds are singing so loudly. You—"

"Listen," I said. "There is another side of life of which you have no knowledge. When you are in bed in the country dreaming happily of delightful things, in Fleet Street all is business and energy. Great printing presses are pouring out their message to the world; weary-eyed men are running to and fro with parcels of papers; others with up-turned collars are ready at any moment to rush their motors, each with its precious burden, into the various stations, whence tireless stokers, heavy for want of sleep, with steam full up, may whirl—"

"Yes, yes?" said Miss MIDDLETON, breathlessly. "And what are you doing all this time?"

"Oh well, I'm in bed too."

There was a short silence.

"You know," said Miss MIDDLETON, "I was getting quite excited. I thought for a moment you were going to be one of the stokers."

"I wish I were. They don't have to stick in London all August and September."

"Is it so bad as that? I'm off back to the sea to-morrow. Devonshire."

I looked at her in horror.

"You—you traitor!" I said.

"Such a lovely sandy bay, and the heather on the hills behind—"

"Don't," I implored, putting my hands over my ears.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Let's talk about the Embankment instead."

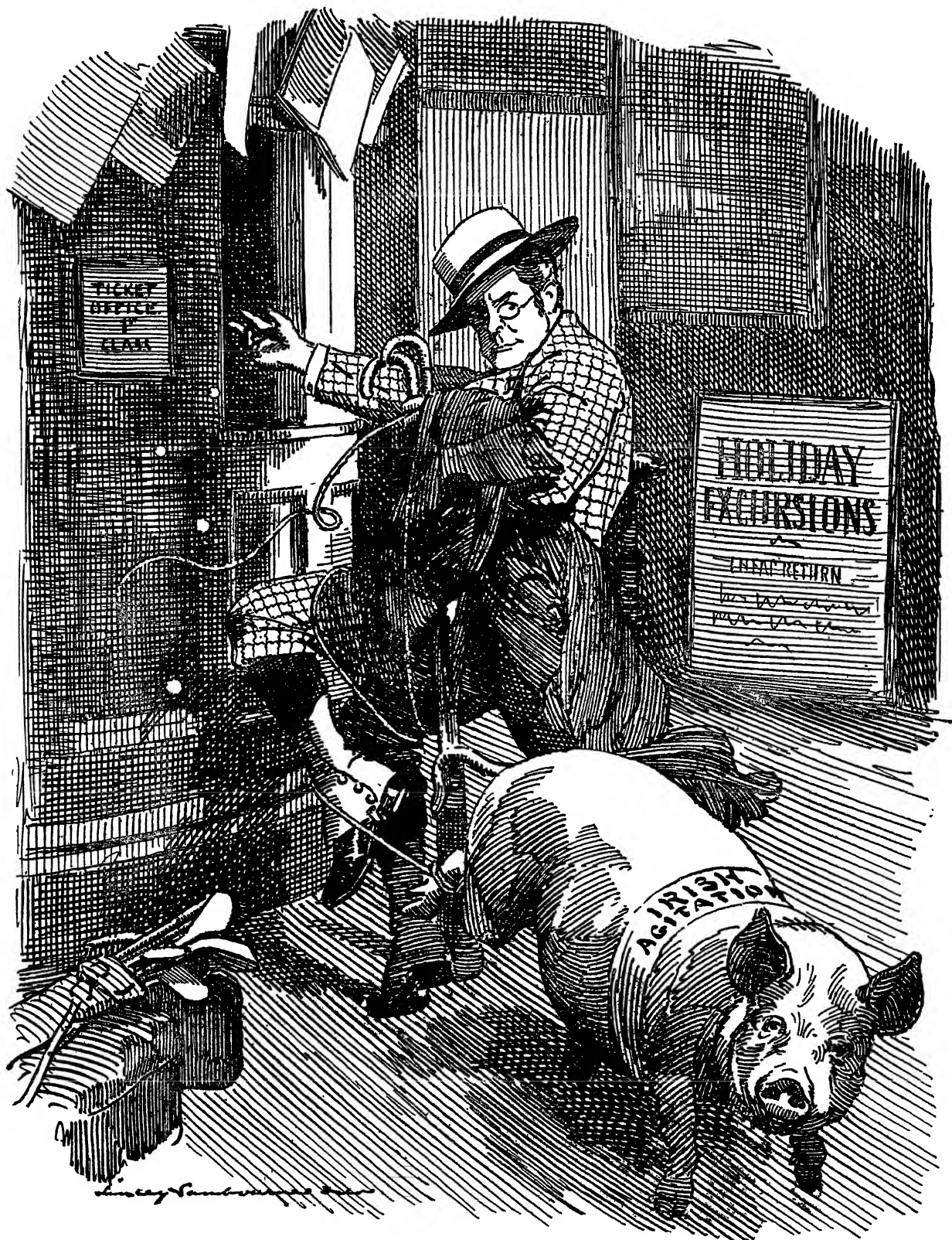
"No, go on. I like talking about it. What size spade do you take?"

"Sevens—wooden."

"I'm much better with an iron. Do you know I haven't seen a starfish, or a crab—an undressed crab—for—oh, years."

"Poor thing. We always bathe before breakfast. You can run straight in from the house—"

"Don't. I haven't had a mouthful of sea water for centuries."



“HIS MASTER’S VOICE.”

IRISH PIG (to Chief Secretary). “DIVIL A TASTE OF A HOLIDAY FOR YOU, ME BHOY, IF I CAN HELP IT!”

"There's a sort of little creek, and we take our lunch with us, and row over——"

"I haven't had a sandwich or a hard-boiled egg," I said, "for weeks."

"We always have great games in a cave there. You see there are such a lot of us, and some of them are quite children."

"The Smugglers' Cave. Aha! Once aboard the lugger, and the girl is mine. Don't I know?"

There was another silence. I began to dig up the earth with my stick.

"All the same," said Miss MIDDLETON suddenly, "I must say I prefer London."

"Do you?" I said doubtfully.

"Yes. And I always think it's so much nicer when everybody is away. So much more — more empty."

"Y—yes."

"After all, the sea is dreadfully over-rated."

"Oh, do say you're disappointed in the sea."

"The bathing is nothing like so nice as in fresh water."

"No, it isn't, is it?"

"And then the evenings are so dull. No bridge, no theatres, no anything."

"That really is so," I agreed. "And at the sea-side one is always getting wet. I do think that's so uncomfortable."

"It is. And the salt simply spoils the hair, I'm sure."

"Well, then, you advise me, after all, not to go?"

"Yes, I shouldn't go if I were you."

"You mustn't think I couldn't go. There's a hansom, and I've only got to say, 'Drive to Paddington,' and he'd be off at once."

"No, don't go."

I got up slowly.

"All right," I said. "Good-bye. You've done me a lot of good. So you're off again to-morrow. I hope it'll be better than you expect."

"Oh, well, we shall struggle on somehow. Good-bye."

I walked slowly back along the hot streets. The Strand was absolutely deserted; but I saw what might have been a journalist lurking in a corner of Fleet Street. A. A. M.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 26.—RACHEL BIRRELL weeping for his Evicted Tenants Bill will not be comforted. The Lords, having passed second reading without a division, laid heavy hands on it in Committee.

"What has been done by the amendment of Lord ROBERTSON," he

a special Act relieving CLANRICARDE tenants from nightmare weight of their landlord. And here to-day, after long debate in both Houses, the grey little man with the lean face and shabby clothes comes out top dog. A Bill avowedly designed to bring him on the knee is at last moment specially altered so as to leave him undisturbed.

That a touch of tragedy. Comedy comes in in case of another noble landlord who is openly accused of deliberately blowing up his own shooting lodge. At close of animated conversation between Nationalists and CHIEF SECRETARY, that blameless bewildered Briton, A. S. WILSON, chips in with enquiry, "Is there any truth in the suggestion that Lord ASHTOWN blew himself up?"

"I was not aware he was blown up," answered the cautious BIRRELL.

No; but his marble mantelpiece was blown clean out of the room in the dead of a rainy night.

Here curtain of Session falls on Ireland, with Marquis of CLANRICARDE dancing triumphal jig on Evicted Tenants Bill, and Lord ASHTOWN accused of attempting to blow himself up to serve his private ends, the enterprise resulting in dislodgment of his amazed marble chimney-piece.

O RICHARD, O mon roi,
L'univers t'abandonne.

Oh Ireland, oh my country! The world abandons quest among the peoples of her Principalities for parallel with thee in the freshness, originality and variety of thy flashes of humour, often grim,

mostly sorrowful, ever incomparable. *Business done.*—Lords' amendments to Evicted Tenants' Bill considered.

Tuesday.—In his advancement to Peerage by way of judicial Bench, Lord ROBERTSON left behind him in Commons pleasant memories of one of its acutest, most powerful debaters. Reputation enhanced in the Lords. Does not often contribute to debate. When he speaks his supremacy is unquestioned.

These things, combined with knowledge that at a time of systematic



THE TENANTS' NIGHTMARE.

"THE GREY LITTLE MAN."

(Lord CLANRICARDE.)

wailed, "is really the triumph of Lord CLANRICARDE."

Bill as it stood hardly worth adding to Statute Book. But half a loaf better than no bread. So, "yielding to superior force, in no way submitting to the force of the Lords' arguments," he recommended acceptance of the transformed measure.

Whilst at the Chief Secretary's office, WALTER LONG deplored the plague-spot of the CLANRICARDE estate. Early in this very session his successor, amid general cheering, expressed approval of a proposal to pass



TOSSEING THE LEGISLATIVE CABER.

Lord R-b-rts-n. "Oh, if I weren't a Law Lord, wouldn't I shew them a bit of tossing!"

hedging in politics he is a stern, unbending, high-church Tory, deepened the stupefaction with which noble Lords listened to what they at the moment understood to be a personal confession of faith. It was made in debate on Evicted Tenants' Bill. House weary of subject sat in semi-somnolent state, even though ROBERTSON was on his legs. Suddenly awakened by hearing him say, "I have many points in common with His Majesty's Ministers."

"What!" cried BURLY BALFOUR, rubbing his eyes.

"I am a member of the National Liberal Club."

"Ah!" chuckled CLANRICARDE, who belongs to the Reform.

"I am a passive resister."

"Whew!" whispered the Bishop of SALISBURY.

"I was a pro-Boer."

"A passive resister would be anything," murmured the Marquis of SALISBURY.

"I married my deceased wife's sister."

"I can quite believe it," acidly remarked the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND.

"None of my children are vaccinated."

Here there was a disturbance in the gallery over the Bar whence Members of House of Commons watch debates, and Mr. LUPTON was led forth by an attendant.

Hubbub silenced, Lord ROBERTSON continued.

"Yes, my Lords, we can imagine a Radical pleading all these things as reasons why he should be exempted from submission to the law of the land. But even the PRIME MINISTER would be deaf to such argument."

Noble Lords breathed again.

Business done.—Conferences between both Houses. With a little give, some take, differences on disputed Bills settled. Night and Peace settle down over both Houses.

Wednesday.—*Business done.*—Prorogation.

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

ONCE bitten, never look a gift-horse in the mouth.

AFTER BIRRELLIGION.—The Cult of the *Deus ex MacKenna*.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

IN THE COUNTRY.

Broadlands.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I've a houseful of people here, pledged for a week to the simple life and rural joys.

As soon as I arrived I was seized upon by the vicaress here for the usual church bazaar. The object is a *very* good one, to send out parasols to the women of the Lirripop Coast. I don't quite know where it is, but anyhow it's most frightfully sunny there, and so of course the poor things want parasols. In each parasol there'll be a little moral sentence printed in the Lirripop language, so that, as the vicar says, the parasols will bring *light* as well as *shade* to the Lirripop Coast. NORTY says he thinks it's an idea that might be worked to advantage here at home, and that a few serious phrases, such as the 8th Commandment for instance, printed inside *umbrellas* might prevent some of the mistakes that are made at Clubs and places.

The bazaar was held in the grounds here, and we all helped. I had a Witch's Cave, and called myself "A Sibyl from the Land of Palms," and read hands and told fortunes in a crystal ball. BOSH and WEE-WEE dressed up as Italians, and had a piano-organ and sold ice-creams. NORTY had charge of the Fish Pond and a Weighing Chair; but he came so often to have his fortune told that he had to be warned off at last. Aunt GOLDIE, who's also here, was quite *sniffy* at being asked to help at the Plain Needlework Stall, and ended by not selling at all.

POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, who's staying at the Grange with a party, came over to help at the Café-chantant, escorted by her latest *fiancé*, a college chum of her grandson's. She was in white Indian muslin, made Empire, with a big, frilled baby-hat to match, and she sang some of the things from the "Toddling Tots' Tunes" that everyone's singing just now; and then she gave "Comin' thro' the Rye," and when she got to the line, "All the lads they smile at me," given with her youthfulest grin—well, the local lads in the audience *did* smile—and the lasses too—*audibly*!

JOSIAH *insists* on our going for a picnic. He says it's the right thing in the country. It's no use telling him picnics are as dead as the Dodo, and that nobody goes for them. He says there'll be all the more room



First Cockney. "WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO KETCH FISH, BILL?"

Second Do. "IT 'IM ON THE 'EAD WHEN HE COMES UP TO SNIFF."

for us. Aunt GOLDIE said *she* 'd like it too, and might we go to some ruins ten miles off, where there was an early Norman door? "Why, there's nothing to worry about in an early door," said NORTY; "every theatre has one!"

We'd a lovely Soap Bubble Tournament yesterday (BOSH blew the biggest; it was so enormous that he was quite exhausted, and WEE-WEE had to fetch her salts), and to-morrow we have a Hoop-bowling Gymkhana. Hoop-bowling has quite caught on since I introduced it, and the Broadlands Rules are generally adopted. Several clubs have started, but there's only one *correct* one to belong to, *The Hoop and Stick*. Some people are so immensely *precious* over their hoop-bowling, having the hoop gilt all over and the stick done with jewels. Myself I think a plain, polished hoop and an ivory stick, with the crest and monogram in gold, are the most workman-like and snappy.

Have you noticed that Breakfast is coming into fashion again? And have you guessed *whose* influence is at work? Yes, my dear, you're quite right. Your BLANCHE again!

Brekky is going to be brought into line once more, and given all its old rights. People have been a bit shy of it, because it had the reputation of being such an *intellectual* function. Well, who's afraid? I shall give *Literary* Breakfasts (I shall be quite at home *there*, for I've marked literary tastes, and, if I had time, should write novels), and I *may* give *Theosophic* Breakfasts too, and get the Scarlet Poppy Mother and some of the Universal Brothers to come. What fun it would be to have ROOTI-TOOTI-LAL at the same time, and let the Brahmin and the Theosophists fight it out! But that's on the knees of the gods. Anyhow, you may bet that my Breakfasts will be in everybody's mouth, both literally and metaphorically, next year.

LOO DAVENANT is in the Alps, climbing again, I hear; and she's just climbed a most *frightfully* difficult Alp, that no one's been up before. And yet they won't let her into the Alpine Club! Aren't they pigs? I must say that, though the men are generous to us in *many* ways, about *climbing* they're *beastly*. However many things a woman climbs, they won't have her

at any price in the crack climbing club. Between you and me, I suspect they're *jealous*. They're such tremendously *cautious* climbers themselves, always planning for *coming down* as well as *going up*, and as we *don't* climb in that way they're afraid we should cut them out.

Would you like to know the latest riddle, and its answer? Well, and so you shall, my dear. When is London fullest? When it's empty.

This is how it arose. I was passing through town between some visits, when I ran across TOMMY HURLINGHAM.

"Studying SHAKESPEARE'S 'Deserted Village'?" he said. (I didn't know he *could* say anything so literary.) And so, after we'd chatted a few moments, he said, "What d'you say to eloping with me to the Balkan States—for dinner?"

Well, EVE looked at the apple and sniffed its aroma. "It would be rather fun," she said. "And we shouldn't meet anyone we know."

"Not a soul!" said the SERPENT. "We should see the Country Cousin, the whole Country Cousin, and nothing but the Country Cousin."

We should be swamped, submerged in barbarians."

So the SERPENT called a taximo, and EVE got in, and they eloped to the Balkans. Sitting at dinner, very comfy and chatty, I happened to look at a table a little way off, and saw Mrs. CROPPY VAVASOUR! "Who's that she's dining with?" I asked TOMMY, who had a better view. "Is it CROPPY?"

"N - no," said TOMMY. A moment later I saw someone *else* that I knew; and then TOMMY saw a man *he* knew; and in short, my dear, though *Nobodies* swarmed in the Balkans that evening, *Somebodies* were a good deal in evidence too, and were not at all pleased to be often catching sight of *Somebodies Else!* So that's how the riddle arose. London's *emptiness* has proved attractive, and the expectation of meeting *no one* leads to meeting *every one!*

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS.

(After "Linesman," "Rover," "Corinthian," or any other authority.)

MUDTOWN ROVERS. —Sportsmen in Mudtown will look forward to the coming season with glowing anticipations. The Rovers have a bank balance of no less than £10,431, and not a player in their first team cost them less than £400. From these facts it will be obvious that the English Cup and the League Championship must come to Mudtown this season. The Committee of the Club are determined to live up to the Rovers' glorious motto, "The gate, the whole gate, and nothing but the gate." The usual auction sale of old players took place last Monday. BLUTHERS, the veteran Mudtown favourite (who, as all sportsmen will remember, played formerly for Burnley, Reading, Tottenham, Aston Villa, Celtic,

Rotherham Town, Lincoln City, Newcastle United, and a few minor clubs) was knocked down to Bludshire United for a ten-pound note. The veteran expressed much regret at leaving his old friends at Mudtown, where he had spent an exceedingly happy six months.

JUGGLETON THURSDAY.—The enterprising managers of this club propose to run it on new lines this season.

as the players will be filled with patriotic emotion. It is confidently predicted that the English Cup and the League Championship will find a resting-place in Juggleton this year.

RUGGLES SMITH UNITED. —The players are all with one or two exceptions in the best of form. COCHRANE, the Aberdeen half-back (picked up at a bargain sale at the end of last season for £47 10s.), has,

however, sprained his right hand in a recent Limerick Competition. MAHONEY, the veteran goalkeeper, was badly kicked by the referee in a recent trial game. It is felt in Rugglesmith that further legislation is needed to protect players from the brutality of referees. In this case a player who merely hit a referee in the mouth for allowing a very doubtful goal was brutally kicked, and may be out of the team for a week. Still, when the injured players recover, Rugglesmith enthusiasts are certain that the team will bear away the laurels from the Final at the Crystal Palace, and will also be hailed champions of the League.

EVERINGHAM CITY. —Some doubt existed as to whether Everingham would have a team this season, as all their old players had been disposed of at the auction mart to prevent the mortgagees from foreclosing on the ground. However, the sportsman-

like Chairman of the Everingham Brewery has offered a thousand pounds for the lease of the refreshment bars on the ground this season. Consequently the club, though possessing no players, has a nice balance in hand. Mr. FETCHAM, the honorary secretary, is at present in Scotland purchasing a team. Its League potentialities will be unquestionable, and whoever wins the English Cup will have to beat it first.



Jack Ashore (holding out feather-bed in view of threatened collision with opposite house). "AHoy THERE! FULL SPEED ASTARN! WHARAR YOU COMING, RUNNING DOWN BOATS MIDDLE O' THE NIGHT?"

They have actually signed on a local player—PUGLEY, their new centre half having been born within thirty-two miles of Juggleton Town Hall. Last season's team, it will be remembered, consisted entirely of Scotchmen and Welshmen. This year the first team will include seven Scotchmen, three Welshmen, and PUGLEY, the local enthusiast. It is felt that a team so composed will prove exceedingly difficult to beat,



FLOR FINA: A DELICATE HINT.

The Colonel (to friend's gardener, who has given him a buttonhole). "I ALWAYS THINK, JOHN, THAT YOUR FLOWERS SMELL SWEETER THAN ANY."

John. "SO DO YOUR WEEDS, SIR."

The Colonel. "AH, WILL YOU TRY ONE, JOHN?"

John. "WELL, THANK YOU, SIR, I DON'T MIND IF I DO. ER—I COULD SEND YOU UP A BOX FULL OF THEM FLOWERS, IF YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE 'EM."

BUSH'S GRIEVANCE.

I AM very happy for the most part. I have perfect health and a good appetite, and They are very good to me here: let me worry them at meals, and toss me little bits—chiefly bread and toast, I admit, but nice bread and nice toast; and though He spends far too much time indoors with books and things, and She doesn't go for walks, and the puppy-girl has a dog of her own, and doesn't want me (nor do I want her), yet I manage pretty well, for there is a boy who often goes to the village, through the rabbit fields, and takes me with him, and there is a big house near by where the servants throw away quite large bones only half scraped. Either they are extravagant or they don't make that horrid watery stuff, the ruination of

good bones, which My People here will begin their dinner with.

So you see I don't do badly; and, though now and then I have to be whacked, still it doesn't hurt much, and He only half knows how to do it; while as for Her (when He's away) She's just useless.

But my grievance, you say? Oh, yes, I have one grievance, and talking it over with other dogs, particularly spaniels (like me), I find that it's a very common one. My grievance is the game they will play instead of going for a walk. In winter it's all right, They walk then; but in summer They will play this game. I can't make head or tail of it myself, but They simply adore it. It is played with four balls—blue and red and black and yellow—and hoops. First one of Them hits a ball, and then the other. It goes on for ever.

I do all I can to show Them what I think of it: I lie down just in front of the balls; sometimes I even get in the way and stop the balls completely; but They don't take the hint: They just shout at me or prod me with the mallet.

That's my grievance. Of course it was pretty bad when They got a dog for the little puppy-girl, especially as it is not a breed I care for; but that I can stand. It's this wretched monopolising game that I can't stand. I hate it.

"It is extremely doubtful if Middlesex gained anything by batting first, for though the ground was at its easiest for an hour, it always gave the bowlers some assistance afterwards, though towards the end of the afternoon it was less difficult than at any other time."—*Daily Chronicle*.

In the circumstances we should have tossed again.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHETHER the island that holds Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON'S *The Enchanted Garden* (METHUEN) is the Aeaëa of fable I don't know for certain, but it boasts an equally luxuriant and perennial vegetation, and contains no fewer than two Circes. There the resemblance ceases; for while one enchantress is separated from an errant lord, the other gets married out of hand by her papa, and has much less to do with the plot than I should have liked. The story serves to show that even a sea-washed Elysium (for asphodel is numbered amongst its flora) is not too sequestered for heartache and tragedy. A clerk falsifies accounts, two ladies are in love with Garry Chenies, and a violent, if necessary, death occurs; but there are blue skies and a scent of orange groves at the end, after a brutal husband has met the fate we were somewhat anxiously expecting for him. Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON is now and then inclined to lecture a little (on KEATS and "culchah," to take a couple of instances), but she has made a very attractive book out of the passions and foibles of the "Island Children," whose work and lives are real after all, in spite of the deceptive smell of the flowers and the sea.

"The seizure of goods was conducted with all the consideration and good nature which might be expected in places where the officers and the delinquents are well known to one another. On a table in the hall of the house of the Rev. Colchester Jones were capriciously displayed those of the wedding presents which he and Mrs. Jones had agreed not unwillingly to sacrifice. They consisted of a large group of wax flowers resting on a looking-glass beneath a shade, a set of prints framed in oak representing FRITH'S *Road to Ruin*, and a wondrously shaped vessel which was presumably intended for an ink-stand, but being found too large for its purpose was judged too small for a slop-basin." So writes Mr. GERARD BENDALL, in *Mrs. Jones's Bonnet* (HEINEMANN), when describing the means by which the law avenges itself on Mr. Jones, dissenting minister and passive resister. The passage is an unusually genial example of the satirical humour in which Mr. BENDALL'S book abounds. The trouble I find with Mr. BENDALL'S satire is that nothing is sacred to it. No doubt curates and dissenting parsons and their wives are liable, like other folk, to the assaults of passion, and are therefore fit sub-

jects for the exercise of the satirist's art. But though Mr. BENDALL'S pictures of the upper circles of the village of Newdale are often amusing, and though he has plenty of smart things to say about the rector and the doctor and the rest of them, I don't like the way he says them. Plenty of people (the author included?) will read the book and say, "How clever!" But for me it lacks the one thing more which would make me say, "How good!"

Mr. J. E. VINCENT, in an introduction to his *Through East Anglia in a Motor Car* (METHUEN), explains that the book, the first of a series, "was undertaken because the existing guide-books were by no means adequate to the needs of the traveller by motor-car." I have learnt that

sentence off by heart, and at the end of every chapter I have said to myself, "Don't be so absurd. Why the man himself says he only means it for a guide-book. Think of old Baedeker, and try the next chapter." When I longed for that personal touch which can make a book of this title so pleasant, and had to be content with such things as the weight of the author on page 8, and the opinion, on page 141, of a friend of his, "high in the service of the Crown and of large private means, whose name it would be a breach of faith to publish," on a certain make of car—then I reminded myself that in a guide-book, of course, all this was really extra, and that one should therefore be grateful for it. When I hoped for the spirit of *East Anglia* today, and received instead the dead bones of one who perished in 28 A.D., his tumult being well worth a visit, I said to myself, "How interesting. Of course, that is just what one looks for in a guide-

book. 28 A.D. Fancy!" When I——. But there is no need to go on. It was my own fault entirely. For those who wish for a guide-book to East Anglia Mr. VINCENT'S volume can be strongly recommended. It is packed with information as to the history of every town through which the motor passes. The illustrations by Mr. FRANK SOUTHGATE are very good.

Hague Conference Information.

"4. Belligerent ships in neutral ports or waters cannot augment their fighting forces or make repairs except those which are indispensable for the security of their voyage, nor can they take on board any provisions except coal and the provisions sufficient, together with those already on board, to enable them to reach at a moderate speed the nearest port of their own country or a nearer neutral destination."

Daily Paper.

This clause adds new point to the old saying, "Go and eat coke."



"UNCLE! I'VE BEEN WATCHING THE MAN IN THE WHITE COAT FOR SOME TIME, AND I DON'T THINK HE'S TRYING!"

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

LETTER FROM MR. PABSLIP.

*"Summergrove,"*374, Railway Terrace,
Balham, S.W.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Some years ago I became ambitious to lead the simple life. I led it. With regard to the life I led I will only remark that it was either (a) a great deal too simple, or (b) not nearly simple enough. I do not write on that subject; I write to ask your kind advice in the following circumstances.

In order to lead the simple life I bought a Cottage, and paid £125 for the freehold. I then improved the estate as follows:—

1. I removed the broomstick which had been used to truss up the door, and replaced it by a lock and two hinges.

2. I burnt the packing-case which had been used as a hen-house.

3. I planted six cabbages on the ground occupied by the packing-case.

4. I filled in the ditch and sowed some sweet peas on the ground thus reclaimed. I also put a hat-peg on one of the doors, and made other minor improvements.

After leading the simple life for some weeks I decided, for reasons too numerous to mention, to sell the estate; and, failing to find a purchaser, I instructed Mr. BILGER of the adjoining town to put it up for auction. I enclose a copy of the bill advertising the sale, as it will give you an idea of the value of the property. I have added one or two explanatory notes.

AUCTION.

MR. WILLIAM BILGER

(Auctioneer. Bottles bought. Agent for Tidds' Cattle Spice)

Has received instructions from

JAMES MONTAGUE PABSLIP, Esq.,
And who has removed the neighbourhood

[Absolutely without any foundation of truth.—J.M.P.]

To sell by public auction

All that Desirable Double Fronted, Detached Freehold Country Cottage Residence known as "The Ewe

Pen," and Situate at Blod Hill, lately in the occupation of the said owner, together with the curtilage thereof and the appendages thereto pertaining and belonging, including all and sundry those excellent flower and cabbage gardens, soft water storage tank [Not accurate, as there were two water-butts.—J.M.P.], assorted garden vases [To be exact, there were five flower-pots.—J.M.P.], and all that useful piece of horticultural matting. Free of all encumbrances, and comprising

1. All that excellent Kitchen Parlour with range by WILLIAMS [I had not noticed that the range was by WILLIAMS, but the statement may be accepted.—J.M.P.], 12 ft. by 9 ft. 6 in. or thereabouts, with excel-

o'clock at the "Bull Inn," Blod, on Thursday next, the 17th inst.,

By order of the Owner.

And who has removed the neighbourhood.

Except that I intensely resent the repeated statement that I removed the Neighbourhood, which is an abject falsehood, as I never attempted anything of the sort, and am quite ignorant how such things are done—I say, except for this, I considered the advertisement to be, if anything, more than accurate, and naturally looked forward to receiving a sum far in excess of my modest outlay. What then was my astonishment on learning that the property had been knocked down for £76 10s., and that the purchaser was

the auctioneer's son-in-law. I quite realise that my experience is all part of the Simple life, but I am not leading it now, and I should like to do something about the matter. Hence this letter to you. Enclosing stamp for reply, and thanking you in anticipation, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

J. M. PABSLIP.

[Mr. PABSLIP has placed us in a most painful dilemma, for, since he has thanked us in anticipation, we feel ourselves to be under a deep obligation to send him the advice he asks, yet he has made it

impossible for us to do so, as he did not enclose the Postage Stamp to which he refers.—Ed.]

WE extract the following from *Home Chat*. It appears to be a recipe for beef-steak.

"Put a piece of carpet or a blanket over the bath and leave it for about two hours. Beat it well to make sure it is smoothly frozen all through and serve it on ice-plates."

Commercial Candour.

"HALL CAINE, possibly the novelist with the most vivid imagination, says, 'My experience of "S——" has been that as tonic nerve food it has on more than one occasion done me good.'"—Grand Magazine.

Taking No Risks.

"WANTED, New Laid Eggs; must be fresh."—Peterborough Advertiser.



"OH, ERIC, LOOK AT THAT POOR LITTLE DOG! ITS MOTHER LET IT WALK TOO SOON!"

lent scullery adjoining, and coal vase.

2. All that handsome handrail staircase with cupboard below, leading to:—

3. All that spacious Double Attic Bedroom, measuring 14 ft. 8 in. by 12 ft., or thereabouts, in greatest dimensions, with picturesque lattice window and excellent modern wardrobe fitting on door. [Quite right; I put up the peg myself.—J.M.P.]

AND INCLUDING

All that Right of access to the said Ewe Pen, and also All That Right to shoot rubbish through the hedge on to neighbouring land and run fowls thereon. [There was also all that right to break through hedge and come in again to path further on, as said path was at one point impassable in wet weather.—J.M.P.]

By MR. WILLIAM BILGER,
At the hour of 12 noon (prompt)

THE MAGISTRATES' TRIPOS.

[It has been suggested in *The Daily Telegraph* that appointments to the Magisterial Bench should be made only after the Candidates have passed an examination. *Mr. Punch* has been able to secure one of the proposed Examination Papers.]

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9—12.

(CANDIDATES are requested to write their answers legibly on one side of the paper only. Sheets must be numbered consecutively. The name of the Candidate must be written in the top right-hand corner of each sheet. Any Candidate detected in possession of *Stone's Manual* or any other aid will be immediately expelled.)

(1) A. is a prisoner charged with breaking three of his wife's ribs by kicking her with hob-nailed boots after he had inadvertently pawned the cradle and feeding-bottle of the baby, aged three months. B. is a prisoner charged with stealing a rabbit. What is the proper sentence in each case? If A. pleads in mitigation that the woman aggravated him and nagged him, do you consider that a nominal sentence would meet the justice of the case? If not, why not? If B. states that a man he never met before gave him the rabbit and then went away, would it in your opinion be improper to add six months to his sentence?

(2) "*Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.*" State succinctly the law on the subject of trespass, and give a detailed list of the penalties with which the offence can be punished. If you were a Colonel and a Justice of the Peace, and if you met C., a Nonconformist Minister and a Passive Resister, walking in one of your fields, what would you do? If C.'s widow afterwards applied for assistance to the Parish, would it be right to grant it?

(3) Write a short essay on one of the following subjects:—

- I. The Stocks. Ought they to be revived?
- II. Should Magistrates' Clerks be abolished?
- III. The J.P. in fiction and in fact.
- IV. The true function of a Lord Lieutenant.
- V. The use and abuse of a Lord Chancellor.

(4) *The rules of evidence.* State them fully. If two policemen swear that a certain prisoner stole a lady's muff while their backs were turned, and if seven independent witnesses swear that he was ten miles away from the scene when the theft was committed, what, in your opinion, would be an adequate sentence for the prisoner, and in what manner should the policemen be rewarded?

(5) What references to game are to be found in the Bible?

(6) Is a magistrate's coachman entitled to wear a cockade on his hat—(a) generally; (b) when the hat is constructed of straw? If not, state what, in your view, is the use of being a magistrate.

(7) If you convict a prisoner and the Court of King's Bench quashes the conviction, what is the proper form in which you can express your respect for the Judges of the High Court?

(8) A. is a prisoner arrested for the use of strong language. B. is a magistrate who has been an officer in the Army. When A. is brought before B. what should B. do, A. having once been present when B. missed a stroke at golf?

(9) "*No manner of doubt exists but that property in game ought to be protected by the Law. Nay, there have been jurists of high repute who have maintained that game, properly viewed, ranks above Crown and Parliament and Church as a proper subject to be cherished and maintained by the Laws of the Realm.*"

State the name of the author of the above passage and the name of the work from which it is taken; and point out briefly in what respects it falls short of the best magisterial opinions held on the subject at the present day.

OUR ELYSIAN LIMERICKS!

£50,000: 16s. 6d.: DIVIDED THIS WEEK!

As our readers will see from the above, we have at one bound outstripped all our contemporaries in the amount distributed this week. The task of

MR. GEOFFREY CHAUCER,

the well-known Canterbury Poet, has been no light one, and his final choice of prize-winners as published below is subject to no appeal. If the authors of the winning Limericks will send us their present addresses through the Dead Letter Office, cheques will be forwarded to them without delay.

THE AMOUNT DIVIDED.

The amount divided this week is £50,000 16s. 6d., so that each of the five successful attempts wins £10,000, and in addition there are two consolation prizes of 8s. 8d., thus accounting for the odd 16s. 6d. The five successful Limericks, as chosen by Mr. CHAUCER, are as follows:—

(1) SIR W. SCOTT.

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,
He rode all alone,
And to judge by his tone,
"Bridal" paths were the paths of which he was in quest.
[Sir W. SCOTT's happy choice of the word "Bridal" earns him a prize.]

(2) H. W. LONGFELLOW, Esq.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where,
For so quickly it flew
That it soon pierced the Blue,
And it *wasn't* a "long-bow," so there!
[The introduction of "long-bow" is distinctly neat.]

(3) P. B. SHELLEY, Esq.

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
With its leaves to the light,
'Neath the kisses of night,
We may take it as "read" that the plant was "blue."
[The play upon the words "red" and "blue" is decidedly clever.]

(4) R. BROWNING, Esq.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.
"Good speed!" cried they all,
"Quick!" echoed the wall,
(For it wasn't a very good echo, you see!)

[Mr. BROWNING's last line hits off the situation admirably.]

(5) R. BURNS, Esq.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Let Limericks hang,
Dinna saxpences bang!
But pit them into the bank instead!

[Mr. BURNS's pawky humour has put a good many saxpences into his pocket.]

Our consolation prizes are awarded to Mrs. F. HEMANS and W. WORDSWORTH, Esq., whose lines were only a "shade" inferior to those quoted above.



GOOD RIDDANCE.

MR. PUNCH (to Summer). "GLAD TO SAY GOOD-BYE. THE MOST DISMAL VISIT I EVER REMEMBER. SEE WHAT A CHARMING GROUP WE WERE ABLE TO MAKE LAST YEAR!"



HOLIDAY NOTES.

"A SPORTING LITTLE NINE-HOLE GOLF COURSE IS NOW ADDED TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF SHREIMPINGTON."

THE WEEK'S ANECDOTAGE.

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Press.)

I.

(From our Special Correspondent at Madrid.)

A SWEET little story of QUEEN VICTORIA of Spain has just reached me.

Her Majesty, escorted by KING ALFONSO, was driving in the wild and picturesque country which surrounds her summer home, when she noticed a little peasant boy of about two years old seated by the roadside. Pointing to the child, Her Majesty remarked to KING ALFONSO, "What a pretty little fellow!" The Royal couple then continued their drive.

The occurrence has made a deep impression in Spain.

Photographs of Madrid, Valladolid, and Seville will be found on our Magazine Page, together with a delightful picture of PRINCESS ENA (as she once was) seated at needlework with her mother, PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

II.

(From our Berlin Correspondent.)

While taking a walk this morning the KAISER accidentally dropped his stick, which he was carrying in his

right hand. An Austrian gentleman who was passing at once sprang forward without a moment's hesitation, raised the stick from the ground, and presented it to His Majesty, who thanked him graciously. The incident made a most favourable impression upon all who saw it.

III.

A pretty story is being told in this district (telegraphs our Canterbury correspondent) about the Archbishop.

His Grace has been staying at a house in the neighbourhood. When the time came for him to take his departure he was nowhere to be found. At last someone thought of looking outside the house, when his Grace was discovered stroking the noses of the horses which were to take him to the station! One of the house-party fortunately possessed a camera, and obtained an excellent photograph of his Grace in the act of performing this kindly and unobtrusive act. I enclose a copy.

See our Magazine Page. The inset on the right shows Lambeth Palace from the River; that on the left shows King Street, Canterbury, during Cricket Week. Beneath is a typical deceased wife's sister.

À LA MODE.

I.

YOUNG RICHARD BUCHANAN M'CANN Was a smart, up-to-date little man.

'Twas a saying of DICK,

"Though I may not be spick, I have made up my mind to be span."

II.

They say that I was in my youth Uncouth and ungainly, forsooth!

I can only reply,

'Tis a lie! 'Tis a lie!

I was couth—I was perfectly couth."

"The Unionist vote is not only more than double the Liberal, but has a majority over it actually exceeding its total."—*Dundee Courier*.

THE Editor should stick to something easy, like Tariff Reform. Figures will only bring on the old pain.

As is generally known, African explorers and other travellers frequently have to rely upon observations of the sun in order to discover the time of day. It may be of interest to our readers just now to know that a Tooting resident the other day, by means of an observation of the correct time, discovered the whereabouts of the sun.

ATTILA, MY ATTILA.

DEAR MR. LAURENCE BINYON,—For your play *Attila* (or, *How I brought back the Asches*) I have to offer you my heartiest thanks. It is a fine story finely told; and it is finely told because in telling it you have forgotten that you were a poet, and remembered only that you were a dramatist. But the fact that you are a poet, though it escaped your own notice, has not escaped ours who listened. The poetry could not help coming out of anything you wrote; but we are grateful that we did not see you with your coat off putting the purple in.

Now to the more genial business of criticising. It is, as you know, the duty of a critic to point out how much jollier it would have been if somebody else—SHAKESPEARE or KIPLING, for instance—had written the work before him, or in the last resort what he himself would have done with it. I shall go at once to the last resort, and give you my own idea of ATTILA and ILDICO.

I first met ATTILA at school, in a red book entitled *Great Events in History*. ATTILA THE HUN, he was always called; and inextricably mixed up with him was another person known as ALARIC THE GOTH. Possibly they had nothing to do with each other really, but they were same man to me in those days—just a type, strong, overbearing, cruel, but with a certain rough chivalry: a man to be admired. Later on I read *The Nuptials of Attila*, but that did not alter my opinion of the man in any way; it made me forget ALARIC for the moment, that was all. And it gave me a clear view of ILDICO: a spotless woman.

I wish, MR. BINYON, that you thought of ATTILA and ILDICO as I do; as I did, rather, for what I have seen on the stage I must accept as truth. Do you really do them justice? I called your play a "fine story" above; what I meant was that it was a story of a fine time. It is actually, is it not, a sordid story? Had you left out KERKA the wife, I could still have loved ATTILA; he would still be in that niche where now ALARIC stands alone. Was it necessary so to harp on the desertion of KERKA? And oh! your ILDICO! What a pitiful creature you make her!

Well, well, if ATTILA and ILDICO must go, yet you have given me instead MESSALLA, the Envoy. It was a wonderful study by Mr. H. R. HIGNETT of a true Roman: the greatest thing in the play. You did not de-

ceive me over some of the others—Huns of the Bodyguard, Kings, Attendants, and the like—I knew they were really Englishmen, who would shortly be rushing off to supper in hansoms; but MESSALLA, I could have sworn, had arrived in a litter from Rome that day. To tell the truth, your stray Huns did not impress me much. Their plot to get ATTILA back into a bloodthirsty mood was the feeblest thing imaginable. (RORIK's idea, was it not? I wonder somebody did not tell him to sit down and rest a bit.) And they were not quite agreed about the Princess's name. "HILDICO," said some; others, "ILDICO." True, I have a cook called HEMILY, but I always think it is a mistake.



A LOVERS' TIFF IN BURGUNDY.

Did MR. OSCAR ASCHE remind you of ATTILA, or ATTILA of MR. ASCHE? He was made for it; probably was ATTILA (or ALARIC, I cannot give up ALARIC) in another life. I liked him best on his throne, lying back with half-closed eyes, a wonderful figure of strength and suspicion. I liked him all ways, but I could have wished that, when he had burst into the scene in accordance with the "plot," he had really done something; knocked a few men about and stabbed ONEGESIUS by mistake. (Had I been ATTILA I should have discarded ONEGESIUS in the first round.)

MISS LILY BRAYTON looked beautiful, and spoke with a beautiful enunciation. Of the beauty of her face I could never weary, but of the beauty of her enunciation I confess I did. In books people often reply in a voice choked with emotion. On the stage, of course, one must not actually choke. . . but there should be a give-and-take in the matter.

Well, MR. BINYON, I thank you again, and I offer my congratulations. You have done a fine thing, and I hope you will have the success you deserve. You are fortunate in your players, particularly in Mr. ASCHE and Mr. HIGNETT; I must certainly go to see MR. HIGNETT a second time. You are fortunate in having MR. RICKETTS to design your scenery and costumes. In fact your good fortune should tempt you to try again (in a year's time, say, when *Attila's* run is nearly finished). Will you not then make your hero more sympathetic: strong, overbearing, cruel, but with a certain rough chivalry? A man like—well, like ALARIC THE GOTH.

Believe me, your admirer,
M.

P.S.—Do you ever have nightmares? I had one last night. ATTILA was there, and the scene was still His Majesty's Theatre, but there was no OSCAR ASCHE. Instead there was—but I must not put these awful imaginings into your head.

MADAME LA PATRONNE.

I USED to think that the art of chouse
Had soared to its apogee
In an English seaside lodging-house
At Anydwhere-on-Sea;
But the "extras" ghoul
Is a perfect fool
To the bland *propriétaire*
Of the Grand Hôtel des Suppléments
At Dodoville-sur-Mer.

She has rules that number at least
a score;

If you break one you must pay
A *supplément* of a franc or more,
And you're breaking them all the
day.

There's a penal code
That would even goad
Mark Tapley to despair
At the Grand Hôtel des Suppléments
At Dodoville-sur-Mer.

But who can grumble when Madame
beams,

Who but a heartless crank,
Though she'd perjure her soul for ten
centimes,

And risk her life for a franc?
You are robbed to your face,
Yet it's done with grace
And a sympathetic air
In the Grand Hôtel des Suppléments
At Dodoville-sur-Mer.

When Doctors Disagree.

Love the Judge, by WYMOND CAREY.
Love the Criminal, by J. B.
HARRIS-BURLAND.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE announcement that a popular violinist had renounced the musical profession for the cult of Theosophy will be fresh in the minds of our readers. They will not, therefore, be altogether surprised to hear that a number of other distinguished musicians are about to follow this momentous example and adopt fresh careers. Thus Madame MELBA, having amassed a colossal fortune on the lyric stage, has, so it is stated, decided to throw in her lot with the advocates and exponents of the Simple Life, and will shortly take up the duties of Mother Superior of a Tolstoian Lamasery in the Isle of Thanet.

Madame CLARA BUTT, whose Antipodean tour has been attended with positively pyramidal success, has accepted the offer of the Throne of Patagonia, and will shortly take up the arduous duties of sovereignty in that gigantic region. Mr. KENNERLEY RUMFORD, we are glad to learn, has been appointed Prime Minister, and will shortly be raised to the Patagonian peerage as the Duke of TIERRA DEL FUEGO. The Patagonian monarchy, as our readers are doubtless aware, is of the most unlimited character, and under the beneficent rule of QUEEN CLARA I. the prosperity of the country will advance with giant strides. Already three battleships have been ordered at Elswick, and a colossal pianola, driven by 20,000 h.p. turbine engines, will be one of the features of the Coronation festivities, which will be attended by Mr. HARRY DE WINDT, Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, QUEEN LILUOKALANI, and her fiancé, PRINCE ARIPAI of Tahiti. The Prince is a man of fine presence, weighing over twenty-one stone, and, to quote his own picturesque phrase, stands 6 ft. 4 in. "in his stocking vamps."

Consternation and regret have been excited amongst the choir, sidesmen and vergers of St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington, by the announcement that Mr. HENRY BIRD, the popular organist and accompanist, is about to embrace the arduous career of a professional wrestler, and has issued a challenge to HACKENSCHMIDT to meet him on the stage of the Alhambra. The contest will take place in the Mixolydian mode; and Mr. BIRD has, we understand, adopted the formidable *nom de guerre* of "The Terrible Transposer."

MISCHA ELMAN, the wonderful boy violinist, whose electrifying per-



DOING VENICE.

Fair American (hearing musicians singing airs from "*Il Trovatore*"). "SAY! THESE ITALIANS AIN'T VURRY ORIGINAL. GUESS I'VE HEARD THAT TUNE ON OUR STREET ORGANS IN NEW YORK EVER SINCE I WAS A GURL."

formances have paralysed all the Crowned Heads of Europe, realising that his continuance in the musical profession might seriously impair the dynastic solidarity of the reigning houses, has resolved, for a while at least, to quit the concert platform for the sphere of social reform. He is, we are informed, engaged at the moment in drafting a scheme of old-age pensions for the special benefit of infant prodigies, under which, on reaching the age of nineteen, they will be entitled to a salary of £200 a week, with floral decorations.

A very beautiful poem recently appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, which began with the following memorable stanza:—

STRING MUSIC.

The violins are spirits
That wail and shriek and whistle;
Last night I heard them plain,
Till my hair began to bristle.

It is interesting to learn that this peculiar quality of sound is not confined to stringed instruments. A negro clergyman of Richmond, Va., the Rev. JAMES EARLY, has, so we read in *The Daily Telegraph*, been granted a patent for a whistling piano of his own invention, which is capable of whistling the most difficult notes. The disappearance of the *belle siffleuse* from our concert platforms must be regretfully looked forward to as the inevitable consequence of the Rev. JAMES EARLY's epoch-making invention.

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

ACROSS THE PLAINS.

THROUGH cotton fields where nightly serenades
 The anxious coon his queen of dusky maids,
 And lifts a mild and moon-compelling shindy
 In praise of his incomparable LINDY;
 Through "watermillion" patches bright with blossom,
 Haunt of the artful and prehensile 'possum,
 Where *Brer Fox* hunted and *Brer Rabbit* thieved
 (If *Uncle Remus* is to be believed);—
 Westward the big train rumbles; we are whirled
 O'er something bridge, the highest in the world;
 Through arid plains where nought but prickly cactus
 Adorns the view; where dust and thirst distract us,
 Wringing from every traveller on the road a
 Repeated cry for bottled beer and soda;
 Through rocky cañons swept by sandy blizzards,
 Haunt of tarantulas and spiny lizards;
 Past rugged mountains rising range on range,
 Treeless, repellent, scarred and brown and strange;
 Through lawless mining camps where *No-thumb Jacks*
 Drop the astonished greenhorn in his tracks,
 Where *Red Dog Peets*, renowned in Western story,
 Perpetrate deeds incomparably gory;—
 Onward, a trifle warm but buoyed with hope,
 We speed toward the great Pacific Slope.

I hold him an invertebrate who 'd cavil
 Against the inconveniences of travel;
 For whom the face of Earth's receding floor,
 The engine's space-obliterating roar,
 The teeming cities and the hamlets rude,
 The dusky waiter's tardy calls to food,
 Are but the irksome details of a whole
 That has no charm for his material soul.
 Not so your true philosopher, whose ken
 Acclaims the sights that bore his fellow men.
 He grumbles not, nor when the surcharged rack
 Vomits a bulging bandbox down his back,
 Nor when the offspring of a fellow fare
 Is torn objecting from his outraged hair.
 He wears a smile of undistracted calm as
 He hunts for passports clad in his pyjamas;
 And wrathful gendarmes hurry him to prison,
 On lonely frontiers ere the sun has risen.

"On lonely frontiers." Lo! the word conveys
 What dreams of youth's exhilarating days!
 What strenuous might of storm-insulting prow,
 Of South-Sea zephyrs borne through scented boughs;
 Of hunting trails amid the northern snows,
 Or where hot-foot the Masai huntsman goes;
 Of temples, cities, gods and men and things,
 And dust of time that round about them clings.

But hark! a clang of bells, a hiss of steam
 Breaks rudely on my after-dinner dream;
 I look, and lo! the desert's dusty face,
 Cactus and scrub, have swiftly given place
 To orange groves and trees and wooden houses,
 And lawns whereon the pensive chicken browses.
 Lane turns to road, and road to busy street,
 And ample plaza thronged with hurrying feet;
 Tall buildings frown and trolley cars boom past;
 Behold! we've reached Los Angeles at last!
 The train slows down; I drop a hasty tear
 Upon the dead past's consecrated bier,
 Then, with a blooded traveller's nose for scents,
 Go forth in search of "rooms for single gents."

ALGOL.

J. H. S.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

J. H. S. first came to the house five or six years ago, and he has been with us ever since. Nor has he ever had an accident. No need to insure J. H. S.—he is far too cautious. He runs no risks. I doubt if anyone has a quieter acquaintance or one more satisfied or more regular in his habits. I always know where to look for him: I know that when the other members of the household are gadding about he will be just where he always is.

He has but few words, and, like an impressionable young writer, is rather given to using these in spells, easily passing under their dominion. You remember how, a few years ago, all the immature stylists were in the grip of the words "obsess" and "obsession"? Well, J. H. S. is like that. One word suffices for him at a time. I remember once, a year ago, he had but one adjective for everything—"Fair." He kept on saying "Fair," just as *GEORGE THE THIRD* used to say "What!" But he rarely says it now.

Silent as J. H. S. is, the house would not be the same without him. He belongs to it; and never was a servant more faithful or unobtrusive. Also he wants no holidays; he has never asked for a minute off. During the past summer he has not been so well as heretofore; but it has been a trying time for all of us. Once or twice, indeed, I almost lost patience with the poor fellow; but I reminded myself in time that he was doing all he could; and I am sure he was often as sorry about it as we could be.

You see, one of his special duties has been to arrange our little excursions and picnics, and this year such pleasant plans have so frequently had to fall through that it has discouraged him. I have seen at once by the expression of his face that J. H. S. could not manage it. By next summer, however, I hope it will be all well with him again.

His only fault, indeed, is this tendency to depression. Sometimes I can rouse him by a sharp tap on his chest, but often and often, particularly of late, nothing has done him any good, and his spirits have sunk and sunk. His is a hard case: it would be ridiculous to try on him any of the patent medicines for melancholy that are advertised in the papers; one must simply wait for him to rouse himself. But when he does rouse himself and cheers up, he compensates for his bad mood by spreading cheerfulness throughout the house. When J. H. S. is, so to speak, at the top of his form, we are all happy.

The odd thing about J. H. S. is that, although he can, as I say, be plunged in low spirits for quite a long period, there are times when his mood changes from grave to gay almost continually, when he can alternately be one's best friend and one's worst. Capricious as a pretty woman, he can be both in the same day. Yet with all these changes of mood he is honest: he may be mistaken, but he never lies; and when he is mistaken it is not his own fault. And he never deceives. His expression is an infallible index to his feeling. I look in his fine open countenance and instantly learn his moods: he cannot conceal them from me. It is the first thing I do when I come into the breakfast-room: I glance at J. H. S., and his candid face tells me instantly the worst or the best. I then know what to expect, and am happy or unhappy accordingly, such is his influence, such is the dominative strength of his personality.

J. H. S. is by no means unique. Most people have such a companion, although they call him naturally by



Tommy. "MA, BABY IS NAUGHTY. HE CRIED BECAUSE I WOULDN'T GIVE HIM ANY OF MY CAKE."

Mamma. "IS HIS OWN CAKE FINISHED?"

Tommy. "YES, MA; AND HE CRIED WHILE I WAS EATING THAT TOO!"

a different name. They could all of them give him probably just as good a character as I can. I know his exact counterpart in several families near me here, and curiously enough he has behaved with them during the past few months exactly as J. H. S. has behaved with us—often depressed and downcast steadily day and night for weeks together. On these occasions he seems to be longing for a change, but cannot bring himself to try it. How we all wish he could!

J. H. S., I may remark, and you have probably guessed, is our barometer.

OUR OFFICE BOY.

His writing was unutterably bad;

His genius for that accomplishment

Resembled in its limited extent

His total inability to add.

Like WORDSWORTH'S maiden he was "wildly clad:"

His little trousers, in their slow descent

From sire to son, had been so often rent,

As to obscure what shape they ever had.

Few were the useful arts he could employ,

And dim the lustre of his learning's lamp;

He might have been his parents' pride and joy,

If Fate had not ordained that he should damp

For them—the hopes they cherished of the boy;

For us—the adhesive penny postage stamp.

O TEMPORA . . .

[While the Trades Unionist speakers at Bath are accusing Mr. BURNS of treachery, the journals of all political parties are agreed in their praises of the way he has performed his duties as a Cabinet Minister.]

BURNS has forsaken his former creed,
BURNS is a statesman,—that's agreed,
BURNS doesn't knock all opinions flat,
BURNS takes a very much smaller hat,
BURNS doesn't bellow and tear his hair,
BURNS has forgotten Trafalgar Square.

BURNS isn't anxious for strikes (not quite),
BURNS doesn't advocate might v. right,
BURNS can't remember those Hyde Park scenes,
BURNS doesn't know what sedition means,
BURNS has a swell Court suit to wear,
BURNS has forgotten Trafalgar Square.

BURNS doesn't worry, and fret, and fuss,
BURNS does his work like the best of us,
BURNS takes a very much broader view,
BURNS can quote from the Classics, too,
BURNS hits hard, but he's hitting fair,
BURNS has forgotten Trafalgar Square.

BURNS doesn't thump on a tub to-day,
BURNS is a courtier (in his way),
BURNS is also judicial, for
BURNS is a big Privy Councillor,
BURNS was a Socialist once,—but there,
BURNS has forgotten Trafalgar Square.



Enthusiastic Amateur Sailor. "LET GO THAT JIB SHEET!"
Unenthusiastic "Landlubber" (who has been decoyed into acting crew). "I'M NOT TOUCHING THE BEASTLY THING!"

THE JOKE.

(To one who knows how to take it.)

NOT that you laugh like one who understands
 (And might have said the thing herself), dear MABEL,
 When, grown too restive for confining bands,
 I launch some barque of humour on the table;—
 That is BELINDA'S way, but not the best
 To make a flattered clown inflate his chest.

Others there are (CORINNA is a case)
 Who rack their lovely foreheads to a wrinkle,
 And probing my design with feverish face
 Sound after anxious pause their argot tinkle,
 And melt in graceful gurgles over what
 They take to be the meaning, though it's not.

Then there is EMILY; of Gothic mould,
 To Fancy's caviar a tasteless vandal,
 Who, turning on her neighbour with a cold
 Set stare, as if she sought to hush a scandal,
 Hints at the sad effect of sudden heat
 On heads impaired by masculine conceit.

But you, my MABEL, you appear to know
 What arts ignite the sterner sex's passions;
 You (where your sisters fail me), soft and low,
 Forgetful of your fast congealing rations,
 Forgetful of some nunskull neighbour's chat,
 Ask how I come to think of things like that.

Respectful wonder prompts you to inquire
 The way it grew, the *modus operandi*,
 That is the poet's chance, the trick to fire
 His humble heart;—'tis then that with a bland eye,
 Engaging half the board, he renders plain
 The mechanism of a master brain.

"It's a wise child..."

Britisher (to fair American visiting London). And so
 you have been here a week, and have seen the Tower and
 Madame Tussaud's and everything?

Fair A. Guess there's only one more thing I want to
 do. I want to go and hear all about your "Smart Set"
 from Father BERNARD SHAW!



BAFFLED !

[The new Anglo-Russian agreement is considered to be another earnest of peace.]



Little Girl, having deposited small baby near Smith, rapidly makes off to join her companions.

Smith. "HERE! TAKE IT AWAY AT ONCE. YOU MUSTN'T LEAVE IT HERE!"

Little Girl. "I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND. YOU'RE SUCH A NICE SOFT-LOOKING GENTLEMAN."

TIGER! TIGER!

A MIXED BAG FROM INDIA.

[The following article appears to have been intended for *The Field*, being very close to the manner of some of that paper's contributors, but as it has been sent to *Mr. Punch* he is glad to publish it, after deleting certain passages which do not appear to assist the point of the narrative, whatever that may be.]

We had just sat down to tiffin, a meal I eat five times a day in India, when a Nawgoboh native runner rushed in with his ears limp and bleeding at the eyes, and told us that a tiger had killed a Gwaliboh man two days before at Bagrah. We at once flung down our spoons and rushed to our horses, which were already saddled and waiting at the door, for our shikarris had heard the runner panting in the distance. Events of this kind are common in India, and it was well known that if we lost a minute we should not get a shot at the tiger within a week, and should miss the mail with our articles for the London weeklies. As we sprang into our saddles we laid our plans and gave instructions to our shikarri, who said, "*Drah nashgat*

ill gout o groboh pangwang ishbish," or something of the sort ("Yes, yes, I understand, but the corkscrew is dreadfully bent"), and in a twinkling of an eye we were galloping away in the moonlight.

We were living in a bungalow (Army and Navy Stores Gents' Tropical Sporting Bung. No. 37, page 959) at Wallabag, near Grobbawah (neither shown on the map), and had long wanted to get a shot at a man-eater, but unfortunately nobody had been eaten. I was on Secret Service, having exchanged from the B.C.F.T. into the F.K.L.O.P. (first section) the year before; while F. (Major 2nd Batt. L.H.A., Deputy P.Y.T. and F.O.P.I.K.C.) was enjoying three months' sick leave as my guest. I may say that F. had joined the service through the 2nd Batt. of the 1st Herefords. His father. . . . One of his uncles. . . ., while a brother of a second cousin by marriage. . . . Added to which he had been Captain of the Volunteer Fire Brigade of his native town, and that is why I always call him "Squirts." He takes a 16-inch collar.

As for myself. . . . Private School, Westgate-on-Sea. . . . Coffee planting. . . . Having married second daughter of. . . . Cheese not in my line. . . . 15½-inch collar.

And now to business.

My rifle is an old favourite that has stood my good friend for many a year. It is, or was, one of Buckley's (No. 957, Long Acre, W.C.) 47 Bore, Pin-Fire, Breech Loader; fitted with Martini carbine sights, and with a watchcase attachment of my own devising which flies up on the release of the trigger, as I found that the back-vent was ruining my eyesight. . . . In '97, when I was at home I decorated the summer-house at H— Manor, —shire, with poker-work, and found the gun invaluable for this purpose, and the work is much admired. It is advisable, however, to make certain that a rifle is not loaded before heating it. In my own case the charge left the barrel 5 in. from the muzzle, with fatal results. Fortunately it was only someone staying in the house, and after I had had 9 in. taken off the barrel the rifle was none the worse; indeed, such is the excellence

of the gun, it was improved by the alteration.

F. uses a rifle which. . . . dead shot. . . . water rats. . . . Oulton Broad. . . . Golden-haired girl. . . . loud screams. . . . near thing. . . . great enthusiasm. . . . escort to hotel. . . . hot bricks. . . . London barmaid. . . . third-class certificate for heroism of the British Glovecleaners Ass.:

Our arrangements were as follows:

1. Our horse-boys were to go out each morning in five relays with the tiffin basket.
2. The beaters were to form in two lines.
3. The corkscrew was to be wired on to the left thumb of my third bath-boy.
4. The spirit-lamp was not to be packed with the bread.
5. If the two lines met they were to wheel by the left north-west, the corkscrew always being in the centre of the line.
6. If the tiger was flushed, we were to be informed by telephone.
7. My head shikarri was to pay the beaters two annas *per diem* with the best discount for cash that he could obtain by auction in the jungle each night.
8. The tiffin was not to be put out in the sun.
9. The corkscrew was not to be forgotten.

On the second day out my boy Gobwob overtook us. He had been sent with the official forms which F. relied on to obtain the loan of the field telephone equipment of his corps, without which we could do nothing. While F. was filling in the forms I questioned the boy, who, I need hardly say, had limp ears and was bleeding at the eyes. It appears that he had run after us for nine hours, and then found he had forgotten his instructions, and had gone back to get them renewed. He told me that BASHOWAN, my third bath-boy, who had been riveted on to the corkscrew, was supposed to have decamped, as one of the beaters had run in declaring that corks were being drawn in the jungle at a point seven leagues west of the bungalow. This news disturbed us a good deal, and we decided on an immediate change of plan. I told F. to go on to a *rendezvous* 12 hours ahead, while I would stay with the boy till he recovered, and then take him back at my stirrup and arrange for fresh tiffin to be sent out immediately. However, an hour after F. had started I found that he had carried off the official forms, so leaving the boy I set out in pursuit.

I cantered on for more than two hours without seeing any signs of him, and then retraced my steps. About three miles from the place where I had left the boy I caught the scent of F.'s cigar, and found him

lying under a deodar a little way off the road. He seemed glad to see me, and to my astonishment told me he had *had tiffin*. It appears that he sent the boy back to me, not knowing, of course, that I was going in an opposite direction. I decided at once to return to the bungalow and start out next morning to join him. F. said he would stay where he was for the present, and asked for my cigarette, as he was afraid of running short.

When I got back to the bungalow I found the corkscrew gone and not a soul about except the native runner, who was cooking rice in the compound. I spoke to the fellow, and soon learnt that it was a Bagrah man who had been killed at Gwaliboh, and not a Gwaliboh man at Bagrah, as I had understood. It was too late now to cancel my arrangements, so I could only wait for some of my people to turn up. The next morning the Field Telephone arrived with our friend S. in charge, who had come up without waiting for the official forms. S. is a keen sportsman. . . . His rifle. . . . His boots. . . . His watch. . . . P. & O. boat. . . . affable stranger. . . . wager. . . . Promptly swallowed it, nineteen times. . . . "ZENDO" the Champion Watch-Swallower.

Seven years later I was paddling at Broadstairs with my third child after mumps and something we couldn't tell what, when a shrimp splashed up to me and clapped me on the shoulder. It was F. "I found that corkscrew in the lining of my coat yesterday," he cried. This referred to the fact that after he returned to the bungalow the corkscrew was missing, and F. declared he handed it to me before I left him in the jungle, which, of course, I denied.

FINAL CRICKET NOTES.

RETIREMENT OF "LINESMAN."

BLOW TO SPORTING WORLD.

POTENTIALITIES OF THE SITUATION.

FOR some weeks past there has been a persistent rumour in the City to the effect that "Linesman," the celebrated authority on cricket, was about to retire from active participation in the game. No reasons were advanced for this decisive step on the part of the genial sportsman, but the current gossip of club and country-house made it clear that after the middle of September at latest the lover of cricket would search his *Daily Mail* in vain for an article by this expert. We are now unhappily in a position to confirm the rumour,

although we have not yet received official information as to the reasons which have led to this retirement. We have, indeed, heard it stated that "Linesman" was about to enter the Church, but we are inclined to regard this pronouncement with suspicion. A far more likely story is that which hints that he has been elevated to a Limerick judgeship, a post for which his pleasant unobtrusiveness and his passion for the right word eminently fit him.

AN APPRECIATION.

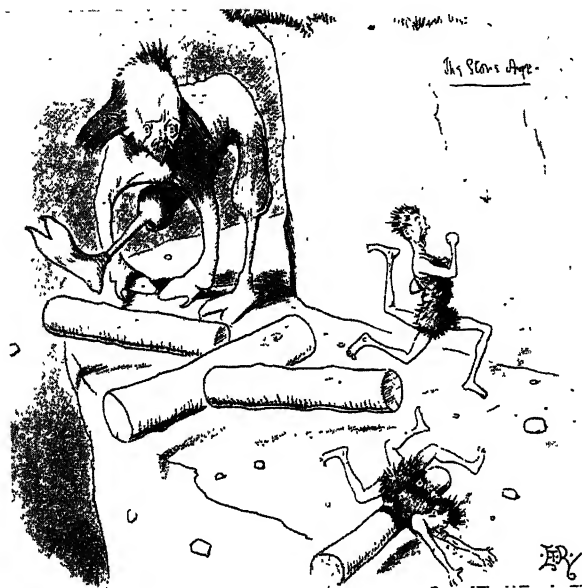
(By A. A. M.)

THE rise of "LINESMAN" to the unique position from which he is about to retire has been unprecedented in its rapidity. Until about five years ago he had taken hardly any part in the national game. It was in the June of 1903 that he made his first appearance in first-class cricket. Although naturally nervous—it was an important match at the Oval which had a considerable bearing on the championship—he made a sensational *début*, referring no less than five times in his article to the "potentialities" of the Surrey eleven. W. G. GRACE had at this time practically given up the game, and it was at once seen that here was the new star risen to take his place for which the country had been watching. For the moment, however, these hopes were not entirely realised. The season of 1903 was an unusually wet one, and—if we except a reference at Cheltenham to G. L. JESSOP as a "sherry and bitters in the incidental gamut"—"Linesman" never quite did himself justice throughout the rest of the summer.

However, in 1904 all doubts as to the ability of the new recruit to county cricket were set at rest. He jumped into form straightaway; and by remarking twice in one article at Taunton that "statistics were the raw material," he joined the select band which includes such players as W. G. GRACE, C. B. FRY, HAYWARD, K. L. HUTCHINGS, R. E. FOSTER, and (in public-school cricket) M. C. BIRD. A bare week later, at Brighton, on a plumb wicket, he employed the word "commensurate" in three consecutive paragraphs, and but for a misprint would have had it in a fourth paragraph also—a feat which has since been done by TROTT. All through the summer he maintained this extraordinary form, and by the end of August had compiled the record aggregate of 3,397 "potentialities" in a single season's cricket.

MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANTS.

THE GREEBA CASTLE PAGEANT (ISLE OF MAN).



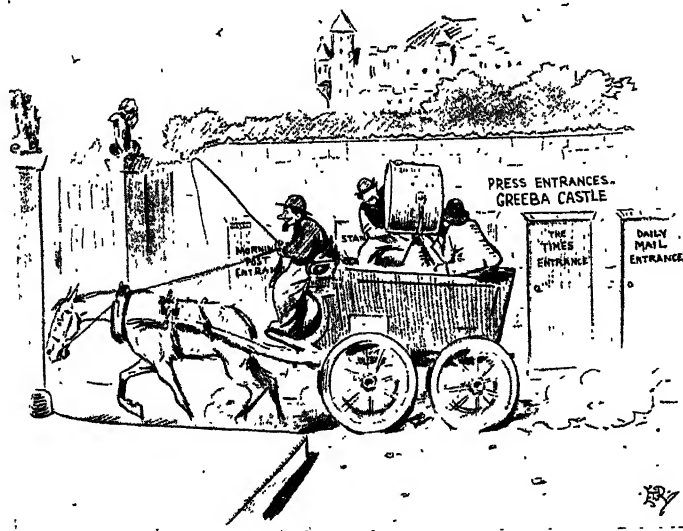
EPISODE I.—The Stone Age.

The Great Haulcanosaur (or Greebatherium) appears on the scene, heralded by the rolling of many logs. The population was as yet unused to his little ways.



EPISODE II.—Slight Indisposition of the Great Author.

In view of the universal concern in the slightest ailment of the Great Caine, he makes every provision, at some cost to himself, for the alleviation of the public anxiety. He feels that were he unwell, "in camera," so to speak, the strain on Consols would be too great altogether, so has his bed removed to the Castle grounds.



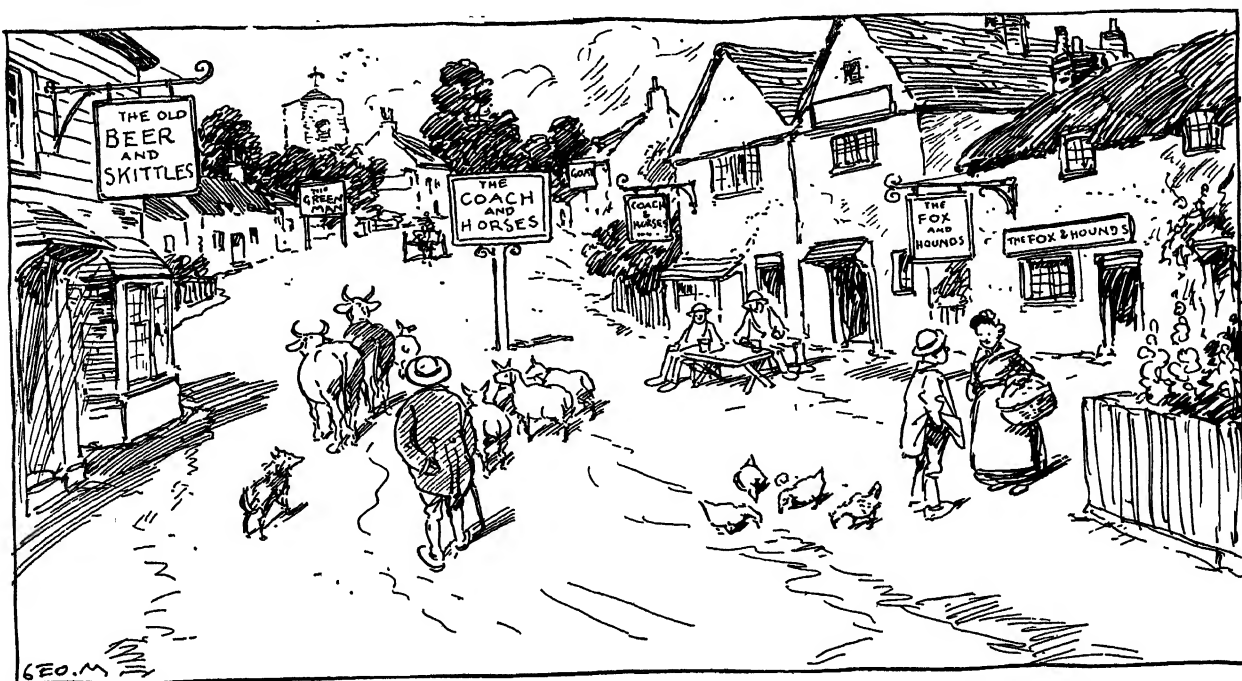
EPISODE III.—Arrival of New and Powerful Searchlight at Greeba Castle.

The Mighty Brows will be illuminated every evening from 8 o'clock till 10 (a marked improvement on the wreath of fairy lamps as used hitherto). It is expected that with the aid of this powerful light the Lines of Thought will now be easily visible at a distance of ten miles.



EPISODE IV.—Escaping from Observation (pursued by a Corps of Mounted Snapshooters).

In order to elude the public eye when taking exercise Mr. Hall Caine adopts a quiet, unobtrusive turn-out, including a Manx pony, whose shaggy coat affords a certain amount of welcome cover.



I.—THE VILLAGE. OLD STYLE.

The year 1905 will be remembered for the visit of the Australians; and luckily for England it found "Linesman" once more at the top of his form. Four times in one week he dismissed the Australians contemptuously as a second-class team, while later on at Lord's he treated the Selection Committee with merciless severity. The completion of his thousand "potentialities" before May was out, equalling, as it did, GRACE's record, was but an incident in the season's play.

But there is no need to follow the wonderful career of this unique cricketer in detail throughout the rest of that summer and the summers which have followed. It is sufficient to say that he has broken practically every record known to *Wisden*, that his 3,000 "potentialities" and his 300 "materialises" may now be expected every season as certainly as the swallow, and that withal he bears his honours as modestly as a man may do. In his new sphere of influence as Judge of Limericks he will find congenial work ready to his hand, and his many friends can have no doubts but that he will discharge his duties faithfully and conscientiously; and, moreover, that he will bring to his task just that touch of poetry and romance which seems to have eluded his colleagues on the bench. To an honourable post "Linesman" will add new honour.

Some Records held by "LINESMAN."

He is the only cricketer who has said of a match that it was "destined to produce the abortive industry of the cleverer side."

In 1906, on a wet wicket at Tonbridge, he put together in less than an hour a team of "B's" which has never yet been beaten.

In 1907, at the close of a long and tiring season, he called BAKER, a young professional who plays for the Surrey Second XI., the "prototype" of HAYWARD.

Last April, before there had been any first-class cricket, he went straight from the office-stool on to the ground and selected the M.C.C. team to leave for Australia in September.

He ran C. B. Fry down brilliantly for daring to play against the South Africans, and then dismissed a Test Match century by that player in five lines, four of them being unproductive.

The Journalistic Touch.

"WHILE the work of knocking away the blocks progressed, it was noticed that the ship showed lively signs of movement, and the delicate instruments used for the purpose recorded the fact that the huge bulk had moved an inch." — *Daily Chronicle*.

LITERARY NOTE.

It is understood that Miss MARIE CORELLI's opinions on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill will be made known to the universe in her next book, which will be entitled *The Marriage of Deceit*.

Our newspapers are often accused of manufacturing sensational matter in order to fill up their columns in the dull season. We should be sorry to think such a thing of a respectable paper like the *Streatham News*, but the following paragraph is bound to give rise to suspicion:—

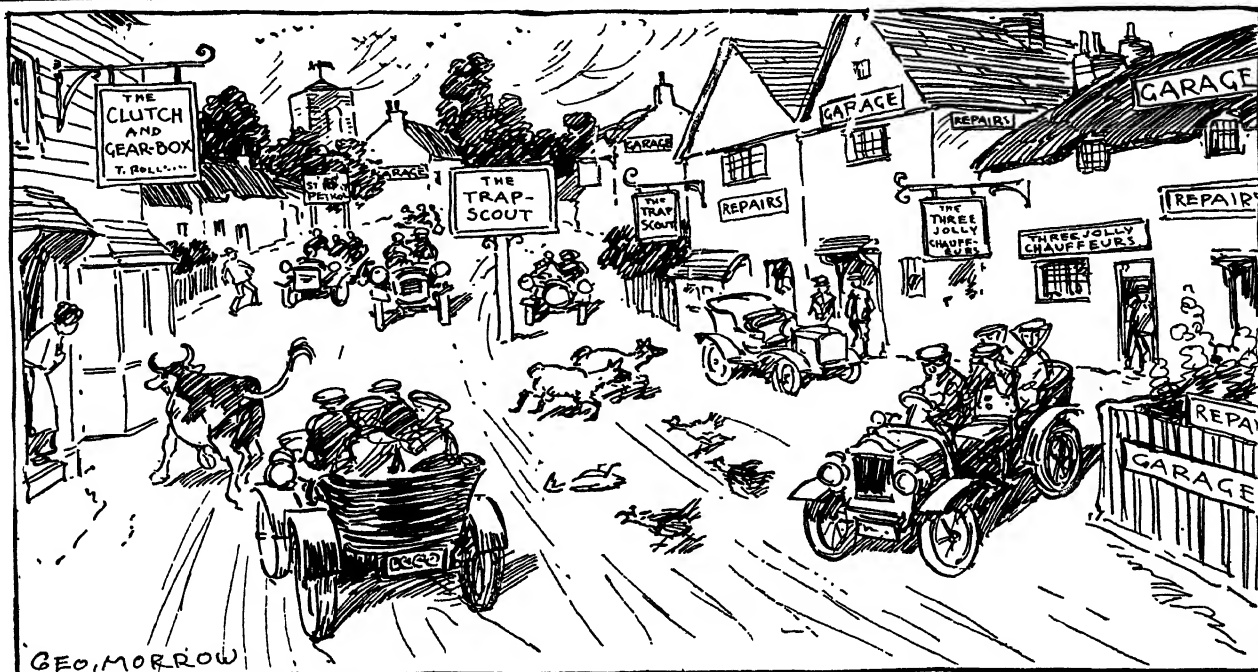
"LOCAL NEWS.

"Mr. C. T. C., of Streatham, has been successful in one of the numerous Limerick competitions."

"Mr. Haldane, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in acting the part of drummer, has quite inadvertently let daylight into the nefarious system of land purchase in Ireland."

THIS comes from *The Cheetham and Crumpsall Guardian and North Manchester Chronicle*, and we don't wonder.

It is always a good sign when the landsman begins to take an interest in naval matters. It shows that the spirit which produced such men as DRAKE and NELSON is still a living force in the country. "The main armament of the *Téméraire*," says *The Sphere*, "will consist of ten 12-inch guns of 4.5 calibre."



II.—THE VILLAGE. NEW STYLE.

CHARIVARIA.

BRITISH shipbuilders are experiencing quite a boom in contracts for warships, even though the Peace Conference is not yet at an end.

The meeting-place of the Trade Union Congress is spoken of as a novelty. We had always hoped that the combination of British Workman and Bath was an every-day affair.

The Committee of Architects appointed to enquire into the question of the safety of St. Paul's Cathedral reports: "We are strongly of opinion that the sensitive condition of the structure makes it necessary that the church should be kept under constant observation." We respectfully question the wisdom of this. Anything more disturbing to a sensitive cathedral than to be continually watched is difficult to imagine.

If the scheme for the adornment of the Palace of Westminster be proceeded with as recommended there will be placed in St. Stephen's porch a statue of MARLBOROUGH, who has now become famous as being one of the ancestors of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

The British Deaf Times suggests that the postal service is a field where deaf-mutes might be employed. But surely a good few have already obtained situations in the Post Office Telephone Department?

"If we were all vegetarians," says Dr. ROBERT BELL, "we would all live to be over a hundred years old." We believe, however, that there is also much to be said in favour of vegetarianism.

The Limerick craze shows no signs of dying out, and a determined attempt, we hear, is being made to persuade a very distinguished poet to take part in some of the competitions, as everyone is anxious to read his last lines.

An Irishman named PERRY, we are informed by an American newspaper, has obtained a licence to marry an Indian girl named QUEEN-OF-THE-EARTH. His future mother-in-law's name is LIVE-FOR-EVER—but Irishmen have always been noted for their pluck.

The whale which, after being harpooned, turned and wrecked the Norwegian vessel *Dimon*, off Faroe, has been found dead. It is said, however, to have died with a smile on its face.

We are glad to learn from a list published by the Patent Office that Arylthioglycollicorthocarboxylic Acid has at last been invented. A really reliable test of sobriety has long been wanted.

The Holborn Borough Council has

posted notices throughout the district calling attention to the new L.C.C. by-law, which makes it punishable by a fine of forty shillings to throw waste-paper on the pavement. Readers of one or two of our daily papers should be careful, therefore, not to let them drop by accident.

A capital new costume for pedestrians has been invented by a notorious opponent of motor-cars. Little bits of glass project from every part of the costume, and the pedestrian, as he is run over, causes the tyres of the car to burst.

In Germany regulations have been issued relating to the nature of automobile horns, with a view to preventing the use of those which are inharmonious. The authorities are doing good work here, and with a little more encouragement of this sort we shall no doubt soon have a car which will play automatically as it goes along some such melody as *The Turkish Petrol*.

Something like a panic has been caused by the prognostication of a weather prophet that we are to have another winter in the winter.

The Central London Railway advertises, "The Central London Railway saves everyone time." A foolish correspondent writes to ask whether this includes those persons who do not use the line.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT IS MAY SINCLAIR'S dearest joy to triumph over unpromising material. In her great work, *The Divine Fire*, the hero started by being impossible; but by leisurely stages she compelled us first to tolerate, then respect, then admire, and ultimately to love him. But with the over-righteous heroine of her new novel, *The Helpmate* (CONSTABLE), those last few chapters in which she gets herself humanised make poor amends for 400 pages of the worst spiritual egoism; just as her brief purgatory is a too light penalty for the long years in which she made havoc of her husband's life. I don't think Miss SINCLAIR has any idea what an exasperating woman it is. It really wanted a sound spanking six days a week and twice on Sundays; but the author, who seems almost prejudicially attached to her *Anne*, never goes beyond an admonishing pat, and even so will keep on stroking her with the other hand; and when the male reader's protests are like to grow too loud the author has a comfortable habit of withdrawing the lady into the sanctuary of an unearthly exaltation, and putting up a notice, "*Procul este profani*." Yet, for all this, she appreciates, and sympathises with, the man's point of view; and I can recall no woman-writer in whose work you will find clearer intuition or cleaner utterance on the subject of the inherent difference between the two sexes in their physical relation to one another.

In *The Helpmate* the author's fine gifts of imagination and humour do not enjoy the same scope as in *The Divine Fire*, and, constructively, I think that the book is wanting in selection. Miss SINCLAIR is inclined to dwell perhaps rather too meticulously over details that do not differ greatly from day to day. The society of her provincial town is a little dull, and the constant recurrence of *Anne* to her communion with the abstract world is dwelt on with a rather too tedious insistence. But the author's style retains its high excellence; and she still knows how to find the right word, though she is too fond of the epithet "indestructible," and should never have put into the mouths of Englishmen the vile Americanism "*See here*." But no criticism of trifles can leave in doubt the great distinction of her craftsmanship. Very certainly she must have made her reputation by this book, if it had not been already won.

In these days of suburban golf, a man who aspires to write about *The Spirit of the Links* (METHUEN) must be prepared to face a stiff examination before his book can be passed as wholesome literature for the young. The

answers to the following specimen questions represent the views of Mr. HENRY LEACH. Q. Are you sound about St. Andrews? A. The spirit of the game seems to brood over this hallowed spot. Walking in St. Andrews, one seems to breathe golf as never before. Q. What are your opinions on (i.) Young FREDDY, (ii.) Old TOM, (iii.) Colonel BOGEY, (iv.) Movable bunkers? A. (i.) F. G. T. is the favourite hero of us all, and a pattern of all the golfing virtues. (ii.) TOM MORRIS is one of the wonders of the sporting world; he remains a cheery TOM to the last. (iii.) Here in St. Andrews it is almost held as a sin to mention the name of bogey. (iv.) !!! Q. Compare driving, iron-play, and putting; write a short essay on one of the three. A. Driving is an art, iron-play a science, and putting is the devil. If you want to putt well you should do nothing else. You must sell your motor-car and your walking-stick, and, above all, your croquet mallet, and give up beating your dog. Before playing an important match go to bed for twenty-four hours and get your wife to feed you with a spoon, and even then you will never putt as well as you know you can. Examiners' Report: Mr. LEACH and his book are thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of the Links.



DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

Oldest Inhabitant. "WHY, LA BLESS 'EE, MISS, I CAN REMEMBER THE PLACE WHEN ME AN' A SEAGULL WUZ THE ONLY PEOPLE HERE!"

In *Name of Garland* (METHUEN) Mr. PETT-RIDGE once more conveys the pleased reader through the homes and intimacies of what are to many the foreign nations that inhabit North Hackney, Highgate, and the East of London. The book is refreshing, if only for the fact that there is not an Earl in it, nor a Baronet, nor even a lowly Knight. Persons of the drama are all exceedingly common people, such as shop-girls, maids - of - all-work, and greengrocers. The highest social scale is

reached by the proprietor of a draper's shop, in which establishment we make the acquaintance of *Winnie*, of the family "*Name of Garland*." She is quite delightful, a brave-hearted, merry hard-worker. She is in time promoted from the kitchen to a place behind the counter in the shop, where you go for "*Paris Fashions*." She does not earn much anywhere, but a considerable portion is bestowed upon a worthless father. Only now and then Mr. *Garland* strays on the scene. Lightly touched, he is one of the best characters in the domestic drama. Like the quality of mercy, Mr. PETT-RIDGE's humour is not strained. It bubbles out on many byways, making pleasant what is in the main a page of sordid, but not the less interesting, life.

A Fact: The New Theology?

Overheard in a provincial book-shop.

Lady (to bookseller). Will you show me something for a boy of six to read in church while the sermon is going on?

"THE SINS OF SOCIETY."

An attempt to relieve the monotony of dramatic criticism.

[The true story of Mr. NOEL FERRERS, Sir DORIAN MARCH, Lady MARION BEAUMONT and Lady GWENDOLEN ASHLEY will perhaps never be told. Such scraps of evidence as seem to bear upon it I have collected together here, and I now offer them to the public for the first time. I cannot suggest that they are complete; it may even be that some of them have no connection with the story at all. I merely give the facts.]

I.

[Bridge Problem, from "The Saturday Review"]

"Lady M. leaves it to her partner Z., who goes no trumps. A. doubles, Z. redoubles, and A. then doubles again, and leads out the first twelve spades. How should Lady M. play her last card, and why?"

II.

[Trial in Tact, from "Hearth and Home"]

"Lady MARION, who has lost all her money at Bridge, borrows a tiara from her friend Lady GOLDBURY for a fancy-dress ball. At the instigation of a friend, NOEL FERRERS, she invites a pawnbroker to her house, and asks him to advance her £7,000 on this tiara. He writes out the cheque; but while he is looking for the sealing-wax she exchanges the box containing the diamonds for a similar one in which Mr. FERRERS has placed two pieces of coal. Lady M. puts the money on a horse of Mr. FERRERS', and loses it all. When the time comes for the pawnbroker to open the box, how shall Lady M. apologise? [Note.—Coal is steadily going up in value.]"

III.

[Extract from a French Conversation Book of the period.]

"Who are all these people?"—"They go to watch the horserace at Longchamps."

"What is this, then, that this is on?"—"The Grand Prix."

"Who is it that will win?"—"The horse of MILOR FERRERS."

"Ah, they run, they run. See the horse of MILOR FERRERS—it leads—No!—Yes!—No!"

"It is the jockey who pulled him (Tech.)"

"See the English lady. She weeps."

"A thousand thunders!"

IV.

[Extract from "The Berks and Bucks County Chronicle"]

"The pretty little riverside residence of Mr. MORRIS, the well-known financier, was the scene of a daring burglary last night. The first intimation of the affair received by the local force was the sound of a police whistle energetically blown by Mr. BATES, butler at Mr. MORRIS's establishment, and who is known throughout the neighbourhood as the possessor of an excellent tenor voice. The local constabulary were soon upon the scene of the crime, and it then transpired that Mr. MORRIS had been robbed of a box containing

now missing; but of that we cannot say anything at present. Certainly Lady MARION has a house in the neighbourhood, where she entertains largely."

V.

[Extract from "His Country and His King," a serial story in "Boys Together"]

"... The struggle was a short one. Hurling his adversary to the ground, DORIAN rose and looked quickly round him. Alas! it was too late! He was discovered! For a moment he stood there paralysed. Then an ineffable smile played around his lips. 'GWENDOLEN,' he whispered, 'it is for your sake I do it. To save your sister's honour.'

"For one moment he turned, and hurled a bitter cry of defiance at his pursuers. Then he raised his arms, and, breathing a prayer for safety, dived ... right into the weir! Down... down... down."

(To be continued.)

VI.

[Extracts from "The Daily Telegraph"]

"Troopship *Beachy Head* run down in Southampton Water in dense fog and sunk with all hands.—*Reuter*."

(From our own Correspondent.)

"Among the victims of the awful disaster appears to have been Sir DORIAN MARCH. It will be remembered that a warrant for his arrest in connection with the Windsor burglary had been issued. It is thought that he had enlisted in one of the regiments ordered abroad with the idea of getting out of

the country, but, of course, nothing can now be known for certain. And so yet another secret is locked in the broad bosom of the sea; never to be revealed until that last day when the waters give up their dead."

VII.

[Extract from "The Devonshire Chronicle"]

"A pretty but quiet wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Church yesterday between Mr. NOEL FERRERS and Lady GWENDOLEN ASHLEY. The Reverend MARTIN HOPE officiated. . . The bride's dress. . . The bridesmaids. . . The presents. . . numerous and costly."

"*Later*.—We understand that the marriage reported in our earlier edition did not take place after all. In



A QUIET SUNDAY ON THE RIVER.

As seen at Drury Lane.

valuable securities, while he himself had been so heavily drugged that his life is despaired of. Suspicion immediately fell upon BATES, and with commendable promptitude he was placed under arrest. Meanwhile the police are searching for a clue.

"*Later*.—A warrant is out for the arrest of Sir DORIAN MARCH in connection with the burglary and attempted murder at The River Cottage, Mr. MORRIS's waterside residence. Sir DORIAN is, as our readers may know, engaged to Lady GWENDOLEN ASHLEY, the sister of Lady MARION BEAUMONT. Gossip has it that Lady MARION has had financial dealings with Mr. MORRIS lately, and even goes so far as to suggest that it was some of her securities which are

the middle of the service a dramatic interruption occurred, Sir DORIAN MARCH, who had gone down with the *Beachy Head*, bursting into the church, and forbidding the ceremony to proceed. . . . The decorations, which were the work of Messrs. BUNTON and Co., will not, however, be wasted, as we understand that a wedding will take place (so soon as a licence can be procured) between Sir DORIAN and the bride. Unfortunately the wedding cake. . . .

[Since the above was written I have been privileged to see at Drury Lane a play by Messrs. CECIL RALEIGH and HENRY HAMILTON, called *The Sins of Society*, which follows with extraordinary minuteness those incidents in real life which I have put together above. Whether it is legitimate for authors to put actual happenings upon the stage in this way is not for me to say; but I must congratulate them upon the skill with which they have pieced the story together from the records available, and upon the interpretation given to the characters by the various actors. To Miss FANNY BROUGH, Mr. LYN HARDING, and Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER in particular all praise is due.—A. A. M.]

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

TO AN ENGLISH SPARROW.

["The first English sparrow (*passer domesticus*) has appeared in Southern California."—*Press Cable*.]

VULGARIAN, pushful and grimy,
That lordest o'er chimney and cowl,
Crying, "Garn there!" or "'Ook it,
Gorblimey!"
In the wake of less bellicose fowl;
Thy behaviour is coarse and thy ear too
Untrained in the musical art,
But oh! to behold thee is dear to
An Englishman's heart.

Not thou that impossible sparrow
Which, perching on Lesbia's thumb,
Entranced her susceptible marrow
With the Latin for "Kissy come,
come;"
Whose end, when the Parcae that
cull us
Removed him, was rendered sublime
By the verse of a bard called
CATULLUS,
In vogue at the time.

Not thine, when Diana is braiding
Bright locks in her mirror the lake,
To thrill with divine serenading
The shadowy deeps of the brake;

Not thine to enlarge on an anguish
Inspired by the sight of the rose,
Or the loves of the lilies that languish
When Zephyrus blows.

But thine at the hush of the twilight
To scuffle and fight in the eaves,
Till the house-cat responds from the skylight,
And the sleeper awakes and calls
"Thieves";

Thine too, when the Pleiads and Taurus
Light lovers to intimate walks,
To intrude on their sighs with a chorus
Of dissolute squawks.

Then wherefore, *domesticus passer*,
Is the sight of thee dear to my ken,
As sweet as the oil of Macassar
To the apex of elderly men?
Dull-feathered, ill-mannered, ungainly,
As a vocalist frankly absurd,
Thou art still (to express myself plainly)
The deuce of a bird.

Ay, travel the *orbis terrarum*,
Buenos Ayres, New York, Adelaide;
To the land of the lotus and arum,
To the ice where the Eskimos trade;
And wherever mankind has dominion,
And there's business and bustle and stir,
Thou, borne on adventurous pinion,
Art sure to occur.

Thou too hast the Englishman's habit
Of settling in alien climes;
Thou too, like that other, the rabbit,
Dost multiply freely at times;
Thou too by a rooted objection
To desisting till utterly dead
Hast tinted Mercator's projection
A delicate red.

Here, hemmed by the sleepy Pacific,
And the mountain's primordial crust,
And the Mohave desert, prolific
In "rattlers" and alkali dust,
Men scorned thee, redoubtable rover,
Saying, "Look you, the bird is no class!
Let us hope he may never come over
Tohachepi's pass."

But thou comest, O blest among creatures;
I gaze on thee fresh from the Strand;
And a tear courses over my features
And falls with a plop on the sand;

And a vision half sad, half ecstatic
Brings back to me days that are dead,
When thou hauntedst my Bloomsbury attic
And squabbled for bread.

Then long mayest flourish, O sparrow,
Long lord it o'er chimney and cowl;
And speed like the flight of an arrow
In chase of inferior fowl.
One house-top at least thou shalt sit on,
Well assured of thy guerdon of crumbs,
And welcome the immigrant Briton
Whenever he comes.

ALGOL.

OVERSEAS EDITIONS;

OR, HOW TO LOSE READERS.

(*The British Emigrant* offers a free passage to any Colony to readers procuring it fifty subscribers.)

The Globe-trotter announces a Self-Denial Week, in which it will send round the world the reader collecting the highest number of tram tickets.

Various newspapers offer a fortnight's stay at a watering-place to the first reader who pays his overdue subscription before leaving for his holiday.

Free railway journeys to a convict station are guaranteed by *The Bucket-Shop Stockbroker* to competitors sending in successful essays on "How I made a million on the Stock Exchange on a Capital of £5."

Punch offers a first-class passage gratis to Kamskatka to the gentleman who is now sending in poems on Spring three times a week. (Send full name and asylum.)

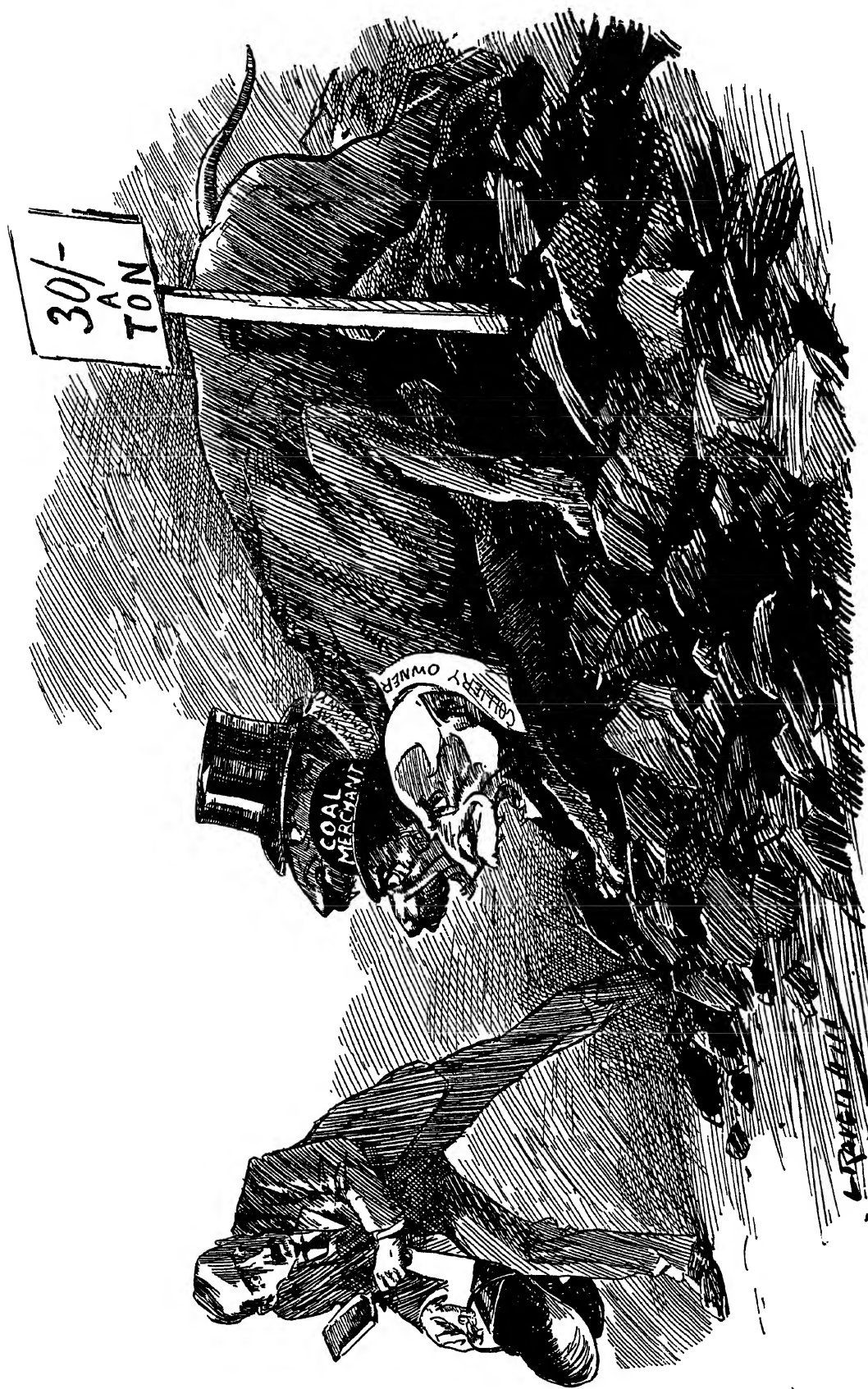
Some testimonial, it is expected, will be made to the editor who invented Limericks. The testimonial will probably take the form of a free (single) ticket to Central Australia.

"Bhsy scenes," says the *Cork Constitution*, "were witnessed at Euston when two specials were dispatched for Liverpool to catch the *Lusitania*. About 35½ passengers travelled in the two specials, which also carried 500 yackages." This works out '0715 of a passenger per yackage, and beats the *Deutschland's* record easily.

Socialist Candour.

"Discreet delegates of whom I have inquired Why Bath? have replied that it was a sort of accident."
The Clarion.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 18, 1907.



A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

CERBERUS AND THE POOR COAL-CONSUMER.



A MATTER OF PREJUDICE.

Host. "YOU'D BETTER TAKE A CUE OUT OF ONE OF THESE TINS."

Guest. "NO, THANKS. FACT OF THE MATTER IS, OLD CHAP, SINCE THAT BEASTLY CHICAGO BUSINESS I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A TINNED CUE."

CLOSE TIME BY THE SEA.

[The past season at the seaside is said to have been the worst on record.]

THEY sowed the bait, with ample hand,
Of joys to child and adult dear;
They praised their drainage and their band;
Their lodging-houses' cordial cheer;
The bathing from the silvery strand,
Or watching from the pier.

Yet vain were all their arts, and vain
The hopes whereon their faith was pinned;
The bait was ruined by the rain;
The quarry, headed by the wind,
Came, saw, and passed away again,
Not waiting to be skinned.

The beach whereon, serenely laid,
Puppa would take his yearly ease,
While Mumma, proud but half afraid,
Watched her small brood of he's
and she's

Plying the bucket and the spade,
Or paddling to the knees,

Did not, as heretofore, attract.
For Puppa found his morning sheet
Blown from his grasp, while Mumma
smacked

Her offspring if they wet their feet;
And having tried it once, they packed
Up for a swift retreat.

The bather, too, that oft of yore
Clove the gay blue with pliant limb,
Stood rooted to the yeasty shore,
And hardly felt inclined to swim;
But owned the billows' hungry roar
Was one too much for him.

In vain the vessel puff't the sail
Or filled the air with barren hoot;
Like the Saharan camel's trail,
The minstrel Bones' colossal boot
Stamped the lone sands, while,
almost pale,
He twanged an empty lute.

And every day was bleak as blank;
And every night as dank as dark;
And week by week the spirits sank
Lower, till e'en the breezy clerk
Returned, all sodden, to his bank—
A raven to its Ark.

And from the margins of the deep
There rose a noise of sore dismay,
Especially from them that keep
Lodgings — whose dreams of
making hay
Failed with the sun—who dully
weep,
Foiled of their lawful prey.

O hostess by the summer sea,
Take courage, for the worst has
gone;
Look forward to the time to be!
Look forward! You may trust anon
To multiply the rent by three,
And stick some extras on.

DUM-DUM.

ENGLISH SPOKEN.

WHEN you have walked from Clermont-Ferrand to Riom *viâ* the top of the Puy-de-Dôme in August you will be less anxious to study Renaissance houses than to hear the water running into a bath-tub.

JOHN said, "I'll have a bath if it blinds me."

"With you," said I. "I'll ask."

"Stop," said JOHN, "I will."

Now JOHN knows just three words of French, the word for "beer," the word for "dinner," and the word for "coffee." So I did not see how he proposed to conduct an enquiry into the position of the local hydropathic establishment. I said so.

JOHN pointed again, and now I was aware of some white letters which adhered drunkenly to the window glass. They were ENG SH SP KEN.

"I may not know French," said JOHN, "but I can read that kind of shorthand at sight. Come on;" and he entered the shop with an air.

He rapped authoritatively on the counter, and a fat man came out of the back premises. He had not much hair, and all there was grew on his face. He had a *goître*. He wheezed heavily. His complexion was grey and he had but one eye. Through this he watched us suspiciously, but he made no advances. "You speak English, I think," said JOHN civilly.

"Hein?"

"You speak English," JOHN repeated, rounding his mouth and separating his words like a professor of elocution.

"Ingleesh?" wheezed the fat man, tasting the word like a new sensation. "Ingleesh?" Then he saw light, and a smile of wonderful sweetness illumined his cheerless face. "Aoh, yase," he said. "Ingleesh. Yase. Aoh, yase. Ingleesh."

"Then," said JOHN, "can you tell me where we can get a bath?"

"Hein?"

"A bath—a ba-th," said JOHN carefully.

"Bahce? Bahce?" He was thinking, wondering, groping. "Ah!" He had it. "Bahce!" he cried on a higher note. "Bahce!" he sprang an octave in his complete comprehension. "Bahce!" he dropped to depths of scorn. Did we hope to puzzle him with a simple little word like that? "Aoh, yase!" he concluded. "Bahce! Yase! Aoh yase!"

"Capital," said JOHN cheerily. "Where is the place?"

The dealer in picture-postcards, vegetables and tobacco gazed dully

before him. We must give him time. In the Auvergnés a man may be excused for getting a little rusty in his foreign languages.

"Place," urged JOHN, speaking as if to a little child—"place, you know, place."

"Plèce?" echoed the linguist.

"Yes, place, place," said JOHN, keeping himself well in hand.

"Plèce?" He chewed it a while.

"He is a fraud," said JOHN to me quite loudly.

No. JOHN had done the good man an injustice.

"Ah! plèce?" (as one would ask, "Why didn't you say so before?") "Aoh yase! Plèce! Yase—plèce! Aoh yase!"

"Where is it?" cried JOHN. "Where? Do you understand? Where?"

"Don't shout so loud, JOHN," I protested.

"Go to the deuce," said JOHN. Then, planting his knuckles firmly on the counter, he enunciated with frightful distinctness the one word, "Oo-hare?"

The other shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, an action which in a Frenchman always finds me unprepared. I can never believe somehow that they really do it.

"Ooere," he sighed patiently, and cast up his eyes to heaven as if information on the subject might be sought with prospect of success in that direction alone. "Ooere! Yase!" and he shook his head slowly, "Ooere, yase!"

I could see that JOHN would fly at him in another moment.

"Ooere?" said the man. "Aoh yase!"

"Damn!" said JOHN.

The old gentleman's dun-coloured face became almost beautiful. He had been swimming in deep waters, but here was solid ground.

"Dam?" he cried huskily, "dam? Aoh yase! dam! dam! Aoh yase! Dam!"

"Aoh yase, dam!" said JOHN, between his teeth.

A little dark woman in a white cap, somewhere between the ages of thirty and sixty, came out of the back of the shop and looked at us curiously.

"Dis," cried her husband. "Viens donc, un peu, causer avec cet imbécile. Je crois qu'il est saoul."

She put him on one side and came forward smiling.

"We are all right now," I said to JOHN. "The master of the house has taken command. To her, JOHN."

"Messieurs?" enquired the lady.

"You speak English, I believe," said JOHN, removing his cap, partly

from native politeness, partly in order the more thoroughly to mop his brow.

"Ingleesh? Aoh yase," she replied confidently enough.

A spasm twitched across JOHN's face, but he came up smiling.

"We want a bath," he said.

"Bahce!" she echoed. "Aoh yase, bahce!"

"Where can we get one? Are they far from here? What street are they in?"

JOHN, like all Englishmen who are not understood in France, was now talking at the top of his voice. Bel-lowing, in fact.

"Een?" she said, and nodded her head encouragingly. "Aoh yase. Een?"

I was sorry for JOHN.

He said, "Then I'll show you."

He began to make the motions of a man undressing rapidly. He seized an imaginary sponge, stepped into a visionary bath and began to splash invisible water over himself. "Sh! Sh! Sh! Ah!" he cried.

My knowledge of his needs enabled me to grasp the meaning of his actions with some certainty, but it was clear from the terrified faces behind the counter that my friend's sanity was more than suspected.

"Now will you tell me?" he thundered.

"Bis! Bis!" cried a dozen young voices from the doorway. I looked behind me. I saw that the entrance to the shop was filled by a large and interested crowd of children. People were running from all sides. A policeman was advancing down the middle of the street. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Madame," I said, "permettez que je vous explique la chose. Mon ami n'est pas ivre. Il n'est même pas enragé. Il désire seulement se laver le corps. Veuillez nous indiquer la route la plus directe pour l'établissement des bains."

"Volontiers, monsieur," she replied. "Il est justement en face."

"Je suis infiniment obligé," I said. "Filons. Ou bien nous serons cause d'une émeute."

"Pardon, Monsieur," wheezed the fat man. "Vous parlez Français à merveille. Mais, puisque vous avez une telle facilité—pourquoi Monsieur votre ami a-t-il—"

"Dame," said I, "Monsieur a lu l'avis à la devanture. Il a voulu vous adresser la parole en Anglais."

"En Anglais?" cried Madame. "Qu'est-ce qui l'empêchait donc de le faire?"

I have never had the courage to translate our little conversation to JOHN.

ON THE LOOSE;*

OR THE BELLES LETTRES OF A
PULPITEER.

XXXIX.—LIFE.

AH, my brethren, what is life? That is the question that I came here to answer—here in this old rambling country house all among the fens, where a man has table space for his papers, and ink by the gallon, and plenty of pens, and all the best sermons on the shelves.

What is life? I pause for a reply, or at least I should pause if I had not backed myself to write this kind of thing at the rate of ten thousand words a day for ever and ever; and to pause and think is fatal. Easier is it to write on. Life, it has been wisely remarked, is simpler when one has friends than it is alone. Friends! Ah, my brethren, what a beautiful thought is there! Such thoughts are worth a guinea a pew. Some philosophers have devoted time and thought to tracing backwards all our emotions to their primal origin; and it is undoubtedly true that in the intensest and most passionate relationships of life—the love of a man for a woman, or a mother for a child—there is a large admixture of something physical, instinctive, and primal. Put in another way, the discovery of these shrewd and penetrating philosophers is that men and women are human after all. How interesting that is! What a lesson it teaches.

Again, my brethren, I have observed that there are infinite grades of friendship, beginning with the friendship which is a mere *camaraderie* arising out of habit and proximity; and everyone ought to be capable of forming this last relationship. It is said that in countries where oxen are used for ploughing in double harness, there are touching instances of an ox pining away, and even dying, if he loses his accustomed yoke-fellow. This is horrible to me. "Alas, my poor brother!" I cannot but exclaim. Death of all kinds hurts me; but the death of an ox who has not read the *Upton Letters* is dreadful indeed.

And then there are infinite gradations, such as the friendships of old and young, pupils and masters, parents and children, nurses and nurslings, employers and servants, all of them in a way unequal friendships, but all useful to us in such a survey of the situation as this is.

Friendship must be very strong to

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Heckling Thomas. "D'YER MEAN TER SAY IF YER 'AD TWO 'OSSES YER'D GIVE ME ONE?"
Socialist. "CERT'NLY."

H. T. "AND IF YER 'AD TWO COWS YER'D GIVE ME ONE?" S. "COURSE I WOULD!"

H. T. "AN' IF YER 'AD TWO PIGS?"

S. "WOT YER TALKIN' ABOUT? I'VE GOT TWO PIGS!"

survive certain tests. It has been noticed, for instance, by great philosophers that few young women continue in the old terms of intimacy after one of them has become engaged to the *fiancé* of the other. This is very sad, but oh so true.

[Ten pages omitted.]

Fifthly, my brethren, remember this, that we pay a price for our qualities: the thistle, I have observed, cannot become the vine, or the oak the rose. We are what we are; or, in other words, we are not what we are not. This is an invariable rule of life. There are, of course, deceptions, surface frauds, by which a bald man may become to all appearances a hairy man, or a blonde a brunette. But these isolated cases do not touch the heart of the matter, have no relation to its

root. We are what we are. Thus one man is a local preacher, and another an essayist, and another a mixture of both. One man writes a new book every week; another man writes only one book all his life, but issues it afresh every week under a new title.

[Ten more pages omitted.]

So far had I written when it seemed to me that it would be well to see the reflection of my beliefs in some other mind, and so I lured two harmless old ladies into the front pew and let them have it straight from the shoulder. What they said I have not room to repeat, but they need not have been so touchy about being called "my brethren." It was a very natural slip in one so fluent as myself. Still, it lost me another couple of friends.

THE GLOVE.

NINA has been going it these last few days, and the worst of it is, she keeps wanting me to write a history of her deeds. I said, "Why don't you write it yourself?" but she put on one of her haughty, far-away looks and said, "Didst ever hear of Queen or Princess that wrote her own story?" I said, "I didst not." I had to answer like that, or she'd have been offended, and we shouldn't have had any more fun. "Then, sirrah," she said, "thou hast pronounced thine own doom. Henceforth thou art the——" She couldn't think of the word, and had to run into the house to look at a book where she thought she could find it. When she came out she got on her throne again—she was QUEEN ELIZABETH, and I'd been the Earl of LEICESTER, and JIM, the stable-boy, had made her a throne out of empty petrol cans—and she said in a deep voice, "Thou, HERBERT BISHOP, art the Historiographer-Royal. I found it," she said, "in *Whitaker's Almanac*." So that's why I'm at it again.

That was on Monday. On Tuesday she was JOAN OF ARC, and I was the English army. I fought very valiantly, but I had got to be conquered. We had six battles, and after I had been scattered and cut to pieces for the last time JIM brought her in to my camp with her hands bound and a bit of muslin stuck on her head to show she was going to be a saint. He surrendered her to me, but he forgot what she'd told him to say, which was, "I fear I am doing an ill deed. I have had terrible dreams of what will betide me." Instead of that, he said, "Here, Master HERBERT, take the filly. She's given me no end of trouble. Woa, my lass, woa there." NINA said, "Degrade not the dignity of history," and sent him back to his work, and then I had to sentence her, and Mrs. AUSTIN came out just in time to burn her alive. It was tea-time.

Yesterday Dad and Mum went to London, so there was no dinner, and Mrs. AUSTIN said she'd go out walking with us. Mrs. AUSTIN doesn't like long walks, and we soon got into a field where she said she'd sit down and get her breath back under the shade of a tree. That was NINA's chance. She said she was a Princess of very high degree, and had been commanded by KING FRANCIS to attend that very afternoon to see his wild beasts. I was to be the Duke ALONZO, her lover, and *Muggins*, the Dandie Dinmont dog, was to be an

untamed lion from the Nubian desert. She ordered me to tell *Muggins*, but I couldn't catch him. He was barking at some cows through the fence, and I couldn't get him into the arena.

Then NINA began. "Your Majesty hath done me great honour," she said, speaking to Mrs. AUSTIN. "Surely 'tis a noble sight to see the King of Beasts and the King of FRANCE face to face. I thank your Majesty for summoning me." I said, "The King of Beasts is barking at the cows." "Duke ALONZO," she said, "thou art forgetting thyself. Say, hast thou any courage? Behold, I have dropped my glove into the arena. Art thou bold enough to descend and recover it for me?" She chucked an old glove about five yards off, and said, "Now prove thy mettle, or be for ever a recreant knight." I saw what she was up to, and I was after it like a knife and gave it back to her. Mrs. AUSTIN said, "Bravo, Master HERBERT; you always were a plucky one;" but NINA said, "Your Majesty speaks jestingly. The lion was asleep; but now he is awake. Go, ALONZO, and recover the glove once more." Then she chucked it again; but this time *Muggins* had left the cows, and before I could get the glove he had pounced on it and nipped it up. I was after him directly, but of course he thought it was a game, and away he went. I chased him a bit, and at last, just as I was catching him, I ran plump into a big man who was walking across the field. He said, "Steady, young man," and almost directly afterwards NINA came up and told him we didn't mean to be doing any harm. "Lord bless you," he said, "that don't matter. The corn's all cut, and you can't do much mischief;" and then he went on. NINA afterwards told me he was really the King of SPAIN, the worst enemy of KING FRANCIS. Anyhow, he looked like a farmer. I don't think he'd have understood NINA if she'd your-Majestied him. We never saw the glove again; but NINA said we needn't trouble, because it was only one of Mum's. R. C. L.

Curious Accident on Popular Line

"In a closely packed carriage of the Dover line the lamp overhead, which had just been lit, fell, among other things, upon the face of a beautiful weary-looking woman."—*Times Weekly Edition*.

Ireland in India.

From the *Kathianur News*:—"NOTICE. The next issue of the *Kathianur News* will not be out."

THE PERPETUAL "TUMBLER."

SEA, who out of caverns colder
Where you pasture Proteus' flocks,
Rise to burst upon this boulder
And bedew my summer socks,
How I love to lie with HOMER'S
Strong-winged music in my ear,
Watching your stupendous combers
Seethe like so much ginger-beer!

Recreation's rarest feature,
Pleasure's most alluring prize,
Is to see some fellow-creature
Take prodigious exercise:
Famous are the lords of willows,
Muddled oaves enchant the mob—
All the same I back the billows
For the best vicarious throb.

I have seen (and deigned to stick it
Sooner than reclaim my cash)
Unheroic first-class cricket,
Soccer that was simply trash:
I have seen perspiring acrobatic ladies lit with gold
Leave (for all their kicks) the back row
Of the crowded fauteuils cold.

But to watch your ripples widen,
And your crested steeds come up,
Stirs me with a thrill, Poseidon,
Keener than the English Cup:
That is why each morning finds me
Listening to the breakers' scrunch,
Till their hollow roar reminds me
That the hour is ripe for lunch.

SHIPS THAT (SUR)PASS.

THE superiority in dimension over its predecessors which is a feature of the *Lusitania*, and which characterises nearly every new liner constructed, makes one hesitate to reject the possibility that some day our Shipping Intelligence will include such items as the following:—

We have received an interesting volume, *Day Tours on the Nervtonic*, giving particulars of the many delightful walks which are offered to practised pedestrians by the latest addition to the White Star line of ocean greyhounds.

(By Marconigraph.)

The opening foursome over the links laid on the upper deck of the new Cunarder *Encyclopædia* was begun to-day just after leaving Queenstown, HERD and MASSY opposing BRAID and TAYLOR.

The course is only a nine-hole one, but is thoroughly sporting, the water hazards being particularly difficult of negotiation. From the first tee BRAID was bunkered in the engine-room, but playing out TAYLOR



*Commercial Gent (travelling in tobacco). "THAT, SIR, IS A CIGAR YOU COULD OFFER TO ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS."
Hotel Proprietor. "AH, YES, I CAN SEE THAT. BUT THE POINT IS, HAVE YOU GOT ANY THAT I COULD SMOKE MYSELF?"*

managed to halve. Approaching the second, MASSY got into difficulties, a sudden roll of the boat making him pull his shot down the funnel of a passing tug. (*Proceeding.*)

Motorists will be glad to learn that a fine macadam surface has been laid on the lower deck of the new White Star liner *Pneumatic*, enabling passengers to make half-day excursions to some of the most beautiful and interesting parts of the vessel, including the anchor, the engine-room, and other places of interest.

The White Star Line announce the maiden voyage of R.M.S. *Epic*, from Southampton, on Wednesday, October 1. The streets throughout the vessel are lighted by electricity, while motor 'buses run between the dining saloon and principal cabins.

The company's coaches meet all passengers at the gangway, and convey them to their cabins free of all charge.

The Journalistic Touch.

"On seeing the gallantry of the Moors the Commandant could not help clapping his hands and exclaiming 'bravo,' advancing with his sabre in one hand and his revolver in the other."—*Matin* Correspondent.

THE LAUNDRY.

On Monday morning comes a cart

As custom has it everywhere,
The collars and the shirts depart
To undergo their weekly tear;
And such as have survived the fray
Return again on Saturday.

They call it "washing," but the name

Ill fits the process it describes:
The wildest beasts are meek and tame,

And gentle the most savage tribes,
Compared with those who rip and rend

The garments which I weekly send.

'Tis far from soothing to the nerves

To find one's collars outside in,
Their edges folded into curves.

Suggesting corrugated tin,
And to discover they reveal
The sharpness of Damascus steel.

And when I find, as oft I do,
The button-holes so wildly rent
That studs will pass completely through

Without the least impediment,
I cannot think of words to suit
A form of torment so acute.

To wear a shirt is painful if
The polished front from end to end

Is so unreasonably stiff

That neither it nor I can bend.
And handkerchiefs! I've heaps of them

Mere holes surrounded by a hem!

But time would fail me to recall
The varied methods of attack,
For laundry folk are one and all
Distinguished by a happy knack
Of finding what they seem to seek—
New tortures each returning week.

"It is claimed by the men who run the alligator farms that the animals are easily domesticated and that they can even be trained to serve as caretakers for small children."

Popular Science Siftings.

It is these popular scientific journals which do more than anything else to keep the torch of knowledge burning.

"Politician, abolish thyself!"

"One of their most enjoyable treats in London was a day spent with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He invited them to his home for the day, and took a great interest in the welfare of his American cousins, who say that the dignity he puts on in the House of Lords is thrown away in his home and among his friends."

POSSIBLY some of these other peers are really quite decent fellows in private life.



"THAT'S A BETTER ONE, SIR. YOU GOT A—A BIT O' SOMETHIN' OVER THAT TIME, SIR."

THE LATEST CHOICE BLEND.

[We had hoped this week to give our readers a special treat. A well-known lady had promised to contribute two useful columns of hints entitled respectively "Mother's Pet" and the "Cook's Corner." We are afraid however that by some mistake the two columns have got printed as one; but to show our *bona fides* in the matter, we have decided to reproduce the article just as it came to us from the printer, and we trust that our lady readers will be able to pick up a useful hint here and there.—ED.]

"MOTHER'S PET COOK'S CORNER."

Bashfulness in Children is as often as not an acquired taste, but, of course, they are greatly improved by being fried in dripping. Served with gravy generously poured round makes them much less awkward, especially with strangers. A child should never be allowed to become self-conscious, and its mind should be kept as free as possible from butter, yolk of egg, salt, pepper, and finely chopped parsley. They will then develop naturally, and have an easy pleasant manner, thickened in the usual way and flavoured with tomato sauce.

The Mother should endeavour to accustom her infant from the time of its birth to sleep in a perfectly clean saucepan filled with boiling water. If

the child shows a particular inclination to repose, stir gently for twenty minutes until it turns a nice red colour. A child of seven should sleep about eight hours, and when the ginger is added it can be left till next day. If restless during the night put in the lemon-peel and pour into dry scalded jars. Brandy paper will not be necessary.

The Punishment of Children should be infrequent, selected with judgment, and inflexibly carried out. It is a good plan—though an old-fashioned one perhaps—to beat them to a thick froth and let them simmer gently for two or three minutes. In doing this try to avoid alike the reality and appearance of passion, or more harm than good will be the result. Try to exercise the quality of mercy, which should be strained through a tammy cloth or fine sieve. Very young children should not be thwarted, but should be sent to table whole on toasted sippets.

When you hear a child cry you may be sure there is some reason for it. To get at the arrowroot of the matter is the mother's first duty, and she should call the child to her, dip it into clean water till cool, and then whisk it till it is quite white. This ought to cure the little sufferer's pain

for the time being. If, however, the crying continues, beat gently on both sides with the rolling-pin, endeavouring all the time to discover the proximate or remote causes of the trouble, and if necessary keep in the oven until it is a pale golden brown. Do not, of course, hesitate to call in a doctor when your own homely remedies have failed, but always remember that the little one, if kept in a stone jar closely covered from the air, will continue perfectly good for several months.

"MR. PUNCH" AND THE WEATHER.

In response to the many correspondents who have commiserated with Mr. Punch on the unfortunate conjunction of his recent wet-weather cartoon with the arrival of summer, he begs to state that he has always known that there has never been a surer means of obtaining fine weather than to arrange for a picture celebrating the reverse; and even at the risk of appearing to be a little less wise than usual, Mr. Punch, in the interest of his fellow-beings, will never shrink from bringing about further sunny spells in the same way.



Wm. S. Gurnea. Des.

THE NEW PENNY.

DESIGNED IN ACCORDANCE WITH BRITANNIA'S AERIAL AMBITIONS.



THE GAME AND THE TABLE.

(A Shooting Lunch at a Cottage.)

First Guest (resting). "HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? COMPLETELY SPOILT MY DAY!"

Second Guest. "NO. NOTHING SERIOUS, I HOPE?"

First Guest. "BEASTLY SERIOUS. THEY 'VE FORGOTTEN THE LIQUEURS!"

MR. PUNCH'S LAST LINES.

IN response to numerous entreaties *Mr. Punch* has decided at last to institute a Limerick Competition for which all may enter. The conditions of such competitions are familiar to our readers by this time: the competitors will be required to complete certain Limericks, and to enclose with each attempt a postal order for sixpence—the whole of the prize money being divided among the proprietors. In order to ensure impartiality, *Mr. Punch* has arranged that the attempts shall be judged by a committee consisting of—

1. Mr. JOSEPH LYONS,
2. Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN,
3. Sir HOWARD VINCENT,

and their decision will be final.

The Limericks to be completed will be found below. In each case *Mr. Punch* gives the last line, and readers are required to furnish the first four. Care should be taken to maintain the excellent rhythm of *Mr. Punch's* line, while marks will also be given for wit, neatness, and sly allusiveness.

1. And so now he is "hung" on the Lyne ("line").
[Rhymes: Mine, thine, crime, lion, BINYON, &c.]
2. So he sighed. And she said, "So (sew) and so (sow)."
[Rhymes: Oh, no, go, and one or two others.]

3. "Art (also short for ARTHUR) is long," she replied,
"and Life is short."

[Rhymes: Ought, sought, sort, cot, &c.]

4. But she wired, "Come at once, it's twins."

[Rhymes: Skins, him, G. R. SIMS, &c.]

5. Well, she "cut" him before he could say "knife."

[Rhymes: Wife and strife.]

6. "Brief life," he replied, "is our portion."

[Rhymes: Caution, obsession, nation, pushing, &c.]

7. "Wholly 'orders'" (Holy Orders) the Manager
sighed.

[Rhymes: Inside and outside.]

"The Cambridge Local Examination for Senior Students will be held on 10th December, 1907. No student born before 15th December, 1907, can be admitted to the Examination."—*The Aspirant*.

"Mr. James Pain, a hale old gentleman of 67, told a *Morning Leader* representative that he remembered quite well the sensational voyage of the *Sirius* in 1838."—*Irish Independent*.

WHAT makes Mr. PAIN remember it so clearly is that he had just passed the Cambridge Local Examination for Senior Students at the time.

Our Difficult Language.

FROM a bill prominently displayed at Aberfeldy:

"Messrs. A—— and C—— will run a coach daily on alternate days throughout the season."

EXTRACTS FROM A PRODIGY'S DIARY.

(Some distance after the confessions of Vivien Charities in "The Pall Mall Magazine.")

MAMMA has given me this book, in which I am to write down all my thoughts and feelings and adventures. It is of course to be strictly private. Then when I am fifty and mamma is seventy we shall read it together, and after shedding a few natural tears, consign it to the waste-paper basket. Papa, however, is sceptical, and prophesies that it will be published, with illustrations, in the *Prattler* in about three months' time. But, as mamma says, papa has no conception of the responsibilities of his position.

* * * * *

My mamma says I am to write down everything. This is rather a large order, but I must do my best. Children, however talented, ought to obey their parents. So I got up before five o'clock to fill my fountain pen. When I went in all dressed to say "Good morning" to papa, he said I was a very naughty child, and was to go to bed at once. He said I was like the man in the comic song who promised to call his friend at half-past three and knocked him up at half-past one to tell him that he had two more hours to sleep. Really papa is most inconsiderate. I told him that HORACE says "*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*," but he only laughed and said, "HORACE was a confirmed old bachelor."

* * * * *

Offerings of the most costly description keep coming in to me from people that I do not know. Diamond rings and snuff-boxes and fish-knives. Mamma gets annoyed with the fish-knives, which she says are duplicate wedding presents which people are only too glad to get rid of. A South-African millionaire sent me a live ostrich. We only kept it for two days, as all the servants threatened to give notice, and papa said he couldn't keep a bird which ate his safety-razors. Still it is something to look back upon. MOZART was given snuff-boxes, but no one ever presented him with an ostrich.

* * * * *

This afternoon I roamed about the grounds playing on my portable cottage piano to all the live-stock. I played a Tchaikowsky Concerto to the hens, but they and the cook said it would prevent their laying. Why are cooks so lacking in poetic feeling? Then I played to the rabbits, but they got frightened. But

my guinea-pig keeps on listening, especially when I tie him up to the garden roller and he cannot get away. I played great slow movements by BEETHOVEN, and *bravura* things by LISZT. And I played MAX Reger and STRAUSS. And then long compositions by me. At last the guinea-pig fell asleep, and then I played SCHUMANN's *Abendlied*.

* * * * *

I am reading HENRY JAMES's novels to improve my style. I shall call my next doll "Maisie." Papa says that reading HENRY JAMES is like wading through glue; but papa is a Philistine. I am sorry to say that the guinea-pig is dead. Papa says that it was caused by cerebral meningitis caused by an overdose of BACH. I think I shall send the guinea-pig to Sir RAY LANKESTER to find out. I am sad for the sorriest of all these things, but, as the late Sir RICHARD JEBB once said to me, "*χαλεπά τὰ καλά*." I am composing a Funeral March to my guinea-pig. I played some of it this afternoon to my kitten, and she cried quite loud. It is a pity there is so much grief in this world, but after all tears are much less vulgar than laughter.

* * * * *

One year ago to-day the GERMAN EMPEROR kissed me. Mamma says I need not write any more to-day. But I must put down that. I have sent him a picture post-card with "To the Wonder-King from the Wonder-Child." When I told this to papa, he said, "If you don't take care you'll find a Red Eagle in the poultry-yard one fine morning." I am afraid papa is suffering from senile dementia.

* * * * *

We are going to America on tour! I wanted to take my pony and the dogs with me, but papa says there would be difficulty with the customs. I am afraid I shall not like the customs of the Americans; but it will not do to yield to prejudice. Besides, as mamma says, "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle*." A sudden thought occurs to me. Am I writing this diary for private or public circulation? I have asked mamma, and she says that I am growing more and more like MARIE BASIKIRTSEFF every day. When I told this to papa he said, "She means MARIE CORELLI," and recommended me to ride my rocking-horse to get into training for the voyage. Papa is really most unfeeling and ignorant. CORELLI's name was not MARIE, but ARCHANGELO. Papa is opposed to our going to America, because he says that all American children are prodigies, and that I shan't get any show. We shall see.

* * * * *

WASHINGTON.—Papa was quite right about the American customs, which are most peculiar. I have been with mamma to the White House, where the PRESIDENT lives. The PRESIDENT is a sort of King of the United States, but he always wears plain clothes without a crown. When mamma asked him didn't he think I resembled MARIE BASIKIRTSEFF, he said, "The Fates forbid." He seemed pleased when I told him that I had a pony, but when I explained that it was only to play the piano to, he looked quite annoyed. While I was playing BACH he fidgeted a good deal and looked at his watch; and at the end he said he was afraid he preferred SOUSA to BACH. He did not even kiss me when we went away. Mamma was very brave, but sad, and held my hand tight all the way home. On the whole I prefer the GERMAN EMPEROR to the PRESIDENT.

* * * * *

HOME AGAIN.—This has been a tragic day. No presents, not even a fish-knife, arrived by the morning post. Then mamma had to go to town to see an editor. Papa, who had a holiday, went off to play golf, and I was left alone with Fräulein, who says that I am an abnormal child. In the afternoon a newspaper man and a photographer came to interview me and take pictures. In the middle of this, papa, who will not take me seriously, came back from his golf and simply spoiled everything. He told the newspaper man that our donkey was so musical that it brayed in the interval of the submerged tenth, that he himself had a "thorough bass" voice, and that mamma was a distant cousin of the Duke of FIFE, which accounted for my genius. When mamma came home and found out what had happened she cried, and said that papa had ruined my career, and telegraphed to the newspaper to hold back the interview. I wish I had a serious papa, like JOHN STUART MILL.

* * * * *

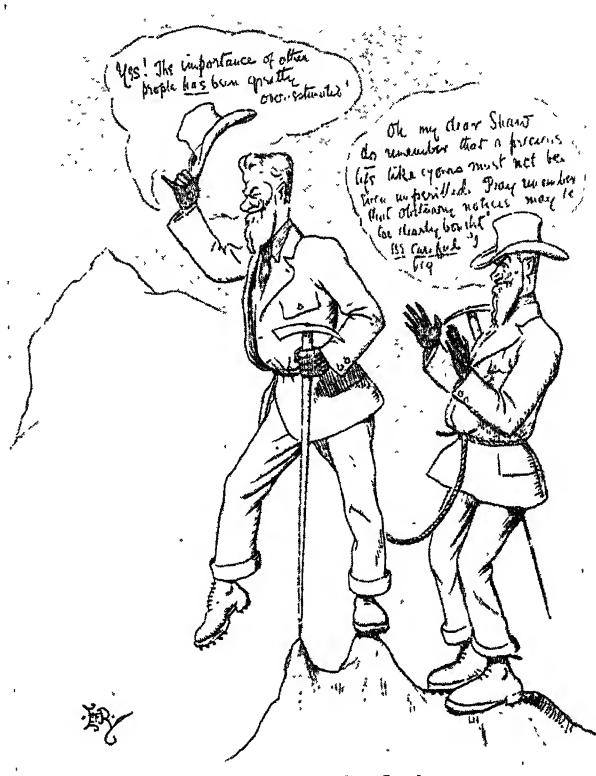
A terrible thing has happened. Papa has seen this Diary, and he has threatened to confiscate it, edit it himself, and publish it under the title "The Trials of a Prodigy's Parent." I was in despair until mamma suggested that the only thing to do was to publish it at once as a protest. It is, of course, a bitter disappointment to mamma not to wait until she is seventy to read what I have written, but with such a papa as mine half measures are useless.

DRAMATISTS' MOUNTAINEERING TRAGEDIES. REAL AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTED BY THE WELSH VAGARIES OF "G. B. S."



Owing to a very natural optical illusion, the incandescent occiput of our friend Mr. A. W. PINERO (out for a stroll in the higher Alps) is mistaken by American enthusiasts for the summit of Monte Rosa by sunrise.



Man and Hilterman; or, John Bull's other advertiser.

Mother, listen to Alfred.

"The illuminated beauties of the great floating palace stood there pregnantly silhouetted against the dim starlight, resembling some gorgeous and majestic transformation scheme arranged by the surpassing genius of a spectacular artist."—*Manchester Journal of Commerce*.

"Dr. Talbot, the Bishop of Southwark, surprised a party of civilian shots by his unexpected presence at the shooting range on Saturday. He shot himself, and, at a pinch, presented the prizes."—*West Sussex Gazette*.

In the excitement of shooting at, and apparently missing, himself, his lordship might well need to be reminded of his promise to present the prizes.

"Now is the freak potato season. One showing a great resemblance to a duck or a seal reached us this morning."

Dundee Evening Telegraph.

THE resemblance must have been remarkable.



Mr. J. M. BARRIE (run to earth at last in deepest Surrey).

"Me lost in the Himalayies?! Losh mon! (not to mention 'Hoots,Toots, Havers, and Aiblins') ye maun hae bin meesinformit! It's no' for a modest mon like me to do sic a pushfu', edvertisin', j'urnaleestic theng!'"

Adjectives to Burn.

"The gardens are exceptionally picturesque, the modern and the new being blended with good taste."—*The Hereford Times*.

ALL the same, we are old-fashioned enough to have rather a weakness for a judicious intermingling of the ancient and the old.

"All right, darling. It's only your husband returned home late. Go back to bed," shouted a burglar up the stairs to a woman whom he had aroused. Recognising that it was not the voice of her husband, she raised an alarm, but the thief managed to get away."

Liverpool Evening Express.

PERHAPS it was the "darling" which gave him away.

"The Chairman said the hospital had been built over 20 years and cost £700, and only one patient had been in it, and that was from drinking too much cold water on board ship."—*Lincolnshire Free Press*.

THIS just shows how necessary it is to be ready for every emergency.



THE SEPTEMBER HOLIDAY.—I.

THE FIRST EVENING—6.30 P.M. RAPTURE AND ROMANCE.

CHARIVARIA.

OUR first war airship has been christened "Nulli Secundus." An Irish contemporary now informs us that an improvement on this experimental vessel is shortly to be built, and that it will probably be called "Nulli Tertius."

Further economies are said to be contemplated by Mr. HALDANE, and new sources of revenue are to be tapped. For example, contracts, it is rumoured, have been entered into as a result of which all our war airships will be inscribed on the one side, "Buy So-and-So's Cigars," and on the other, "Eat What's-his-name's Sausages."

One cannot with justice accuse the Trade Unionists of being narrow-minded. They now demand that a pension of five shillings a week shall be given to "all persons" over sixty. Millionaires, it will be noted, are to enjoy the same blessing as others.

Messrs. CROSFIELD AND SONS have reduced the price of some of their soap by a halfpenny per tablet, thus rendering it possible for their cus-

tomers to buy *The Daily Mail* as well as the soap without an increase of their former expenditure.

A wealthy landed proprietor of Buetzow, Mecklenburg - Schwerin, has committed suicide, and left behind him a statement to the effect that he took his life merely because the worries of the administration of his money weighed too heavily upon his mind. This is all the more sad in that it now transpires that many persons would have been willing to relieve him of the cause of the worries.

So few persons find anything nowadays to say in favour of publicans that we were pleased to see a journal drawing attention last week to the fact that they are said to enjoy the highest rate of mortality.

The fact that it has been decided that after all the new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue shall be called not the Central but the Queen's Theatre, is said to have caused the keenest satisfaction at Buckingham Palace.

The Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON

makes the interesting proposal that there should be teetotal liners. The gait of all the existing steamships undoubtedly leaves much to be desired at times.

An unpatriotic American politician asserts that the English people swear more than any other nation on earth.

At last a practical plan for the provision of dustless roads has been perfected, and pedestrians are delighted at the possibility of a cleaner death.

It is interesting to watch the spread of luxury. Outside a barber's shop in the High Road, Edmonton, the following notice may now be seen:—

EASY SHAVING 1½D.
FRESH WATER FOR EACH CUSTOMER.

"Visitors are requested not to feed the fish" is the startling announcement in a Strand restaurant. Nervous customers fear that this may be a reflection on the food supplied, until their attention is directed to a tank containing gold fish.

Slips on banana skins are said to



THE SEPTEMBER HOLIDAY.—II.

SAME EVENING—6.45 P.M. THE "HARVESTER" HOME.

be responsible for an increasing number of street accidents. We believe that the danger may be minimised by wearing skates.

A Carnarvon gentleman has left £1,500 to be held in trust for the maintenance of his pet animals. There was, we understand, considerable disappointment among the quadrupeds when they learned that, under the terms of the will, they may not touch the capital.

By means of grafting an apple has now been produced which has the distinct flavour of a cherry, and persons endowed with appropriate mouths will be able to have great fun playing Cherry Bob with the new fruit.

According to *Woman* the members of the Ladies' Shooting Club which has just been formed have for their chief aim the protection of themselves against burglars. In view of this statement we were grieved to read the other day that a naughty housebreaker had deprived a lady of a revolver with which she had threatened him, and used it against herself.

Our burglars must really play the game.

A woman has been discovered at Halle, in Germany, who, while in a trance, paints most beautiful and artistic pictures, although in her waking moments she has no knowledge at all of drawing or painting. The interesting proposal has now been made that some of our R.A.'s shall, experimentally, be thrown into trances.

TIME THE CONSOLER.

RIVER, that, so I learnt last moon
From guides (who would not gammon),
Was crowded, till the creatures swoon
For want of space, with salmon,
Why do your banks insult me still
(For days in hope and doubt trod)
Where native skill is known to kill
Sea-serpents on a trout-rod!

In vain I've fastened overnight
My gaudiest feather bunch on,
And wooed their palates with a light
Sustaining insect-luncheon;
In vain I've flung my cleverest
throw,
The brutes have sworn a grim pact,

(When deep below they mark that blow)
To disregard its impact.

The luck is out: and yet my heart
A far-off cheer discovers,
For Time can ease an angler's smart
As well as that of lovers.
Though summer sees him vainly plod
The distant prospect brightens,
A fireside rod can flout the god
And capture clean-run Tritons.

Here in this hazel-shaded pool
Where, truant from his shallows,
A troutlet of the infant school
Has made my line his gallows;
Just here (the season past) shall rise
That monstrous finny wonder,
Who seized my flies with flaming eyes
And bore away his plunder.

Or (likelier still) when faith grows strong
In deeds that hope suggested,
And intervals are far too long
For statements to be tested,
This shall be just the very reach
(Where spite their desperate flounders)
I hauled to beach (two hours for each)
My brace of sixteen-pounders.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Rainy Day (ALSTON RIVERS) is not the sort of rainy day with which we have grown unpleasantly familiar during this dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant summer, but the kind against which we are advised by the homely proverb to lay by, and the lady who lays by, during "five-and-thirty years of incomparable toil," is a certain Mrs. Cavell, of Clapham. The anonymous author of this third *Tale from the Great City* knows Clapham and its people as well as the stationmaster at Clapham Junction must know the details of the traffic under his care. Mrs. Cavell is a masterpiece. There is a Napoleonic grandeur about her long campaign with grinding poverty, during which, by unflinchingly taking care of the farthings, she contrives to lay by two thousand pounds. Unfortunately the pounds did not take care of themselves. They were stolen in one fell swoop by the black sheep of the family. That was Mrs. Cavell's Moscow. After it she still carried on her awful warfare with poverty, still lived her godless, loveless, pitiless, cold-blooded, tyrannical life, and was still spoken of by the vicar as an exemplary woman, till death at last freed her children from her cruel despotism. The author's weapons are the rapier of satire and the bludgeon of hard, naked, ugly facts. In his heart he carries a real love for the "modest and enduring courage which, beneath all their vulgarity, folly, and little social errors, animates and sanctifies the London suburbs," and his book is certainly one of the most remarkable studies of London life which has ever been written.

We missed the publication of *Celibate Sarah* and *Juicy Joe*, and therefore cannot say whether Mr. JAMES BLYTH is less happy than of old, but in *A Woman of Character* (WHITE) he introduces us to a lot of very vulgar people, and then rather unreasonably expects us to be absorbed in their commonplace carryings on. The heroine is a sea-side boarding-house edition of *Becky Sharp*, presented in an atmosphere of bloaters, confetti, and "fags;" but the author, when he drew the picture, seems to have been standing a trifle too near the marine parade to obtain the necessary artistic effects. There is, however, one of the best "bull-saves" (if we may coin a word) in this book that we ever came across. Instead of lavishing portions of his attire on the infuriated animal, *Cradock D'Esterre* deftly lures him onto the preserves of a bovine rival, and makes for the nearest fence (with the young

lady over his shoulder), whilst a truly Virgilian episode is in full blast. There is also a "sea-scape," where the same, promenade siren is towed to safety by means of a hamper-string attached to her escort's teeth. But much of the story is frankly unpleasant, and we should have felt constrained to dismiss *The Woman of Character* from most of the situations she gets into, without a character at all—or at least, to have allowed the Nemesis of an accident (with no compensation) to overtake her in the end.

PERIPATETIC PUTTERS.

(A hopeful forecast.)

WHY play on one Golf course all through the Vacation? Thanks to the enterprise of the United Spas Syndicate the last few missing links in the Golf system of Great Britain will shortly be supplied, and coupons for the Grand Coast Tour, or any continuous portion of it, issued. The great advantage of the scheme is that one obtains variety of scenery, and that interesting difference of hazard, bunker, worm-cast and what-not, so essential to hygienic holiday-making. Thus, starting from St. Andrews, a pleasant and breezy trip of 1,800 holes may be taken to Scarborough via North Berwick, Bamborough, Hartlepool and Whitby. Teeing off from the Royal and Ancient Clubhouse at the beginning of September, a scratch player should arrive (carrying the somewhat extensive coal-bunkers) at Newcastle-on-Tyne in about five weeks, and hole out in the hub of the Yorkshire Riviera by the end of October.

The time for the complete course will vary from

one to two or more years according to handicap and the vicissitudes of fortune; and a few hints may be offered to players contemplating an extended tour.

All balls, for instance, should be clearly marked with the owner's name and address, to prevent their loss in the Wash or other incidental estuaries, and relays of caddies should be ordered in advance.

The West Coast of Scotland, again, is to be avoided by all but expert players, owing to the wearisome hazards and difficult lies around Rum and the Mull of Cantire. The Lizard, too, is a provoking obstacle, and a pulled ball has often been known at Porlock Bay.

In conclusion it is cheerfully anticipated that the presence of innumerable red-coated players on the more rocky stretches of our sea-board will do much to supply a lamentable deficiency of storm-beacons, whilst in the event of a sudden invasion from Norway or elsewhere, the wooden clubs and rubber cores of old England will be an invaluable asset to her coast-defence.



THE TRAMP-DISSUADER.

A BURGLARY IN TWO VERSIONS.

HERS.

It was last Tuesday. I have always known, and said, that they would come, but it is sometimes a dreadful thing to be a successful prophet. Yet, curiously enough, my first thought was—perhaps HUBERT will admit now that I was right! He has always laughed at the idea of Burglars.

There was no doubt about it now; I could distinctly hear their steady fling. Oh! it was awful—simply awful! I had been reading *Oliver Twist* aloud that evening, and now I imagined a man like *Bill Sikes* bursting his way into the bedroom. HUBERT is fairly muscular, I suppose, but I recognised that he would be as a child in the grasp of such a man. I felt that it would be best for him to throw himself upon the creature's mercy.

He was still sleeping peacefully. I think he would sleep through an earthquake! It took quite a sharp blow to wake him. "There are burglars in the house," I whispered; "you must go down."

I hope he is sorry now for what he said. He spoke very foolishly at first, and even swore slightly. Then he said, "This is the ninth time in three weeks that you've heard them, and what with my insomnia and your burglars I shall soon be fit for a madhouse!"

HUBERT deceives himself about his sleep, but it was no moment for idle recriminations. I just told him to listen, and then in the moonlight I could see his face grow pale.

He got slowly, very slowly, out of bed, and found his father's old revolver. Even then, even at that dreadful moment, I was glad that I have never allowed him to get any cartridges. For it seemed positively to wobble in his grasp.

Of course, his hand was shaking with the cold. And that was probably why both our teeth were clicking together quite musically. And anyway, I am quite, quite certain that he would be brave as any lion in the daytime.

And he was brave, even then. He walked slowly towards the door, and then turned to me with a look in his

eyes that I shall never forget. There was something so pathetic about it! "Good-bye, dear!" he said, and I scarcely recognised his voice, it was so gentle. "If—if anything should happen to me, tell your Aunt that I forgave her freely and fully!"

It seemed a beautiful thing to say at such a moment, and it has made me see what a noble nature HUBERT's really is. I told dear Aunt JANE about it afterwards, but somehow it scarcely seemed to please her. She has never really understood him. But I saw now that he had a foreboding of danger, and was only going down out of reckless bravado. I remembered that everything was fully insured, and I felt that if I played the coward I could save dear HUBERT's pride.

like WINSTON CHURCHILL, SEYMOUR HICKS, and myself, can realise what sleeplessness means! I had been listening to them for some minutes, when MABEL drove her elbow into my ribs. It was a cruel blow, but I regained command of myself in a moment.

"Don't be frightened," I said quietly. "There are burglars in the house, and I must go down."

I didn't like it much, of course, but something had to be done. Besides, a householder has responsibilities which certain ribald bachelors cannot understand. And anyway it was rather exciting. I got my revolver, and was just tiptoeing from the room, hoping to surprise the fellows, when—MABEL lost her nerve. She had been reading *Oliver*

Twist the evening before, and women seem to have far more vivid imaginations than men. Poor little thing, she said she couldn't be left alone, and became hysterical, clinging to me, and all that sort of thing!

I was rather sick at missing the chance of a pot at those burglars, but I didn't see that I could leave her. However, as it turned out I managed to frighten them away. I shouldn't dream of laughing at

MABEL for what she did. I fancy that she is as brave as most women as a rule—at any rate in daylight.

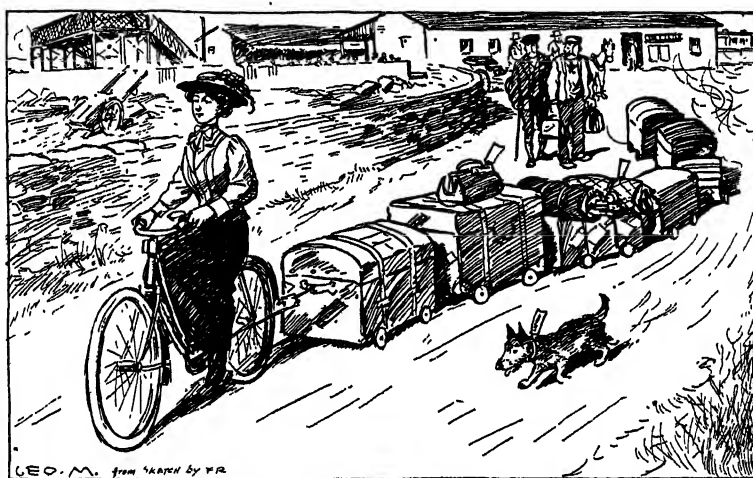
Our Glorious Game.

THE rumour that "Linesman" had emigrated to America is unfounded. What gave rise to it was the appearance in *The Daily Telegraph* of the following message from that paper's special correspondent with the M.C.C. team:

"There was a great crowd of spectators, although few of them knew very little of the tenets of the game."

Our Inglorious Game.

"FOOTBALL is evidently settling down into something more like what is expected. . . The match at Hyde Road was marked by a regrettable incident, for the referee found it necessary to send off Stewart, and afterwards there was some stone-throwing at the referee."—*Manchester Daily Dispatch*.



THE FLYMAN'S FOE.

So I jumped out of bed, and caught hold of him, and said that I wouldn't be left alone. I really think I did it rather well, and certainly it is almost the first time that HUBERT has agreed to anything without argument. On this occasion he let himself be persuaded—well, quite easily. Then he barricaded the door with furniture, and we went back to bed.

Some silly people have suggested that there were no burglars at all, just because something frightened them away before they could get in. But could both HUBERT and I have heard them fling, if they were not there? This seems to me conclusive, as the papers say.

HIS.

Last Tuesday the burglars whom MABEL has so long expected really came. She has heard them pretty constantly, but this was genuine. She has the luck to sleep soundly, and it was I who heard them first. No one, except people with restless brains

THE TOWER.

DAD took us to London the other day. We got there pretty early, and Dad put us in a hansom with him at Liverpool Street and we drove off to see the Tower of London. The Tower was all right, and the crowns were gorgeous, but they've got too many old swords and suits of armour stuck all over the place. One's just like another, and anyhow they're no use now. Nobody ever wears armour in battles. But I don't want to write about the Tower. This is about NINA's deeds, so I'll begin when we got back home. After we'd had tea NINA started. First she was Lady JANE GREY, just like the picture post-cards. She looked out of the window and said, "Is that my beloved husband going forth to be executed? Hurry up, HERBERT; you're my husband. Go outside and walk past the window with your head drooping and your hands tied behind your back. Lo, he bears himself bravely, though he is very young and handsome." Then she burst into sham tears, and I went out to walk past the window. She waved her hand to me, and I kissed mine to her, which made her angry, because she said if my hands were tied I couldn't do such a thing.

After that we each had an extra bit of cake, and then she went at it again. I was to be Lord LOVAT and to get my head cut off. I said, "Who was he?" She said, "He was a rebel, and his name was SIMON FRASER, or The old Fox." I said directly, "I don't mind being him, but if I am you can't kill me like that. Nobody cuts foxes' heads off." She bothered me like anything for a long time, but I stuck to it. Dad told me about foxes, and I'm sure I was right. So she had to give up making me into Lord LOVAT.

At last she clapped her hands and said she'd got it. We were to be the Princes in the Tower, and Dad was to be RICHARD THE THIRD, and smother us in our sleep. Dad was asleep in the smoking-room. I'd peeped in and seen him in his arm-chair, and I'd gone out very quietly, because when he's like that he doesn't like to be disturbed. If somebody wakes him he always pretends he's been awake all the time. Mum often wakes him, and he throws a cushion at her. Of course it's in joke. Well, NINA said it didn't matter about Dad being asleep: he'd do just as well like that. First of all NINA put on my cricket cap and said she was EDWARD THE FIFTH, and I was his brother. Then we went and stood on the stairs, and she said in an awful voice, "Hist! Dost hear footsteps? Or is it a rat in the arras? No, yes—no, yes. It is a stealthy footstep. Brother, they intend to murder us in a dastardly way. Whither shall we fly?" I said, "Let's go down-stairs; the front door's open. We can get out that way and make a bolt through the garden gate."

"Brother," she said, "thou art a wanderer in thy mind. Prate not to me of garden gates. Ah, they approach." Then she gave a scream and fell down with a cushion, which she stuffed over her head. When she was quite dead she got up and told me to lie down and be smothered. She did it with the same cushion, and said I wasn't to kick, but to give one groan and then say, "I die," and to go off quickly. I did. When she'd finished me she jumped up and said, "We will now go and haunt our murderer." I said, "Our murderer is asleep in the smoking-room. He'll be in a bait if you wake him." She said that didn't matter; he must be haunted, and off she went. I went with her. Dad was having a jolly good sleep. I could hear him as soon as we got to the door. NINA put a handkerchief on her head when she was inside, and stood close to Dad, and said in a

deep voice, "RICHARD, I am thy murdered nephew, and this is my brother. We come from our graves, to which thou shalt soon follow us. Tremble, RICHARD." Dad didn't tremble a bit. He woke up with a sort of bang, and said, "How often have I told you children not to bother me when I'm busy? Run along, both of you." NINA wouldn't give in. She said, "RICHARD THE THIRD, we are the Princes you have so foully slain." "Oh, that's the game, is it?" said Dad, and he took his cushion and chivied us round the room and smothered us all over again. It was the best joke we've had yet—at least I thought so; but NINA said it was all wrong, because people who were haunted had to be afraid, and Dad wasn't afraid a bit. She was sorry she hadn't asked Mrs. AUSTIN to be RICHARD. R. C. L.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

[According to *The Sheffield Telegraph* two tourists have seen the serpent at Tintagel. The most careful details are mentioned.]

I FELT my courage steadily abating;
Alternately I seemed to freeze and burn;
For oh, my heart was weary of awaiting
The prodigal's return.

Daily I scanned my *Mail*, to learn with sorrow
That even IT knew not where he lay hid;
Then whispered bravely, "He will come to-morrow,"
Only he never did.

And yet in other years I can remember,
Rising like Venus from the crested foam,
The Great Sea Serpent early in September
Trekking to his English home.

And round what someone calls our "billow-swept isle,"
With manners that endeared him everywhere,
He cruised, the model of a genial reptile,
Sampling our Northern air.

Lone mariners recalled that *dies iræ*,
When in their lonely watches at the wheel
They saw him rising, sinuous and wiry,
And felt their blood congeal.

Sea-captains (men by nature strangely truthful)
Described in detail how they'd seen him prance
A hundred feet aloft, and filled each youth full
With love of high romance.

About his stature, *à la* Miss CORELLI,
Daily Express-ed the free opinions came,
Pounding each rival theory to jelly,
Bruiting abroad his fame.

Romance indeed clung round him like a halo;
Even the Gooseberry's giant girth was less;
Yet all this year, like *Brer Fox*, did he lay low,
Cheating the ha'penny Press.

But now we celebrate his resurrection;
Two brave Tintagel tourists wire with glee
They watched him gambol while his scaly neck shone
High o'er the sunlit sea.

Salve! Sir Serpent; let me say that we could
Have better spared a BANNERMAN than lose
These tales about your flowing mane and sleek hood
That stir my lyric Muse.

The Prodigal.

"SCENE AT INVERURIE COUNCIL
OFFICIAL HERRING RETURNS."

Aberdeen Free Press.



A DIVIL OF A GAME.



THE BULLYON-BOUNDERMERES AT BLANKENBAD.

Mrs. B.-B. "WHY, THAT WAS THE DEAR DUCHESS OF CLACKMANNAN, AND SHE FORGOT TO REMEMBER ME!"

Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe. "SURE SHE DIDN'T REMEMBER TO FORGET YOU, MY DEAR?"

A BROWNE STUDY.

SIR J. CRICHTON-BROWNE'S impassioned vindication at Llandudno of the mutton-chop and sirloin of beef against the attacks of food-faddists, has impelled the editor of *The Knife and Fork* to collect the opinions of a number of representative men and women in various walks in life, from which we have made the following selection:—

Mr. BALFOUR, in reply to a question as to his favourite fare, stated that he believed the true solution of the food problem lay in a judicious reconciliation of apparently irreconcilable extremes. Personally he declared himself to be a convinced vegetarian, with a strong preference for New Zealand mutton.

Lord ROSEBERY said that he believed in varying one's diet according to the environment. At Dalmeny he affected porridge, Scotch broth, and haggis, but when he went to Italy he subsisted entirely on Neapolitan ices, spaghetti, and Asti spumante.

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, the famous broken bottle-holder of the Socialists, expressed his strong condemnation of the views advanced by Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE. It was impossible to cultivate idealism on a meat diet. The world would never progress until all autocrats, plutocrats, and hereditary legislators were forced to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, and sentenced to perpetual confinement on a regimen of ground glass and hemlock. What was good enough for ostriches and SOCRATES was good enough for the pampered minions of Mammon.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE said that he had been a Free Fooder all his life. He had tried the chloroform lozenges described by Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE as a preventive of insomnia, but found them inefficacious. In a fit of abstraction he once ate portions of a hop pillow, but did not recommend the practice as one to be universally followed.

Mr. HALL CAINE attributes his longevity chiefly to plain living and

high thinking. There should be always, he thinks, a harmony between an author's work and his diet. Thus when he was writing *The Christian* he lived for weeks on quail. For the rest he liked butter, but detested bacon and Marie biscuits.

Miss MARIE SCARLATTI is a convinced and confirmed fruitarian, as becomes one of Italian extraction. But there are occasions, she admits, when a slight deviation from this diet is not only permissible but desirable. For example, after witnessing a performance of *The Christian*, she had to be revived with chicken and champagne. Of late years she has never tasted any sugar except that made from beetroot, all products of the cane being peculiarly distasteful to her.

Mr. CHESTERTON seldom takes any solid refreshment except at breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner. As he wittily puts it, "How can a man stand four-square against the shock of fortune unless he eats four square meals a day?"

ETON NOTES.

(Specially compiled for readers of the "Daily Mail.")

[N.B.—The words in inverted commas are technical, and peculiar to Eton College. They have been picked up at great expense from several tradesmen in the vicinity, and though we cannot guarantee their correctness, yet every care has been taken to use them in their appropriate place.]

ANOTHER "half" has commenced, and most of the students have now returned to "m'tutor's." A few, who have obtained "short leave" to stay up in Scotland for the shooting, will return later, while little Lord HENRY CLEVEDEN is still at Folkestone with mumps. His sister, Lady DOROTHY, a merry little person of five, luckily escaped.

* * * * *

The news that the well-known "swishing-block" had been stolen since last "half" was received with great enthusiasm among the junior members of the college, who were seen standing in groups on "Agar's Plough," excitedly discussing the situation. Members of "Pop" (the School Debating Society, corresponding to the "Union" at Cambridge), as befitted their dignity, professed to be entirely indifferent on the subject, and were much more concerned as to whether a "rouge" would be scored this year in the annual "Wall game" between the "Oppidans" and the "King's Scholars." The Earl of CULODEN expressed an opinion on the subject, which was received with the respectful attention due to the heir of such a noble estate.

* * * * *

The announcement that no "long leave" will be granted this term has been received with indignation by all the scholars. Canon LYTTELTON has come to this decision after careful thought, and it is no secret to say he has been greatly influenced by our disclosures last year as to the supper parties which Etonians had been in the habit of giving at the Ritz. One in particular, in which a certain Marquis, heir to 100,000 acres, took part, was particularly disgraceful.

* * * * *

The Duke of BILTON was "sent up for good" yesterday. This is only the second time that the event has happened in his Grace's family, the previous occasion being in 1553, when JOHN DE BYLTON received a similar honour. Fireworks are being let off to-night at Bilton House to celebrate the occasion.

A COMEDY WITHOUT MUSIC.

MR. H. V. ESMOND has the gift of names. He has called his new play at the Lyric *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Having decided to annex the title of somebody else's book, a lesser man might have called it *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, or *The Pickwick Papers*; but Mr. ESMOND, with unerring instinct, hits upon the only possible name. Then comes another question: What shall he call his heroine? She is a millionheiress—the richest woman in England. Let me think now—h'm—ah!—no—no—ha, I have it! *Mary Hamilton*. Of course—why, don't you remember there was a MARY HAMILTON last year who was reputed to be the richest woman in England? Rather subtle that, eh? Now we want a name for one of the men. *Gilbert Chesterton*? No, I don't much care about that.



A DISPLAY OF ARMS.

Mr. Charles Cherry. Miss Maxine Elliott.

Hall Caine? That's not bad; but why *Hall*? . . . Ah, I have it. *Kenneth Graham*. . .

But on second thoughts Mr. ESMOND did draw the line there, and at the last moment the name was changed to *Sir Kenneth Friarly*. Of course I know Mr. ESMOND has a grievance against THACKERAY, who deliberately called one of his books *Esmond*; but he should not let it rankle like this. After all, it happened a long time ago.

To get, however, to the play itself. *Mary*, being bored with life and her millions (Act I.), decides to take a holiday in a caravan, away from everybody. (Of. *Daily Mail* for example of this in real life.) There she meets the squire of those parts (Act II.), who falls in love with her (Act III.) under the impression that she is really a gipsy. It turns out, however, that she is not (Act IV. Tableau. Curtain).

I should have liked to take it all

quite seriously. I was prepared to believe that *Hylton*, the squire, really thought *Mary* was a gipsy, that they fell in love with each other at first sight, and got married next day, and that *Hylton* was indeed (as freely advertised) a man, a real man. But when Miss MAXINE ELLIOTT appeared on the stage in a bathing-dress, with her hair over her shoulders, and said, "Who's for a swim?" then I realised that I had made a mistake. I yawned, and wondered if it was too late to get in at the Gaiety. Frankly, I prefer these things with music.

The best acting was shown by Mr. ERIC MATURIN as *Sir Kenneth Friarly*, and Miss MARY JERROLD as *Peggy Ingledew*. The latter, in a perfect HILDA TREVELYAN part, quite reconciled me to the absence of Miss TREVELYAN; while Mr. MATURIN, as a young man of twenty, was delightful. His boyish naturalness was a welcome change from the elaborate coolness, so unlike anything in real life, which is affected by most impersonators of young men on the stage. M.

REPUTATIONS OF THE SESSION.

An Exercise in the Exuberant if Caustic Manner of TIPPY, M.P.

LOOKING back with glistening eyes on the Session that is over I am particularly impressed by the success of the Prime Minister—"dear old C.-B.," as we all affectionately call him. No one

among all the great august figures who have raised the Mother of Parliaments to be the maternal power she is bulks more largely than Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. I do not mean physically, although he is no dwarf, but intellectually. One cannot think of his wise and genial face and the white and bitter malice of Mr. BALFOUR's in the same breath. C.-B., in a word, has been the success of the Session. That certain Bills have had to go, that his programme has had again and again to be revised and curtailed, is nothing. The man remains: a man is mightier than bills or programmes. C.-B. remains: the ever bland, the ever courteous, the trusted friend of his sovereign, and incidentally the best judge of Limericks in the country. It is pre-eminently C.-B.'s Session.

Of Sir EDWARD GREY's success I can hardly bring myself to speak, so conspicuous has it been. This cold,

competent aristocrat fascinates me. As I sit in my place through the long debates I occasionally steal a moment from my literary work, and laying down my fountain pen gaze with awe at the fastidious patrician who is ready at the call of duty to leave behind him all the pursuits of the high life—stag shooting, and cub hunting, and fly-fishing for dace—to spend his hours in the weary round of international politics. And how well he does it. It is safe to say that never has there been a finer Foreign Minister. Sir EDWARD GREY must be called by any impartial critic the success of the Session.

Of all the offices that are difficult to fill perhaps that of Chancellor of the Exchequer is the first. For what is the Chancellor of the Exchequer? As a well-known Tory said to me not long ago in the Lobby, he is the housekeeper of the nation. An excellent phrase. And just as in a flourishing boarding-house every lodger has a word of criticism for the commissariat department, so in the nation at large have we all our own vigilant eyes on the housekeeper. To succeed, then, in this post is to succeed indeed; yet Mr. ASQUITH (God bless him!) has done it. The House without this kindly, capable financier would not be the same place. I can hardly bring myself to think of it without tears. Mr. ASQUITH has undoubtedly been the success of the Session.

And what of Mr. HALDANE? Ah, here is success indeed: not success as we lightly use the word over our coffee, cigars, and liqueurs, but success with a capital S. If there is one office that is more difficult than another to fill it is that of Minister for War. The Minister for War was once described to me by one of the rising hopes of the young Tory party as the watch-dog of Empire; and I thought it a good phrase, although there is considerable difference between one's idea of a dog and the pallid face, the heavy brows, the pursed mouth, the eyes always looking overworked, and the strong chin and jaw of Mr. HALDANE, although, to be quite frank, it must be admitted that a watch-dog without a strong jaw is not of the highest service, as another Tory once shrewdly remarked to me. That, however, is beside the mark. The thing is that in spite of his physical appearance Mr. HALDANE has been the success of the Session.

To think of the House without Mr. BURNS in it would be impossible; and if the news of his death were to come to me I cannot imagine how I



Shortsighted Golfer. "EH, MON, BUT THIS IS AN AWFU' BONNIE LIE. THE BA'S FAIRLY TEED UP. WHAT CLUB WILL I TAK?"

Cadd e. "IT'S NO THAT I'M BOTHERIN' ABOOT, SIR. IT'S WHAUR'LL WE HIDE IF YE FOOZLE IT!"

should carry on at all the weary interval between its announcement and the time it took me to get to the typewriter. To me there has always been a different feeling about the death of a man of genius which is not excited in me by the death of any other type of man. To this day I can remember the weeks of gloom from which I suffered when I heard that CHARLES DICKENS was dead. I had to address a political banquet on the night of the day when GEORGE ELIOT died, and it was with difficulty I could open my lips. TENNYSON'S death—I don't know that I ever saw him—I regretted almost as much as if he had been a relative, which to be exact he was not, and so it would be were I to hear of the death of JOHN BURNS, although that is an event which I feel to be far distant, if not impossible. "Thou wert not born for death, immortal BURNS!" But if he did die no one could mourn him more than I, for has he not been the signal success of the Session?

And Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE? Mr. GLADSTONE has had a hard time;

which is natural, because he has the hardest office. The Home Secretary touches daily life at almost every point; and not if he were an archangel would it be possible for him to satisfy everybody; and yet what a success he has been! Look at Mr. EDALJI—is he not free? There never was such a triumph for a Home Secretary who had had the boldness to release a prisoner as the perpetration of the last Great Wyrley serious outrage at a time when Mr. EDALJI was at Great Yarmouth. I remember meeting Mr. GLADSTONE that night, and being struck by his appearance. If I had never seen success before, I saw it then. I raised my hat reverently, and passed to my seat and typewriter on tiptoe.

TIPPY.

Of a number of "Rules to be observed in case of fire" recently given to various schoolmasters, the first is "Keep cool." Mr. Punch wishes to give this very simple solution of the problem a greater publicity than it would otherwise have.

THE TWO DESPERADOES;

OR, THE VERY LAST LAPPS.

(Special to "Punch.")

LATEST advices from Lapland only tend to confirm our original impression as to the desperate nature of the task undertaken by the dauntless explorers, Mr. WILLY LE WINDT and HARRY DE QUEUX. No white man has ever traversed the Gallo-Tauric peninsula, that wild, derelict tract of territory lying between the high plateau of Rouge-Montana and the Sapphire Sea. It is as yet an uncharted wilderness, without even a single 9-hole golf course to variegate the monotony of the inhospitable landscape. In the last century the famous Borneo traveller PSALMANAZAR attempted the journey armed solely with a niblick; but was driven back by the djinns and other dolichocephalous thanatophidia infesting this dreadful region, with the loss of his memory, both whiskers, and a priceless sleeping-bag made of the tail feathers of a giant sloth.

NORTHWARD HO!

Messrs. WILLY LE WINDT and HARRY DE QUEUX, however, are not the men to be daunted by such dangers, and are leading an expedition to explore the Gallo-Tauric Hinterland, and ascertain, on behalf of the Russian and San Marino Governments, whether the reports of the Lapps as to gigantic deposits of macassar-oil and *caches* of caviare in the interior are well founded. A journey of about 6,000 miles on hydroplanes, driven by gas suction engines, will have to be made from the time *terra firma* is quitted on the Straphanger Fjord to the time civilisation is regained at the Ritzbergen Hotel.

LOST TO CIVILISATION FOR SIX MONTHS!

As there is neither fuel nor food in the whole of the peninsula, complete supplies for this period will have to be taken by the party, which will consist of Messrs. LE WINDT and DE QUEUX, Professor DOUGLAS TRUEFIT the eminent macassarologist, two cavasses, three caviarasses, ten photographers, one flash-light expert, fifteen taxidermists, two Gallo-Tauric interpreters, seventeen hydroplane cooks, and thirty-nine fur-coat specialists.

REMARKABLE LAPPSUS LINGUÆ.

Mr. DE QUEUX, who recently made a preliminary canter up to the gate of this unknown land in the motor yacht of the President of the Republic of San Marino, has received from Lapp traders reports of a mysterious tribe inhabiting the interior of the Gallo-Tauric or Koko peninsula. According to the Lapps these people are so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye, measuring only thirteen kilowatts from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, and fifteen kilowatts from the crown of the foot to the sole of the head. They are highly electrical, addicted to cannibalism in moderation, and extremely timid in the presence of strangers. They live in beehive-shaped huts made of the skin of the amblongus, and are fanatical adherents of Tingleyism. Whether these statements are correct remains to be proved, but Mr. DE QUEUX is prepared for any emergency, and has ordered twenty sets of Diabolo to present to the chief of the tribe, whose name, by a curious coincidence, is alleged to be LITTLE TITCHIKOFF. The Legion of Frontiersmen, we understand, has volunteered to a man for the expedition, and the entire San Marino navy will shortly proceed to Ritzbergen to place itself at Mr. DE QUEUX's disposal. The explorers have already purchased 300 reindeer—they expect to use about 1,500 of these animals on their journey—and are each provided

with 600 fur coats and an automatic press-cutting apparatus.

P.S.—I have just heard of the miraculous escape of Mr. HARRY DE QUEUX from what appeared to be certain doom. Whilst practising figure-skating on the frozen summit of Cape Turtle he slipped over the edge and glissaded several thousand feet before he was brought up, breathless but unhurt, by a gigantic walrus which was walking leisurely down the slope, and which Mr. DE QUEUX has since invested with the Order of Merit (San Marino).

NEEDLES AND NERVES.

["Needlework for ruffled nerves is infinitely soothing."—*The Gentlewoman*.]

WHEN you come back to town from the moor or the down, the Alps or the ocean of Zuyder,
To find that your house is the home of the mouse, the rat, the blackbeetle and spider;

When from attic to hall there is dirt over all, when the maid you implicitly trusted

Has not even seen to your mowing-machine; but let it get mouldy and rusted,

When your favourite chair she has smashed past repair, when you learn that she used to make merry

With her roisterous friends through the wildest week-ends on the pick of your claret and sherry,

Do not start to orate on the folly of fate; do not storm like a fury and cuss it,

But rather instead take a needle and thread and soothe your poor nerves with a gusset.

When you sadly return from the ben and the burn, the bracken, the birch and the heather,

And struggle in vain with your holiday brain to string a few verses together,

When you stare for an age at a spotless, white page, when you find your attention divided,

And you can't get along with your humorous song, for your metre is still undecided;

When you think of the pile of accounts on your file and the tradesmen demanding their money,

When, unless you'd be sport of the Bankruptcy Court, you simply have got to be funny;

Keep cool, my friend, cool! Do not rave like a fool! Your troubles will soon be forgotten

If you stitch up a shirt or the hem of a skirt with a sedative needle and cotton.

Oh, you poor millionaire, when you're tired of black Care who sits in your motor to worry,

No matter how far be the flight of your car, no matter how fast you may hurry,

When the stocks you have bought do not rise as they ought, when the companies you were promoting

Make you shake in your shoes, as they flatly refuse to show any symptom of floating,

When you find that for once you have been a great dunce, and made a mistake in your prices,

When all's going wrong, and you wonder how long you will manage to stave off the crisis,

Do not storm! Do not swear! Do not pull out your hair! If you find yourself nervous and snappy,

Take your soothing work-box! Darn the socks, not the stocks, and you'll soon become perfectly happy.

"On the local side there were few better forwards than Lipsham."—*Tribune*.

CERTAINLY not more than four.



THE LAST STRAW.

"SPARRERS BITIN' WELL THIS EVENIN', GUVNER?"

A PEDANT.

THOUGHTFULLY he took his glasses from his waistcoat pocket, wiped them, put them on, and examined the postmark of the letter lying on his plate. He walked slowly to the mantelpiece, took from there a magnifying-glass, and continued his examination. As he did so mere earnestness gave way to wonder, curiosity, surprise, anxiety, and baffled enquiry. He put down the glass, and thought for a bit, and then took it up again, and made a still longer and more minute scrutiny. "It must be St. Ann's Road," he said at last; "but is there such a place?"

Either the others knew and didn't like to say, or they were loth to advance an opinion without sufficient data. At any rate the question remained unanswered.

"There is a time-table in the hall, father," volunteered his younger but more intelligent son. "Why not look in that?"

"A good suggestion," answered the father, "and *you* may go and get the time-table."

The time-table arrived reluctantly.

"Ah!" said the searcher after truth, "here it is. 'St. Ann's Road (Middlesex)—from Moorgate Street and St. Pancras, six miles.' Then this letter must have come from St. Ann's Road. I don't know anybody at St. Ann's Road. ROBINSON, I believe, used to come to Moorgate Street every morning, but I don't think that he came from St. Ann's Road. Besides, if he did, he is dead now, so it cannot be from him. DOROTHY," he added, "your mother is upstairs. Go and ask her if she is coming down to breakfast."

"Mother says she is going to have her breakfast in her room this morning," reported his obedient, though female, offspring.

"That is just like your mother," he said irritably. "Go and ask her who could be writing to us from St. Ann's Road."

"There is a St. Anne's and a St. Anne's Park," ventured his daughter. "Might it be one of those?"

"No, it mightn't," answered her parent; "go and do as I tell you."

"The only person mother can

think of," announced the long-suffering DOROTHY, "is Uncle MACDOUGAL."

"Uncle MACDOUGAL," he retorted sharply, "lives at St. Andrews," and half mechanically he picked up the magnifying-glass again.

"JOHN," he said to his elder son, "go and get my pocket-book. It is in the breast pocket of my morning coat. The coat is hanging up in my dressing-room on the left-hand side of the small wardrobe."

After a long interval JOHN returned. "The coat is not there," he said sadly.

"Then JANE has it in the sewing-room," said his inexorable sire.

After another and lengthier interval JOHN returned with the pocket-book. His father snatched it from him, turned over the pages feverishly, found no St. Ann's Road there, and cast it angrily from him.

"I cannot think," he said, searching the weary faces of all his children in turn for the information he desired, "I cannot think who can have written to me from St. Ann's Road."

Then he opened the envelope.



Irate Keeper (to parson who will persist in bobbing his head above the butt when the birds are driven up). "KEEP THA HEID DOON, MAN. NEEAN O' TJA PULPIT WAYS HEEAR!"

CHARIVARIA.

A PENSIONER, aged eighty-one, living at Preston, has just received a medal for meritorious service in the Crimean War. We understand that the reason of the delay was that the War Office doubted the genuineness of the claim, the veteran not being in a workhouse.

Mr. HALDANE, who has received a copy of a resolution passed by the Plumstead Radical Club protesting against the contract for horse-shoes being placed abroad, is said to be no believer in the idea that a horse-shoe brings luck.

A propos of the Railway Crisis *The Daily Mail* asks, "Can both sides meet?" We would go further and express the hope that, if both cannot, anyhow one may be able to.

The price of diamonds is rising. In Park Lane this is pointed to as an example of how all the necessities of life are becoming dearer.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY will treat in a forthcoming book of "The Æsthetics of the Theatre." He leaves it to other dramatic critics to write "The Anæsthetics of the Theatre."

A curious rumour was afloat last week to the effect that Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE now owned Mr. HALL CAINE. It is supposed to be due to the announcement in a morning paper that Sir ARTHUR had been presented, on the occasion of his marriage, with a copy of SHAKESPEARE.

Germany now possesses the fastest warship afloat in the form of a torpedo boat destroyer, which has steamed 33.9 knots an hour on her trial trip. Great Britain, however, possesses the fastest warship not afloat in the form of the torpedo boat destroyer *Viper*, which made '37 knots, and now lies at the bottom of the sea.

One man, at any rate, does not believe that airships are practical politics. A New York millionaire is building a house the roof of which is to be made of plate-glass.

Will the wonders of Science never cease? "Many electric lunches were to be seen on the river," says a contemporary of ours, which is occasionally brightened by misprints.

We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to a New York cable company for the expression "wireless

wires," which we chanced upon last week, and which we do not remember to have seen before, though we may merely have been lucky.

"I have hardly a vacant seat in church when it is too wet for golf or motoring," complained a clergyman, according to *The Daily Telegraph*. As someone once said, Some people use religion as a cloak, others as an umbrella.

A tradesman in Kiel has only just received a postcard dated December 2, 1898, wishing him a Happy New Year in 1899. Owing to the delay in the delivery of the card, the wish is, of course, now quite useless.

Answer to a Correspondent: No, Harvest Burgundy is not made from Harvest Burgs.

The Young Mooer.

(From Mr. Punch's Nursery Correspondent.)

Little Boy. The cows I saw this morning hadn't got their horns on. At least (*thoughtfully*) they weren't mooing.

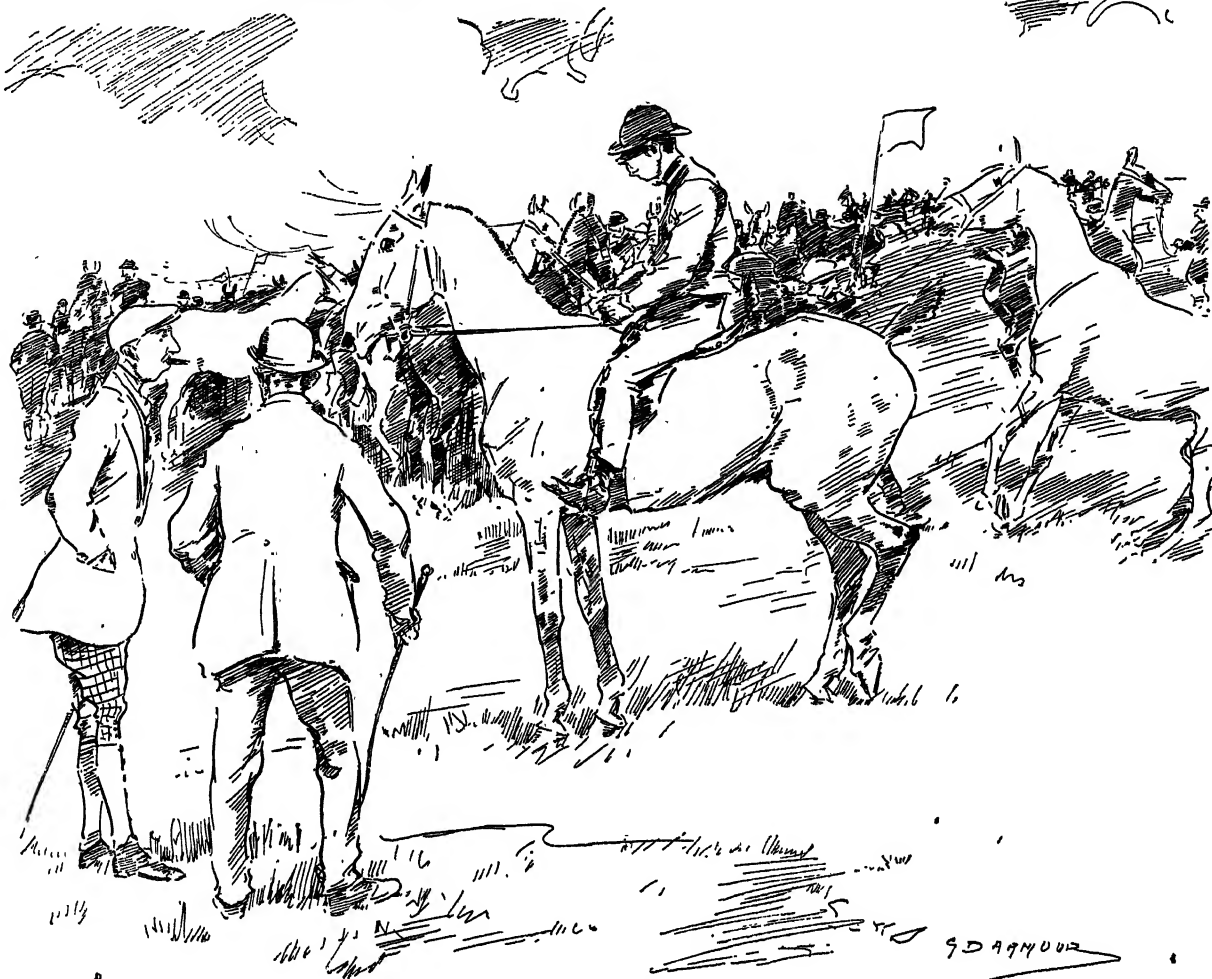
Auntie. Well, but cows don't moo with their horns. Did you think they did?

Little Boy (surprised). Don't they? Then what are they for?



CASUS BELL-I.

PORTER (to Railway Directors). "BY YOUR LEAVE, GENTLEMEN!"



"THE TEST OF TIME."

Doubting Purchaser (after many questions). "WHAT ABOUT HIS CHARACTER?"

Old Irishman. "WELL, THE MAN THAT LET ME HAVE 'IM GAVE 'IM A FIFTEEN YEARS' CHARACTER, AND YE WON'T BATE THAT."

MOTORING FOR ACTRESSES.

TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON BY A LADY MOTORIST.

(With apologies to "The Daily Graphic.")

THE first thing the would-be actress motorist has to learn to do, is to smile. This sounds easy, but it is not so easy as it sounds; for it is necessary to keep the lips closed against dust. The lady motorist's smile begins before she enters the car, as she is probably looking her charmingest at that moment, and many eyes will be turned upon her; and it must continue without falter during the whole run, for at any moment she may be under observation, and an expression of seriousness or concern upon her face would be unbecoming. For this reason long runs are only possible to ladies who are practised in smiling for many hours at a stretch—and, I may add, at a full stretch, for the smile must be whole-hearted and tenacious. Thus the beginner should be careful not to overtax herself, or her smile will become set and rigid and permanently injured; and, be it noted, an ingrained smile is worse than no smile at all. On returning home she should retire to her room and not attempt to relinquish her smile until she has put the doof, as the effort will be both painful and unsightly, and may bring on cramp of the facial muscles. Then let her rub her mouth and cheeks briskly for ten

minutes with an ivory billiard ball dipped in cold cream. The subsequent twitchings may be allayed by the application of any powerful astringent lotion. Some ladies find that when their smile is fatigued it takes on the expression of a cat's. Needless to say, the art of motoring is not to be acquired by such as these, and the same remark applies to those whose smile, from excess of nervous apprehension, becomes what is known as a "sickly grin." No, the actress motorist's smile must be gentle, bright, and expectant.

Everything about the actress motorist must be a complete abnegation of the realities of handling a motor-car. Her clothes must be charming and always new. Conscious of her pretty feet, she should always pause with one foot on the step, slightly raise the skirt, and look round over her shoulder as if expectant of a photographer before entering the car. She must put in the clutch, and perform other operations, with a languorous touch of her neatly gloved fingers, and she must never look at what she is doing, as it is absurd to smile at the brake or the lubrication pump. No, she should look roguishly from the corner of her half-closed lids in the direction of the handsomest or most numerous male observers. All these things she must do if she would master the art of motoring, and add an extra touch of actuality and winsomeness to the already cloying pages of the *Skatler* and the *Tetch*.

OUR LIVING SERIAL.

[One of our evening contemporaries-announces a novel serial story. Letters have been invited from readers ambitious to figure as heroes or heroines; a number of these letters have been selected by the Editor, and have been handed to a graphologist from whose "readings" of the handwriting a novelist will construct his plot and characters. By a strange coincidence, we have been busy on exactly the same lines, and we have pleasure in printing the letters we have chosen.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I should so *love* to be a heroine in real print! Do select me for your story. I can't imagine how you can tell all about me from my handwriting. A friend of mine—an awfully nice one, and that's all I'm going to tell you about him!—says it is something like palmistry. He's rather clever at palmistry, and has told me several things about myself that are *quite* true. I ought to tell you that although I manage one of the tobacco stalls on the Underground Railway, I only work for my own amusement. I am really a peer's daughter who is weary of the frivolities of Society as at present constituted. Will you think me very egotistical if I say that I always speak a kind word to the old match-seller on my way to and from my work, and that on two or three occasions I have picked up a little slum child and wiped its tears away with my own lace handkerchief? I have tender violet eyes.

Yours most sincerely, MILLICENT.
72, Grosvenor Square, W.

DEAR SIR,—You may put me in the story if you like. It would please the governor, perhaps, for he's always on at me about its being time I made a name for myself. Besides, there's a sweet little girl I know who'd be jolly proud of me if you could see your way to make me a hero. She sells cigarettes; I pose as a City clerk and buy them at ten for threepence, and give them to the old matchseller when I get outside the station. If it were not for her, I should be in Scotland with my people now, so you may know that she is nothing ordinary. This is shocking writing, so I'll copy some *Shakspeare* or something to enclose with this letter, and you can give that to your handwriting man.

The Albany, S.W. Yours, &c., CALLOW.

SIR,—I am desired by the Duke of BARRATOWN to write to you, and to say that his Grace is much interested in your project. He has not hitherto taken any active interest in literature, but your scheme strongly appeals to him, and he wishes me to say that if he can be introduced into your story without being made to look ridiculous, you are at liberty so to introduce him. His Grace, having had several weeks of shooting, and being still in Scotland, is somewhat out of training for writing, and he therefore hopes that my calligraphy will serve your expert's purpose.

Yours obediently, WILLIAM ST. CLAIR MALBROOK.
(Private Secretary).

Callow, Tochtermochty, N.B.

SIR,—Thrice has my name appeared in print in other than parish announcements and the county *Gazette*. Once it was in a report of a reception at Lambeth Palace, where I had the misfortune to have my watch stolen; again, it was in the *Guardian*, in an advertisement for a *locum tenens* which I inserted in '94; and the third time it was in *The Times* (surely the most influential journal of our day) in the notice of the marriage of my churchwarden's daughter, at which I officiated. I should indeed be honoured if your distinctly amusing paper provided a fourth occasion. I may tell you that I am a man of benevolent appearance, with clean-cut features and silvery hair, and I am happy to say that I have been

the means of effecting more than one reconciliation in divided families. My parish has the distinction of including the country seat of the Duke of BARRATOWN, who is generally here with his family at Christmas time.

Believe me, dear Sir, Yours most faithfully,
Cheriton, Sandley, Barks. J. AUGUSTINE TONING.

Owing to the indisposition of Mr. HALL CAINE, of which we hear from a private source, we are unable at present to make public our decision as to whom we shall commission to write the story. We can promise our readers, however, that it shall not be Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

THE LATE JANET.

To think what merit, unbeknown but rich,
May lurk beneath a piebald hide!

We may have done a worthy mare
Injustice which
Is past repair
(Death claims us all at last, and even Janet died).

Jane dragged a 'bus, helped by a stronger steed,
Between the Bank and Barnes. A hearse
Had been her fitter *métier*,
Who hated speed,
Who loved delay,
From work of any sort, in fact, who seemed averse.

Unwhipped she sauntered; whipped she never stirred,
Nor often found our treatment kind.
And now, too late, we think maybe
We grossly erred,
Who whipped, and she,
Though lazy with her legs, was busy with her mind.

To equine eyes she very likely seemed
The absolute epitome
Of abstract thought. Perhaps by night
Whole stables teemed
With keen delight
When she held argument on some deep -ology.

Or when she jibbed and kicked as seeming shy
Of jobs, and earned her meed of whacks,
Was solving by experiment
The problem:—"By
What Means Prevent
Flies Taking Liberties on Busy Horses' Backs?"

We do not curse or heap abuse upon
Our men of thought, nor say they shirk
Their proper labours. Seldom, too,
We beat the Don
Or black or blue
Or even homely pink for cutting honest work.

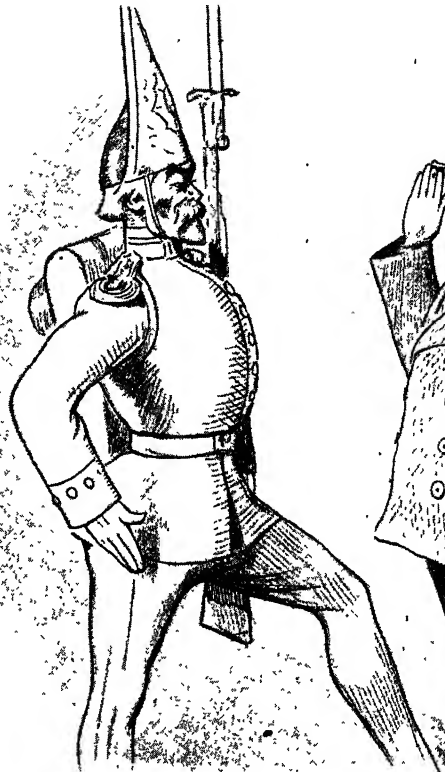
Then why beat Janet? Think of her distress,
And spare, oh, spare, the scornful laugh.
Potential soul of all that's good,
She died (v. s.)
Misunderstood. . . .
Her consolation is this public epitaph.

THERE is, at any rate, one lucky man who was told about the present weather. He advertises in *The Daily Telegraph* particulars of the School of Dramatic Art, and announces—

"SUMMER TERM COMMENCES SEPTEMBER 23rd."

A DAY WI' BURNS IN GERMANY.

(ACCORDING TO THE "DAILY MAIL-ED FIST.")



WHAT DID THEY EXPECT? THIS?

A Berlin newspaper says "Mr. Burns is less of the 'uncut' diamond than Germans had been led to expect."

THE INEVITABLE INTERCHANGE OF UNIFORMS.

Honest John (of the "Garde du Corps") is received by Imperial Wilhelm arrayed à la "Trafalgar Square" in honour of his visitor.

Pageant Echoes.

"The historic St. Mary's Hall, the pride of Coventry, from which Lady Godiva set forth on her ride, is to undergo restoration and repair.

It is proposed to strip the roof of the old lead and to re-cover it with new metal."

Evening News.

We understand that unless the new metal is abandoned the Mayor of COVENTRY will take no part in the proceedings.

Our Familiar Press.

"The reappearance of the sea serpent, seen, we note, by a Cove known as Gulla Stem, emboldens us to print the following communication."—*Daily News.*

As a matter of fact the man's name was something quite different.



HOW WE DO IT ON LAVENDER HILL! MOST RE-WRESCHEN!

Mr. Burns attended the manoeuvres of the Garde du Corps at Wreschen and participated in long and fatiguing marches with the men.

Prophets without Honour in their own Parish.

"WARMINSTER BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

PIGS, IMPECILES, TRAMTS, &c." *Warminster Journal.*

More about the "Lusitania."

"She will have crossed in a little over five days--5 days 1 hour 10 minutes if she arrives at 1.20 p.m. English time, and 5 days 1 hour 46 minutes if she is another 36 minutes on the journey. These are approximate figures, but there seems a fair likelihood of this being near the mark."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

THE computation has been made with extraordinary accuracy, but might it not have been taken a step further? What if she is another 46 minutes on her journey? Ah!

THE DIABOLIST.

I SHOULD never dream of doubting a lady's word. If Miss MIDDLETON says that she really did do the thing twice (this is, in fact, what she does say), then I can only reply, "Indeed," and help myself to more bread-and-butter. But when she goes on to add quite casually that it happened on French soil, then I may be forgiven if I smile sardonically, light a cigarette, and say to myself, "Ah, I thought so."

"Now, what exactly does that mean?" said Miss MIDDLETON.

"To begin with," I pointed out, "French soil is different from English. More alluvial."

"Of course, if you're going to use long words—"

"Then, again, take the conditions under which the labouring classes work. They enjoy the advantages of Conscription and Tariff Reform. True, over here we have the Bishop of LONDON—"

"You're jealous because you can't play yourself."

"I can't play? My good girl! If you think an Englishman—"

"Come on, then. I've got the thing here."

"Oh, I say, have you really? I didn't know. I don't think that was quite nice of you."

Miss MIDDLETON produced a small box from under the table, and emptied the contents on the lawn.

"There you are," she said.

I got up and looked at it.

"I think it only right to tell you," I said nervously, "that I haven't got my Diabolo jersey with me."

"Take off anything you like," said Miss MIDDLETON kindly.

I took off my hat and coat, and had another look at it. All I could see was a small skipping-rope and a large cotton-reel. It seemed simple enough. The only question was—what did one do with the cotton-reel?

"Is it all here?" I asked. It would be too absurd to start if the bails or the billiard chalk or something really important were missing.

"Why, of course. What did you—"

"Oh, nothing. You did it twice, you said?"

"Yes, twice. Really."

Twice. That knocked on the head my idea of ignoring the cotton-reel, and skipping up and down the lawn. Anyone could do that half-a-dozen times.

"Twice," I repeated, and I grasped the rope.

"Ah, you hold it that way too?"

"Of course. It's the only way."

"Yes; but some people do it the other way."

"Oh, well, they're silly fools. I always hold it this way."

"Go on," said Miss MIDDLETON, and she handed me the cotton-reel.

Something had to be done. I took the reel. . . and then I had a sudden inspiration. Of course, that was it. I balanced the reel carefully on the top of my head, took the rope, and slowly skipped round the lawn. At



A SUGGESTION FOR A SUITABLE EQUIPMENT FOR SOLDIERS ON THE ADVENT OF AERIAL WARFARE.

the laurel bushes in the north-east corner I had an anxious moment, but with a deft jerk I got the thing back into place again. Coming into the straight for the first time I quickened my pace. I reached Miss MIDDLETON panting, but triumphant.

"Once," I said.

There was a shriek of laughter. I looked down suddenly, and the reel slipped off on to the lawn.

"Now you've spoilt it," I said in some annoyance. "I was just going—"

"Oh, my dear, what are you doing?" gasped Miss MIDDLETON.

"Diabolo," I said coldly.

"Diabolo!"

"That's how we play it in Italy," I replied loftily. "Of course there are local variations of the game. In France, no doubt, they—"

"Oh, you—you—" She went off into another paroxysm.

I took out my handkerchief.

"The white flag," I said. "I surrender. Teach me the French way."

* * * * *

I put the reel on to the string for the one-hundred-and-thirtieth time, and moved my hands rapidly up and down. For the one-hundred-and-thirtieth time the thing wavered, heeled over, and fell to the ground.

"Is the man who invented this living in London?" I asked, as I sat down and mopped my head.

"Oh no; it's a very old game. I think the Chinese—"

"Ah, do you know, I rather suspected them. Very ingenious race the Chinese. They have some tortures— Do you happen to know the 'Death by the Thousand Cuts'?"

"No. Is that good?"

"Well, it depends which side you're on. But, even if you're losing, it does end some time, whereas this—"

"But it's quite easy to spin it really; it's only the catching that's so hard. Now, I'll show you again."

I watched her very carefully. Then I got up and took my waistcoat off.

"I'll do it or die," I said; "and if I die here's my watch and chain, and thank you for a very jolly week-end. Now then."

I must have got the knack suddenly. The reel began to spin round. "What do I do now?" I cried.

"Pull your hands apart, quick."

I pulled the cord out straight. The reel shot up, hit me in the eye, wound itself inside three loops of the string, and fell gently to the ground. I suppose I sighed.

"That's why it's called Diabolo," said Miss MIDDLETON hastily.

"Yes, that was what I said. Diabolo. Diabolo. Di—"

"Yes, I know."

"Let's be quite sure about it," I said, rubbing my eye. "Diabolo. Di—"

"It does that sometimes, you know."

"I didn't know (Diabolo). But I do now. (Diabolo, Diabolo.)"

"Does it hurt very much?"



Doris. "WHAT IS THE TIME, PLEASE, GRANDPA?"

The Professor (absent-mindedly). "I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU, MY DEAR. MY WATCH HAS BEEN SAYING 12:15 FOR SOME TIME; BUT UNFORTUNATELY I DON'T KNOW WHEN IT STOPPED."

"Di——"

"Shall I get some water?"

"Oh no. Di——"

"Let's stop for a moment."

"All right. Diabolo."

We * * * * *
other and spinning like anything. (Miss MIDDLETON had discovered another set somewhere.) Every now and then one of us would jerk the cord very violently. Then one of three things happened. Sometimes the reel would wind itself inside the string and stay there. More often it would shoot into the air, revolving sideways with great rapidity. On very rare occasions it would fly straight up, still spinning. When that happened the player endeavoured to catch the reel again upon the string before it could touch the ground. Miss MIDDLETON says she has done it twice, but that was in France.

"Where are the text-books on the subject?" I asked. *Great Diabolists at a Glance*. Have you got that in the house?"

"We've got *The Diabolist from Within*, and *The Hundred Best Diabolists*, and *Fifteen Decisive Diabolists of the World*."

"You know, this is a game that one ought to begin at the nursery end—when the limbs are supple and the wind is good. Are you aware that there is a small boy in England somewhere who has caught the thing one thousand four hundred and thirty-seven times consecutively?"

"What's his name?"

"I don't know. GERARD, I should think. 1487 GERARD."

"Boys like that are generally called EDWARD," said Miss MIDDLETON. "All the same I don't believe it. How many times did you say?"

"One thousand five hundred and eighty-two. He's quite a little chap, and he regards the present situation in the railway world as fraught with grave danger to both parties. They wired to ask him."

"I nearly did it then."

"I'm really going to do it now. Now watch."

I got it spinning beautifully. When it was going at its very best pace I pulled my hands apart. Miss MIDDLETON gazed into the air.

"How extraordinary!" she said.

I shaded my eyes with my hand.

"Is it in sight again yet?" I asked.

"You'd better get ready. It will be here soon, I should think."

I began to feel quite excited.

"I bet EDWARD never got it higher than this," I said, as I held the skipping-rope up.

"I wish I had my opera-glasses. I wonder if I should have time to—Hullo! What's that?" She pointed to the ground.

"What? That's yours, isn't it?"

"No, there's mine."

"Then—perhaps you had three?"

"No, I'm sure I didn't." She picked it up and examined it.

"Does it—does it look as if it had fallen from a very great height?"

"Well, no."

"Oh, well, I— Oh, Diabolo."

* * * * *
Diabolo. Of course I know now that I was wrong when I started skipping round the lawn. That is not how they play it in France. But still I cannot help thinking it compares favourably with the French method. And undeniably it was a smart performance of mine. There was one moment by the laurel bushes. . . Well, I don't want to boast, but I must say I doubt if EDWARD could have done it. A. A. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. CONRAD's new romance—or "simple tale," as he calls it—*The Secret Agent* (METHUEN) may have the effect of largely increasing his select following, for it is, I believe, his first story the scene of which is exclusively England, and not only England, but London. Mr. CONRAD knows his London—particularly Soho—well, and never can I remember this great city of ours being put to more sinister uses. *The Secret Agent* is a story of the *agent provocateur* and the terrorist written with such power and realism that Soho can never again be the same place to any of its readers. Mr. CONRAD seems to know equally minutely the minds both of anarchists and police, and incidentally to be almost too familiar with the darker side of international politics. It is a very wonderful book, and I recommend it heartily to all grown-up readers.

Act of God, by ROBERT ELLIOTT (DÜCKWORTH), is one of the most remarkable books it has been my good fortune to read for many a year. Strictly speaking, it is a dramatic episode rather than a novel on the orthodox plan, but into this episode are crowded nearly all the greater passions and the smaller motives by which humanity is moved. Love, jealousy, ambition, heroism, self-denial, revenge, intrigue, back-biting—all these and more come into play in *Act of God*. The scene is laid on an East Indian in mid-ocean twenty-five years ago, and the persons of the drama are the officers, the sailors, the two saloon passengers, and the emigrants who sail on the ship. Their daily lives, the clash of their personalities and interests, their associations, their conflicts and their conversation are rendered in a fashion that is not far, if at all, short of genius, so strong is the impression of absolute accuracy and fidelity to life that Mr. ELLIOTT creates. His characters define themselves in an instant before the mind of the reader. No laborious piling up of description, no subtle analysis of elusive characteristics is needed. A phrase or a gesture seems to be enough to endow one of Mr. ELLIOTT's men and women with individuality. By no means inferior is the skill with which he makes his atmosphere. The ship is doomed: that you feel from the beginning, and you feel it no less even during such lighter scenes as that of the concert on board, excellent as is the humour with which this is enlivened. Eventually the ship catches fire. This is the great scene, and Mr. ELLIOTT rises splendidly to the height of it. The incident deserves to rank in the very front line of the great tales of unavailing courage and terrible tragedy at sea. There is no happy ending. There could be none to such a story. One caution I must enter. There are incidents and conversations which are strong in more than one sense, but, though they are regrettable, I am bound to add that it is to the

credit of Mr. ELLIOTT's art that he compels us to accept them as real, and not as a mere adventitious tricking out of his story. I also venture to suggest that a writer with a style which in general is so nervous and excellent ought not to descend to such a phrase (p. 118) as "she clapped her hands, like we are told did the women of the Neronic period in the Roman amphitheatre." I will not, however, part from Mr. ELLIOTT on a note of blame. I congratulate him heartily on the execution of a fine and powerful piece of work.

FACTS FOR EVERYONE.

ANOTHER fifty volumes have been added to the Everyone's Library. A few chatty facts about this feat of publishing may interest our readers.

To place all the volumes published up to the hour of writing one on top of the other would take the entire working time of one average plumber from day to day, from September 25, until the first frost of 1909.

If put side by side on a single shelf, the volumes in this series would reach from Land's End to within a mile and a half of John o' Groats, provided that sufficient space was left between the volumes, and that a shelf of that length could be obtained.

Assuming that each leaf in these books is sufficient to light one pipe, the flame of the whole series would be equal to two average Bermondsey fires. The tobacco so lighted would make a mound as big as Brixton Hill; it would also provide enough cigarettes to run two Limerick Competitions of such a magnitude that the cricketer chosen to adjudicate would not be free to play on more than four to six days a week.

The sum-total of the intellect displayed in the works of the Library exceeds that of Mr.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON, Mr. HALL CAINE, and Mr. MAX BEERBOHM combined. It would not be safe to add the name of Mr. BERNARD SHAW to this galaxy, for it is well known that Mr. SHAW has made great strides, and reached unusual heights, during recent times.

An expert estimates that during the next few months there will be engaged in the building trades 7,649 more men than ever before, owing to the demand for extra accommodation for the Everyone's Library.

If all the authors of these books could be brought together and arranged in two parties for a tug of war, the rope required would be long enough to hang all the people that a confirmed dyspeptic, in his most dyspeptic moments, thinks ought to be hanged.

"A Gentleman in Crieff would pay for an occasional Day's Shooting in the neighbourhood. Good Shot. Does not require the game killed."
—*Strathern Herald*.

WHAT a remarkable shot he must be, if he can pick them off while living.

THE GOOSEQUILL FOUNTAIN PEN CO. (LTD.).

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

Dear Sir,
The new fountain pen
you sent me is first rate.
I never understood why they
were called fountain pens
until I used this.
Yours truly
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P.S. Max, any use of this you
choose: J. J.

[N.B.—This is not a solitary example. We have hundreds of similar Testimonials at our offices, which may be seen there any day.]

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest news from Morocco is that MULAI HAFID is said to have registered an oath that he will not rest until ABDUL AZIZ has become ABDUL AZWAZ.

The second Hague Peace Conference is at an end. There have been many pleasant dinner-parties and social functions, and, before parting, the delegates unanimously recommended to the Powers to arrange for a third Conference.

The City of London Corporation has decided to invite the KAISER to a "déjeuner" at the Guildhall on the occasion of his visit to this country in November. We understand that a déjeuner was decided on in preference to a luncheon as being less likely to hurt the feelings of our French friends.

The newspaper reports of Prince RANJITSINGH'S approaching marriage are authoritatively declared to be unfounded. The Prince has been laid up with enteric fever for the past six weeks, and, in some mysterious way, this got exaggerated into the rumour now denied.

The feeling against Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is sometimes carried to absurd lengths. For instance, on reading that the Admiralty was going to lend the Under Secretary for the Colonies a cruiser for his African tour, a well-known Tory was heard to growl, "Well, I hope the Admiralty will get her back!"

At the sale of a waxwork exhibition at Douglas last week, lot 20, consisting of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. HALL CAINE, fetched 15s., and Mr. CAINE is said to be surprised that the PRIME MINISTER should have been valued at only 2s. 6d.

The Countess MONTIGNOSO and Signor TOSELLI, it is stated, intend to

take up their residence in England. It is said that Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, whom it is the fashion to sneer at in some quarters, is responsible for this great compliment to our country.

At last the man who, a year or so ago, threw his country into a turmoil of excitement by keeping his whereabouts a secret, has been discovered by an enterprising newspaper—but he still refuses to come home. "Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, an Englishman," says *The Daily News*, "has just sailed from Philadelphia in a 44-foot boat for New Zealand."

While admitting that there have been one or two unfortunate police

the singer's mouth, and was swallowed, ultimately dying in great pain.

A History of the World, from Bible Times to the Camden Town Murder, is announced by the Messrs. HARMSWORTH.

"I often wonder," says a writer in *The Sphere*, "what cab-drivers were before they were cab-drivers." Journalists?

How it strikes a Contemporary.

"One could not help, especially on the first day, being struck by what a proportionately small number of men who, in spite of the heat, wore the now almost universal straw hat"—*The Onlooker*.

"Billiards.

After 60 minutes play:
Rotherham Town 1;
Monckton Athletic 1."
Yorkshire Telegraph.

It seems a near thing. If only one of the clubs could succeed in making a cannon, it would place it in a very strong position.

The Simple Rich.

"In a letter written on a single sheet of Standard Oil stationery, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., hands in his resignation to the Bible Class executive."—*Daily Telegraph*.

If we were millionaires we'd write on several sheets just to show 'em.

Mr. Punch in the Class-Room.

"A MEMBER OF THE SHELL" writes to complain that last week he was set the following question in a mathematical paper:—"The next issue of *Punch* (which is published every Wednesday) will be No. 3456. Give the date of the last issue in which the figures ran thus consecutively."

"Is it not," he remarks, "a pity that a paper presumably intended for amusement should be used in this way as an instrument of torture?"

Our correspondent is a typical schoolboy egoist. He thinks only of himself. He has no thought for his form-master's happiness, or stops to consider how his tutor comes to be so full of quiet fun.



DURING A STRIKE OF CADDIES.

Juvenile Striker. "CARRY YER CADDIE, SIR?"

blunders recently, Scotland Yard considers it an absurd exaggeration to talk of "The Copper Crisis," as some of our journals do.

Judge TINDAL ATKINSON states that there are no fewer than 70,000 undischarged bankrupts in this country. They nearly all smoke huge cigars.

Croydon Borough Council has decided to allow dogs on the tramcars at 1d. per journey. This should be a great convenience for animals whose masters take them out when they go cycling.

A remarkable incident took place at the Cardiff Musical Festival. While Madame AGNES NICHOLLS was singing, a common house-fly, anxious to get nearer to the music, flew into

"THE FIERY CROSS."

(See Cartoon on opposite page.)

I.

DEEP peace had now a goodish while
Brooded o'er Belmont's noble pile,
When in the dark before the dawn
The CAMPBELL stretched his arms of brawn,
And sprang from bed like larks that soar,
And lit upon the yielding floor,
And struck a match to pierce the night
And set the Fiery Cross alight,
And by its blaze drew on his gear,
His targe (in case he met a Peer),
His kilt, his sark, his nether hides,
And really nothing much besides.

II.

Forth sped the Chieftain like the wind,
His banner streaming out behind—
"DOON WI' THE LORDS!" By brae and bent,
O'er burn and flood away he went.
Where'er the fiery symbol passed
The capercailzie stood aghast;
The roedeer, couched beside the rills,
Made off like lightning for the hills;
And one could hear each hamlet hum,
"The CAMPBELL's coming! Ay, he's come!"
Dunedin saw him from afar,
And took him for a shooting star,
Until he paused on Arthur's Seat
(Not Whittingehame) to rest his feet
And trim his flame, then off once more
In a bee-line for Rothesay's shore;
From Forth, in fact, to Clyde he flew,
And passed it on to ROBERT CHRU.*

III.

The belted Earl sprang forth in air
Looking extremely debonair,
Nor faltered though around his ears
Those callous loons, his brother Peers,
Doomed like himself with all their House,
Flung pellets aimed at old cock-grouse;
But ran, a messenger of Wrath,
Bearing the sign to bold Arbroath,
Where just beneath the Town Hall clock
He gave the thing to Honest Jock.

IV.

Speed, MORLEY, speed! Your lissome legs
Must move like *Tam O'Shanter's Meg's*,
For lo! the Chieftain's self awaits
Your coming by Dunfermline's gates,
Spoiling to try a second spell
Now that his wind is pretty well.

V.

Next Forfar saw the signal burn,
And Jock was given another turn,
Which wore him out and made him wheeze,
Or he could win to far Dumfries;
Whence, leaving MORLEY in a faint,
SINCLAIR, the warrior, fresh as paint,
Slipped northward, scarcely touching earth,
To rouse the dyeing sons of Perth,

* The author confesses to be shaky about Scots nomenclature, but trusts that the compatriots of RODERICK DUU will accept this Gaelicized version of Lord CREWE's name.

Declined the local whiskey brands,
And left his own in TWEEDMOUTH's hands.

VI.

The Lord of Ocean did his best,
Trailing his sea-boots south-by-west,
Till Glasgow caught the sacred ban
Firm in the fist of RUNCIMAN.
Low burned the rallying sign of war,
A mere election-stump, no more;
And it was soon about to be
Cold ashes only, had not he,
Of those great Heralds best and last,
Blown with his breath a bellows-blast
That set it blazing like a forge—
'Twas Scotia's pride, the LLOYD McGEORGE!
His kilt betrayed his Highland breed,
So did the hose of Harris tweed,
Wherein was thrust his bonnie dirk,
Built for the stalker's bluidy work,
And likewise, wrought of homespun pewter,
His famous 50-bore Peer-shooter. O. S.

THE LEASE.

NINA hasn't been doing many big things lately. We had a picnic of our own, and she got so excited about the water boiling and the wasps and that sort of thing that she forgot all about being Queens and Princesses. Then we went out to tea with the ATKINSON children, and they don't care for NINA's games. Their father has a lot of horses, and they know no end about pedigrees, and what horse won races, and all that. So I've had a rest. Before that NINA had been going about so quick from one thing to another that I didn't know who I was. Once I started as BRUNO, King of the OSTROGOTHS, and then I turned into PRINCE VLADIMIR, the Russian Nihilist; and last of all I was EDWARD THE SIXTH founding a Grammar School in state. She wanted me to be the EMPEROR OF JAPAN after that, but I said I'd had enough.

Yesterday she began again. She told me she'd been to see Dad in the smoking-room in the morning, and he'd consulted her about something that had come in a long white envelope. Dad asked her to read it, and said, "I shall be glad to have your advice." NINA read it through, and she told me it was most interesting. She said it was a Counterpart. I said, "What's that? Is it anything like a counterpane?" NINA said, "Of course not, you silly little boy. It's something written on paper by a great lawyer." I said, "Oh." I couldn't think of anything else. Then she said it had given her an idea. There were people in it, she said, and they did very serious things to one another, and we could act it beautifully. She said, "I will be the said LESSOR—he's one of the people—and you must be the said LESSEE—she's another." I said, "Isn't there anything for Mrs. AUSTIN? Perhaps she'll be offended if we keep her out of it." NINA thought a bit, and then she said there was somebody else in the story, but she couldn't remember his name. She went off to the smoking-room to see if she could find it, and I went to Mrs. AUSTIN in the servants'-hall.

Well, in a minute or two NINA came in, and I saw directly from her look that she'd found what she wanted. She said, "We want you to help us, Mrs. AUSTIN. I am the said LESSOR, and HERBERT here is the said LESSEE. Will you be the said MESSAGE?" Mrs. AUSTIN said, "Mess o' what? Why, whatever is the child talking about? I've got my cooking to attend to



"THE FIERY CROSS."

CHIEFTAIN C.B. "GUID SEND THE RAIN DOESNA COME ON AN' PIT IT OOT!"

[The Liberal campaign in Scotland against the House of Lords is announced to begin on October 5th, on which date the Prime Minister is to address a meeting in Edinburgh.]



Ethel (to suffering kinsman). "You shall have this to-night, Uncle—fried in butter!"

directly." NINA didn't get angry. She said, "Mrs. AUSTIN, you don't want to spoil our innocent amusement, do you?" Mrs. AUSTIN said, "How you do run on, Miss NINA. You got that from your father, I'll warrant." At last NINA persuaded her. She told Mrs. AUSTIN that the said MESSAGE was really a French Marquis, who was flying in disguise from the guillotine. The said LESSOR was the jailer and executioner, and the said LESSEE was the jailer's daughter. All Mrs. AUSTIN had got to do was to make love to me, and then force herself through the prison-bars, and go down a rope made of sheets tied together. I was to watch her through the window, and then NINA would catch her and cut her head off. Mrs. AUSTIN said she was always getting her head cut off or something. Couldn't she get off free this time? NINA said she would have liked to let Mrs. AUSTIN off, but she had to do what was in the Counterpart, and she was sorry to say Mrs. AUSTIN had got to be killed.

At last Mrs. AUSTIN said she'd do it, and then we began. I took one of Mum's feathery hats, and hung a tablecloth over my back. NINA wound a bit of red flannel round her neck, and tied Roy's chain round Mrs. AUSTIN, and told her to say in a sad voice, "Twenty years have I been an inmate of this dreadful dungeon. Shall I never see the light of day again?" Mrs. AUSTIN laughed and said a bit of it, and then I came in bringing her bread and water. I said (I got it from NINA), "Despair not, my beloved MESSAGE. Together we will break a bar of your window." We broke the bar like winking, and then I gave Mrs. AUSTIN my handkerchief to hold on

to, and she escaped. But she hadn't gone once round the room before NINA was on to her. "Villain!" said NINA, "thou wouldst fain conspire against the state. How didst thou get here? Say." Mrs. AUSTIN said, "LIZZIE helped me." "What?" shrieked NINA, "my daughter, my innocent prattler, my little LESSEE?" "The same," said Mrs. AUSTIN. "Make haste now, or your father and mother won't get any soup for dinner." NINA gave her a look, and then she ordered Mrs. AUSTIN to kneel up on one of the chairs. "Thy crimes," she said, "have brought thee to the guillotine." Then she chopped her head off with the rolling-pin, which she'd fetched in from the kitchen, and pretended to hold it up to the people. She said, "So perish all enemies of the Republic." I forgot to say she'd told me to faint on the floor. I tried to, but she didn't like it. She said people who fainted didn't gurgle and roll about. They just lay still till somebody came and dashed water in their faces. I told her there wasn't anybody to do that for me. She said, "Child, I should have restored thee myself, for after all thou art my only daughter." I hadn't thought of that.

Our Inglorious Game.

We can all appreciate the sportsman who sacrifices his private interests for the common good. Such a man appears to be MORLEY, of Notts County, and it is the *Nottingham Football News* which records his simple heroism.

"Morley increased the displeasure of the crowd by tripping Bridgett, but as the Sunderland flier was going through like a man possessed, it was the only thing the Notts back could do. He played the game for his side."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

ON GOING SLOW.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The inevitable reaction against going everywhere at top speed arrived some little time ago, and nothing's been more *chic* than a caravan or a barge. Instead of boasting about how *quickly* we can get to places, we've gone to the other extreme. BABS, who has a lovely barge, and has been taking parties on it, is quite proud of the fact that, when she was asked to the MIDDLESHIRES' place last month, it took her a week's bargaining to get there. If you've any poetry in you, or any of those ideas that are so profound that you can't even make anything of them *yourself*, bargaining will bring it all out. Little RAY RYMINGTON has followed up his *Caravan Chansons* with a volume of *Barge Ballads*. Everyone's reading them. Here's a verse:—

As I gaze at the horse plodding on, plodding on,
As the towing-rope dips and I glide on the stream,
The World, with its madness and sadness, is gone,
And, bargaining, I dream.

I don't like the metre, and I told him so; but he says it's all right, that it's written in *anæsthetics*.

I'd a lovely time caravanning with BOSN and WEE-WEE last month. Their living vans are things of sheer joy. She and I got ourselves up for gipsies, and called ourselves FAA (that's the proper name to have if you're a gipsy—I don't know whether I've put enough a's into it). It used to be simply delicious arriving in the evening at one of those sleepy, out-of-the-world villages in the *Hundred* of Something, where there are Roman remains and you can't get anything fit to eat, and lighting our fire, after we'd drawn up our vans on the village green or somewhere, and cooking and all that. BOSN refused to make himself look picturesque, and rather spoilt things. We'd only one unpleasant happening, and that was when we fell in with (and fell out with) some *real* gipsies—most shocking creatures, my dear, who slanged us in a horrid jargon that BOSN said was *Romany*.

But the VIVVY FLUMMERYS had an even horrid adventure when *they* were caravanning. It was at a remote little place, and while they were drawn up for the night their horses were stolen. So there they were, *plantés là*! VIVVY and their men went off to look for the horses, and poor DORTY was left all alone by herself, lots of village creatures with

high colours and yellow teeth coming round to stare at the vans, and making remarks on her whenever they caught sight of her. DORTY's one of those timid, fearful little women that one meets sometimes even *to-day*, and she got frightened, and thought perhaps they'd put her into the pound or the stocks or something; and when VIVVY came back she clung to him and cried, and said he must never, never leave her like that again. He hadn't found the horses or heard anything of them; and a beadle, or whatever they call it, came out of the village, with all the yokels following him, and told them they'd got to clear off—the Lord of the Manor didn't allow caravans there for more than one night, or some nonsense of that kind. "But how can we clear off without our horses?" said VIVVY. "I don't know anything about that," said the fellow. "You've got to clear off." (Aren't those yokels maddening creatures? Talk of *Back to the Land*, indeed! If it makes people so stupid and aggravating, better *not* go back to it, I should say.) "Speak more civilly," said VIVVY. "D'you know that I'm So-and-so?" "Oh, I daresay!" said the creature, while all the other yokels set up a guffaw. "All you show-people give yourselves fine names. Why not say you was the PRINCE OF WALES at once?" "Ere comes a gentleman riding along as 'll soon make you clear off—this is the Lord of the Manor, this is." And so it was; and it was also JACK MAINWARING, and there was a great meeting, and the yokels abased themselves in the dust.

Both caravanning and bargaining have one great advantage,—they're very becoming, they give a restful, contented expression, and stamp out that look of horror and expectation of instant death that high-speed motoring gives some people. JOSIAH says he'll have some lovely vans built, and we'll go caravanning together next summer; but I tell him that's not the idea of caravanning, and that he really must get rid of that notion that we're always to be together, and do everything in a duet. "We shall get on much better," I said, "if we don't see too much of each other. Look at the CROPPY VAVASSORS! What a comfortable couple *they* are! And not long ago they passed each other as strangers at Waterloo station, because, since they last met, *he*'d grown a beard, and *she*'d got different coloured hair and the new expression."

"Well," he said, "that's not my

idea of marriage, and never will be. The TRESYLLYANS go caravanning together, and *they*'re married."

"Yes," I said; "but BOSN and WEE-WEE are a couple in a thousand. They're regular pals *in spite* of being married!"

I've got a new pet. I hope darling *Pompom* won't get ill with jealousy. It's an enormous tropical spider—the sweetest creature!—with a dozen eyes and equally full measure as to legs. It's simply most awfully clever and affectionate, and I'm *sure* knows my whistle already. I've had the *daintiest* tiny gold-wire harness made for it, studded with jewels, and a slender gold chain attaches it to a bracelet or a ring. Its diet is chiefly *fly*; I'm always catching them for it, and everyone who loves me goes and does likewise. The darling has one *supreme* merit—Aunt GOLDIE is so frightened of it that she never comes near us now. She says that if it bit her she'd have to keep on dancing the tarantella till she died! She needn't be afraid. The biggest and most awful spider in the world, putting in its very *best* work, couldn't make *her* dance!

I call it *Jack*, but NORTY says I've just as much reason for calling it *Jill*. He *does* say such absurd things! Ever thine, BLANCHE.

BOO!

It's too bad of MR. GALSWORTHY. Why won't he let me play the *beau rôle*? It often happens that when an author has made a distinct success the critics all condemn his next work by comparison, and then it is so pleasant and distinguished to stand out and reassure him. But in the case of *Joy* there is no chance at all; one can only, as an honest critic, boo with the rest, with a sob in one's voice, and hoping he will not notice one. *The Silver Box* was a fine play, a play with an idea in it, freshly "observed," and marching grimly along to a conclusion. *Joy*, too, has an idea, but it is dully stated, working among uninteresting people, and reaching no conclusion at all. A married woman is placed between her love for her child, a girl of sixteen, and her passion for a man who is not her husband—the man and the situation being intensely repulsive to the child. There is your "conflict of wills," to be sure, but nothing comes of it. The girl implores her mother to give the man up, the woman states her case—her neglect by her husband and her desire to "live her own life." And that is all. The girl's attention is simply dis-

tracted by a fatuous youth who makes love to her, and the curtain falls. The rest of the play is irrelevant talk and irrelevant people. I am far from objecting to them on that account, not being a purist in these things; but the talk and the people are alike commonplace, and that will not do. It seemed almost impossible that the play was the work of the same man who wrote *The Man of Property* and *The Country House*, to say nothing of *The Silver Box*. Joy, indeed! It was a bitter disappointment, and I am very angry indeed with Mr. GALSWORTHY. Boo!

There was not much more chance for the players than for the benevolent critic. Miss DOROTHY MINTO, as the girl, had the best, and used it admirably. It was the most difficult part she has had. Her militant young "suffragette" in *Votes for Women* was more effective, but there she had the advantage of a direct model, which makes a vast difference, as any actor knows; in *Joy* she had to express her idea of a high-spirited, affectionate young thing, and she did it very well indeed. I was sorry for the actress who played a parlour-maid, and had to do a little dance with a champagne bottle alone on the stage; she must have known it would not amuse us, and I nearly wept. Boo, Mr. GALSWORTHY, boo! RUE.

A SHORT CUT TO JOURNALISTIC SUCCESS.

To judge from several recent magazine articles and volumes the question how to succeed in journalism is as popular as ever. A new suggestion is now ventured for the use of rising young paper-men. If the manufacturer of patent medicines advertises, why should not the manufacturer of literary articles? The former is not satisfied with the mention of his article in a chemist's price-list—why should the author be contented with the mention of *his* article in the Editor's contents list? Here are a few samples:—

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Write for dainty sample paragraph containing five of my choice paradoxes free.

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Boy (sadly). "JAM TART, MUM."

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Twenty-three MSS. dealing with Ping-Pong, usual price £1 5s., now offered at 7s. 6d., or three for one guinea.

Seven articles on the Soap Trust, usual price £2 10s., reduced to 12s.

Fifteen choice illustrated articles on the Channel Tunnel, originally offered at Three Guineas, now offered at 12s. 11d., &c., &c.

Write at once for Catalogue.

ENDYMION SMITH!

ENDYMION SMITH!!

ENDYMION SMITH!!!

THE M.P.'S HUSBAND.

"As a reason for trying to commit suicide at Helsingfors, the husband of one of the women deputies in the Finnish Parliament states that his wife is so occupied with political work that she neglects her home.... The police state that he is suffering from lack of nourishment."—*Daily Mail*.]

Joy filled my bosom, joy and pride,

When it was told to me

That GRETCHEN, my beloved bride,

Was written down M.P.

I loved the fame of GRETCHEN's name,

Yet even more sincerely

I loved the screw that GRETCHEN drew—

About two hundred yearly.

No longer shall I toil, thought I,

O'erwrought and underpaid,

No longer need I basely ply

The pickaxe and the spade;

Life will be found an endless round

Of lager-beer and pleasure,

And I may smoke 'mid envious folk,

A gentleman of leisure.

Fond, foolish fancies! All too quick
I realised my doom.

I had but changed the spade and pick

For scrubbing-brush and broom;

I rose at six to chop the sticks

And boil the morning kettle;

I bathed the twins, stuck safety-pins

In little HANS and GRETCH.

I lived retired as any mouse;

Abroad I dared not roam;

While GRETCHEN slacked it in the
House

I laboured in the home.

I trimmed her hats, likewise the
brats—

I toiled like slave in galley,

In short, I played cook-parlour-maid—
Nurse-tweeny-butler-valet.

'Twas bad, yet soon was I to find

It might be even worse,

For GRETCHEN had a frugal mind,

And GRETCHEN had the purse.

"And since," said she, "as your
M.P.,

My *eyes* will be rising,

It's plain that you will have to do
The whole economising."

So now I've scarce a *sou* to spend;

We've nought but bread to eat;

But, though I find the meat may end,

Alas, the ends won't meet;

The house is bare, we're in despair,

And who would dare to blame us

If we give way and curse the day

When GRETCHEN first grew famous?

"Lord Rosebery's favourite reading is the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. He always has a volume beneath his pillow."—*Answers*.

WHY not try one of those little book-rests?

THE DICKENS LOVERS.

THE presence of the crippled Tiny Tim in *The Christmas Carol* has enabled Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR, the Lord Mayor and the cripples' friend, with perfect propriety to introduce a new edition of that classic to the public, in a preface containing proofs of his and Lady TRELOAR's enthusiasm for DICKENS. Such an example could not fail, in an imitative world, to bear fruit, and no one will therefore be surprised by the following announcements:—

THE LIPTON "PICKWICK."

Sir THOMAS LIPTON's edition of *The Pickwick Papers*, with an appreciation by the yachting baronet, and a specially designed cover, will be published almost immediately. An advance copy of Sir THOMAS's admirable and illuminating preface, which also is not without value as a piece of self-revelation, informs us that it was the Fat Boy who first kindled Sir THOMAS's passionate interest in CHARLES DICKENS, the question being continually in his mind: How did the Boy grow so fat? After considerable thought, Sir THOMAS arrived at the conclusion that such a condition of adiposity could have been attained only by a consistent diet of the best bacon and the best butter. Hence his affection for the novel, and hence this new and handsome edition of *Pickwick*. We quote a little from the preface:—

I may add, DICKENS has since then always been to me something more than an author. I have felt him to be an inspiration as well. I often say, "What the Dickens!" quite involuntarily, a proof of his command of my sub-conscious as well as conscious thought.

Sir THOMAS also tells how he used to read *Dickens* to the captains of his successive *Shamrocks* during calms, and adds the number of his branches.

THE NEW "DOMBEY AND SON."

From the chief artificial limb-maker to Guy's Hospital, where, it will be remembered, Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen were students, Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL have been fortunate enough to extract a preface to *Dombey and Son*. From this very touching foreword we are permitted to make a quotation:—

DICKENS' beautiful and never-sleeping sympathy with one-armed men cannot be too much insisted upon. Captain Cuttle is one of his most delightful characters, and the fact that he has a hook instead of a hand, although you are never permitted to forget it, is never allowed to interfere with his charm. Only a man of genius could have invented Captain Cuttle, and perhaps I alone of living men know how true to life he is, owing to my vast

experience. There is no better antidote for a child under the sinister spell of Captain Hook in *Peter Pan* than to read *Dombey and Son*.

A SECOND "DOMBEY AND SON."

Meanwhile another firm announces a rival edition of *Dombey and Son*, edited by a well-known cash dentist, whose claim to come forward as the new patron of the novelist, is founded—and we must admit well founded—on Mr. Carker's rather too noticeable, if excellent, teeth. In his preface the cash dentist remarks:—

Where I should be now had it not been for Charles Dickens, I cannot say. I used to read him day and night. From each book I received a fresh stimulus. *The Old Curiosity Shop* almost sent me into the Punch and Judy line; *Martin Chuzzlewit* turned me towards architecture; but it was not until I read *Dombey and Son* that I saw my destiny clear. Mr. Carker's teeth allured me into dentistry, and I now make the best guinea set in London. I am also famous for my painless extractions, with the assistance of DICKENS' (or Laughing) Gas.

THE GAMAGE DICKENS.

Mr. GAMAGE has gone farther than his rivals in the editing business. He has prepared a complete set of the works. His reason for doing this is so interesting that we quote it in his own words:—

After years of study of this famous writer, I am convinced that he is the only man in English literature who could have invented my name. That is why I am so drawn to him; that is why I have prepared a complete edition of his matchless works for sale in my emporium....

Incidentally Mr. GAMAGE refers to the craze for Diabolo, and the excellent opportunities now offered to the purchaser of footballs—aside which, we are sure, DICKENS would have immensely appreciated.

"Generally," said Mr. Plowden, "when it comes to a war of tongues between husband and wife, the wife can hold her own."

Daily Express.

THEN why doesn't she hold it a little more firmly?

"The members of the two teams were public school boys with homes in the Colchester and Witham districts. Representatives of most of the great schools took part."—*Essex County Standard*.

We feel that Mr. MILES should be informed of this.

"The demand for capable domestic servants in New South Wales is so great that the Agent-General is offering assisted passages at £3. The distance to Sydney is about 14,500 miles, so that the fare works out at less than a half-penny a mile."—*Daily Express*.

You can't catch these Tariff Reformers in arithmetic; they refuse to take any risks. It is extremely unsporting of them.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY.

UNDERSTRAND-ON-SEA.

(After Dr. Andrew Wilson.)

THE Great East Anglian Railway stops short of Understrand by a mile or so, so that unless he prefers Shanks's mare or his bicycle, the visitor has to rely on omnibuses or flies to transport him to his goal. (These vehicles, I should mention, to avoid disappointment, are horse-drawn, and have for the most part four wheels.) But when you do arrive, you will be, unless of an exacting disposition, delighted with your quarters and the surroundings. The sea is unmistakably saline, rising and falling with the tide, and though erosion has been at work in the past, its operation has been checked by a stout sea wall, and the citizens of Understrand possess their souls in patience, thanks to the town's spirited defence against the encroachments of the marine element. But what lends such a peculiar charm to the place is the fact that it possesses not only a pier and a promenade, but a parish church. From the cliff beneath which the town nestles you look down on the pier; while conversely, and *ex ipso facto*, you look up to the cliff from the pier, which runs out quite a considerable distance into the sea. From the end, I have been assured on good authority, hardy swimmers are occasionally wont to plunge into the briny ocean, returning to land invigorated and refreshed by their dip. Less adventurous persons, however, prefer to bathe from the beach, which is equipped with numerous handsome machines. The hotels are varied, some being quite palatial, while others are better suited to the purses of those who only enjoy a modest competence. There are also boarding-houses and lodgings, while at the Post-office a constant supply of fresh stamps is kept to satisfy the requirements of assiduous correspondents. What lends, however, a peculiar and extraordinary fascination to this remarkable seaside resort is its airy and breezy atmosphere, which is entirely unlike that of Pimlico or even Brixton. The walks and drives round Understrand must not be neglected by those who are addicted to pedestrian or equestrian exercise, while invalids are in the happy position of being able to indulge in vicarious locomotion, thanks to the accommodating enterprise of the local bath-chair proprietor, who, strangely enough, rejoices in the un-



Cyclist (springing off). "YE'VE NO BUSINESS SHOOTING ACROSS T'ROOD THAT WAY! OTHER SIX INCHES AND I SHOULD HA' BEEN A DEAD MAN!"
Sportsman. "WELL, W-WHY DON'T YOU RING YOUR B-BELL?"

usual and charming name of HOPKINSON. What constitutes, however, the chief charm of breezy Understrand, is its Golf Links, which contain the exceptional number of eighteen holes. The record score for the course, strange to say, was made by the local professional, and is several strokes lower than that achieved by the best amateur in the district. The links are laid out along the cliff, and are consequently on a higher level than the beach; but a sense of excessive elevation can always be obviated by keeping the eyes fixed on the "hinterland," which has a flatness which lends a peculiar charm to the landscape of this charming neighbourhood.

Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?

"The Mayor's love of sly humour never deserts him. Even at such a dignified gathering as the unveiling of the tablet his Worship let slip a characteristic fragment of fun. Just as the Company were about to move the Mayor turned to Mr. Hack and gravely announced: 'I will now unveil the *tabloid*!'"—*Local Paper*.

If Mr. HACK had only had the courage of his name—— But we all let our opportunities slip. Still, what else was he there for?

Commercial Ambiguity.

"USE Dr. — Sachets de Toilette, and mothers and daughters will look like sisters."—*Gentlewoman*.



Master. "THERE WAS SOME DEVILISH BAD DRIVING IN THAT LAST BEAT, JOHN."
Yorkshire Keeper. "AY—AN' SOME DOM POOR SHOOTIN'!"

DIABOLO NOTES.

CONSIDERABLE dissatisfaction has been expressed with the constitution of the M.D.C. team for Australia, which leaves these shores in three weeks time in its endeavour to recover the bobbins. In the opinion of competent newspaper experts the team would be far more likely to uphold the honour of England successfully if it had been leavened with a certain proportion of youth. Age and experience certainly count for something in all games, and there can be no exception taken to the maturity of the captain of the team, MASTER THOMAS BUDGE, who at fifteen is little, if at all, past his prime. But the striking fact, revealed in our special edition yesterday, that there is not a single player on the side who is under seven, has been severely commented upon by good judges of the game. Is it too late to ask SONNY TOMPKINS to complete the side?

All lovers of the game will hear with regret that the split between the Diabolo Association, Ltd., and the Amateur Diabolo Association, which has been threatened for so long, is now an accomplished fact. Mr. CLOGG, the dictator of the D.A., Ltd., has decided to boycott all members of the A.D.A. For some time it was uncertain whether Mr. CLOGG (Ltd.) would allow the Inter-University match to be played; but that difficulty has now been surmounted. The boycott works particularly unfairly in the case of private players. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, for instance, by neglecting to affiliate himself to Mr. CLOGG, is now debarred from tossing the bobbin to any member of the Brixton Wasps D.C.,

while any player who had joined the Duke in a game at Chatsworth would be *ipso facto* ineligible for the chairmanship of the D.A. (Ltd.).

By the way, the 'Varsity match is generally regarded as likely to be a walk-over for Oxford, seeing that they can rely upon the services of a Chinese Rhodes scholar from South Africa who, in his native land, has caught the bobbin 193,827,111,172 times (old style) without letting it touch the ground.

GOLDEN RULES FOR DIABOLO.

(Contributed by SONNY TOMPKINS.)

1. Rest lightly upon the ball of the foot. Bend slightly to the right, and pick up the bobbin upon the string. Then spin rapidly, and throw into the air.
2. To catch the bobbin again, hold the right stick up in the air, and endeavour to persuade the object to return to its string.
3. Persevere.

The great match between Mr. JOHN SMITH (aged; 13 st. 7 lb.), the well-known Ealing householder, and his little boy JOHNNY (3 yrs.; 2 st. 3 lb.) will take place this afternoon at "The Willows." JOHNNY is conceding his father 2,000 start, the match being one of 2,025 up.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

The Willows, Ealing:

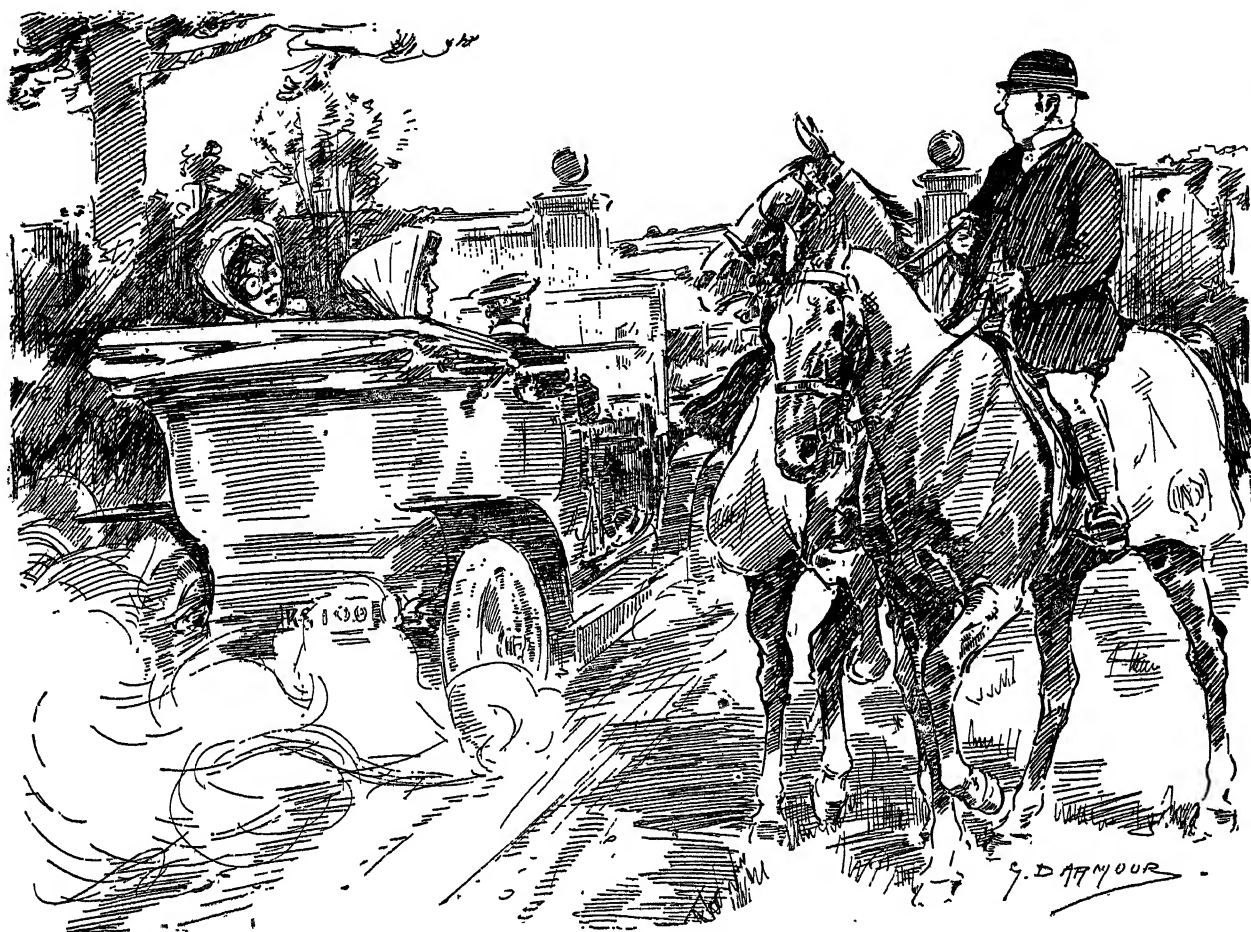
JOHNNY SMITH, jun. (in play), 2,024.

JOHN SMITH (in bed), 1.



THE HARMLESS NECESSARY CAT.

BRITISH LION (to Russian Bear). "LOOK HERE! YOU CAN PLAY WITH HIS HEAD, AND I CAN PLAY WITH HIS TAIL, AND WE CAN BOTH STROKE THE SMALL OF HIS BACK."
PERSIAN CAT. "I DON'T REMEMBER HAVING BEEN CONSULTED ABOUT THIS!"



Old Coachman (exercising superseded carriage horses). "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, WHEN THE LADIES WENT OUT WITH ME, THEY USED TO TAKE A PRIDE IN MAKIN' THEMSELVES LOOK NICE; BUT WHEN THEY GOES OUT IN THAT BLOOMIN' THING, THEY LOOKS LIKE PATIENTS OUT OF ONE OF THEM EYE AND EAR HOSPITALS!"

A SOCIETY MOTOR-DOG.

(As Observed by Our Own Special Aberdeen.)

I WAS for taking no notice of him, sic a meeserable objec' they'd made o' the puir crittur. But he cam danderin' up, and says he, in his fine London sniff, "Can you tell me, my good dawg—?" when I took him up short. "Whoever guid doug I mebbe," says I, "I'm no yours ony gait!" He tellt me he'd meant naething beyont an ordinar form o' civeelity fra' ane doug to anither.

"Ye'll no be a doug, I'm thinking," says I, "wi' a plaidie coat and yon bit goggles across your neb. I'se uphaud ye'll be some kind o' freak beastie," I says (kenning fine hoo it was a' the time). He said I must excuse him smiling; he was a richt doug, he could assure me, and a pedigree ane intil the bargain—but he just chanced to be in his motoring-kit—perhaps I wasn't accustomed to riding in a motor-car?

"Na," says I, "nor dinna wis' to be, gin I couldna' do 't wi'oot being dressed oot sae rideeculous!" "You don't understand," he says. "When you're once in a car, you don't care for appearances. I don't look a bit more ridiculous than my good host and hostess, the WOLFRAM WEGSCHWEINS." "I'm no in a posection to contradie' ye," says I, "but I wad obsairve 'at ye're no in your car the noo."

"It's like this, you see," he tellt me, "I've just

been with Mrs. WEGSCHWEIN to my outfitter's in the Burlington Arcade. You wouldn't have heard of him, of course, but he's the one man in London who can turn out a dog decently." "I see," says I. "An' sae he turned ye oot?" "I'd been trying on," he says, "and then she began choosing my new pocket-handkerchiefs—"

"Presairve's!" I cried. "An' whaur's the use of a hankie to the likes of you?"

"To wipe my nose with, of course!" he says. "She does that—whenever I require it. In the circles I move in every dog has his own set of lace-edged pocket-handkerchiefs. But she was such a time deciding on the colour—"

"She wad be that," says I. "Doug! do ye no realise it's a tairrible important queistion?" I was just drawing his leg—but he didna' see 't. "I know," he says. "Still, there's a limit to everything, and I got bored at last. So I slipped quietly out, just as I was, meaning to get home on foot, you see. And somehow, not being much in the habit of walking, I've managed to lose my way. So I thought you might perhaps be able to direct me to Park Lane."

I said I wad set him on his way, being acquent wi' a fox-terrier 'at lived in a mews no that faur aff, sae on we went thegither, though I canna say I was prood to be seen wi' sic a doited body. It was just peety. And he began blethering about the excitements o' motoring, and how glorious it was rushing along, leaving a trail o'

dust behint as faur as the eye could see, whirling roond sharp corners and through villages, and passing every other car on the road. "At the pace *we* go," he says, "if I didn't have these motor-goggles on, my eyes would get inflamed in no time." "An' what for would ye go sic a speed?" I speired at him. "To get from place to place the sooner," says he.

"Nae doot," I says, "your leddy's time will be dreidfu' valyable?" He couldna say she seemed to have anything in particular to do, beyont playing Bridge and attending to *him*. It was just that she liked travelling fast. The STAUBMACHERS, and the YARDLEY-EVERESTS—in fact, *all* their set did. And FRANCOIS, the chauffeur, naturally wished to get the best he could out of the car. Syne he sat doon suddenly, and began to scratch, which gave me a better opeenion of him, being the first naitural doug-like thing he'd done yet. But the next meenit he spoilt it a' by remarking that he couldna think hoo he'd got them gin they hadna' come fra' mysel! "Havers!" I says, "ye ken fine theré's nane of us can speak wi' cairtanty in sic maitters." But he insisted they were no his, because he was bathed all over by his man every morn wi' heliotrope soap. "Aweel," I says, "wi' sic treebulations as yon, ye needna' fash over trifles. And I'm thinking ye'd mebbe get mair results gin ye were to kick yer fut oot o' yon bit brown bootie."

He couldna get it aff, he tellt me, JAMES, the second fitman, having laced them on too tight the morn. "I fancy," says he, "from certain things JAMES said, that he doesn't altogether like having to do it."

"It's just possible," I says, "but what for wad ye be wearin' boots at a'?" "For fear of getting wet feet," he says. "I'm so terribly liable to chills. Indeed, I never go motoring without my own little nickel-plated footwarmer."

"Set ye up!" says I. "It has," says he, "I assure you that, but for our motor-car, I shouldn't be alive now!"

"Fegs!" I says, "an' that's mair nor mony a doug could testify!"

"Ah," says he. "We *have* had accidents—most regrettable ones. They quite shook my nerve for a time—my nights were sadly disturbed afterwards." "Mebbe," I says, "ye'll have had a kink in your basket?"

"I don't sleep in a basket," he says, "I've a curtained bed, with pillows and blankets with my monogram on them—like a Christian's."

"And what for no?" says I. "Poor Mrs. WEGSCHWEIN," he goes on, "is just as upset by these occurrences as I am. More so, because, as she sometimes says, she's 'perfectly dotty about dogs.'"

"I can vera weel believe it," I says, looking at him. "But what beats me is hoo ye baith pairseest in what must be dreidfu' distressing to your feelings."

"My good fellow," he says, "when you've got a 90 h.p. Foudroyant that can do its fifty miles an hour it's too absurd to expect one to crawl along at under twenty! Besides, you wouldn't believe how stupid some of these provincial curs are about not getting out of the way in time! But so are poultry, for that matter, and children. Though I *will* say they're all gradually coming to understand that the roads don't belong to them."

"They'll nae doot be pairt o' the WEGSCHWEIN policies?" says I. "They may be," he says, "for all I know. They're rich enough to buy up most things. And, as I've often heard old WEGSCHWEIN remark: 'It's no earthly use for people to try to obstruct the progress of what has become a great national industry.

If they're so pig-headed or so behind the times as to go on walking or driving they must either make roads of their own, or stay indoors.'"

"Ou ay," I says, "there's nae getting oot o' *that*." He tellt me I was mair intelligent than he'd thoct, and he'd be mighty pleased to exchange cairds wi' me, only, maist unfortunately, he'd left his caird-case inside the pocket o' his afternoon-calling coat. Ye'll scarce believe 't," I says, "but I've neither veesitin-cairds nor poakets mysel'."

"Paw devil!" says he. "I forgot for the moment you were still uncivilised. And now I needn't trouble you any further. I know this street quite well. Here comes our Foudroyant, with Mrs. WEGSCHWEIN inside and FRANCOIS steering. They'll be relieved to find I'm safe. Good-bye. I've just time to nip across the road before. . . ."

He made a grand mistake *there*. I doot he didna make sufficient allowance for bein' in his bit booties, let alone the fur-lined coat and goggles. I couldna help gruttin' sair for the pur beastie, though I'm no saying I was a'thegither sae overcome as his leddy, who, fro' the skirl she set up, micht a'maist ha' been rianed o'er her ainsel!

I canna think he wad be sic a loss as a' that to the community at large—though, guid kens! I wouldna speak too hairdly o' the corp, for it wad tak an awfu' strong-minded doug to consort wi' sic-like fowk as yon and no become corruptit.

F. A.

THE NEW CURE.

[A hop-pickers' encampment, composed of people of good social standing, who resolved to go down into Kent for the benefit of their health, has been attended with no little success.]

DEAR PHYLLIS, you'll wonder what reason

Has brought me to Kent, and I'm sure
You'll smile, for I'm here for the "season,"
And picking the hops as a cure.

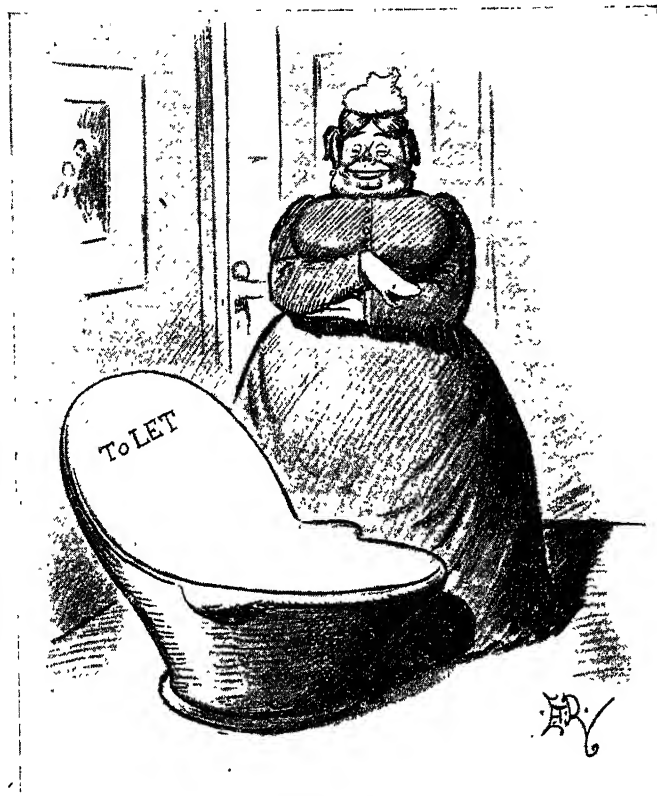
Perhaps you will think I am frantic—
Don't worry your fond little breast,
For "hopping" is simply romantic,
And oh, such a glorious rest.

The "cure" is extremely delightful;
We rise and retire with the sun;
With three in our tent it is quite full;
We've five, but it adds to the fun.
'Tis true we can't sleep for the clamour,
Mosquitos, of course, are a pest,
But somehow it adds to the glamour
To feel that we're earning our rest.

Don't think that I'm horribly lonely,
For hundreds of people are down,
And all of them sociable, only
Not quite what one meets up in town;
They're rather aggressively merry,
Their manners not always the best,
But though they are quarrelsome (very),
I'm having a glorious rest.

Then, come, dearest PHYLLIS, and try it,
Our living will please you, I know,
We feed on the simplest of diet,
And things are deliciously slow;
Quit London, have done with your shopping;
Pack up, and come down as my guest,
And see if the "pleasures of hopping"
Don't amply make up for "the rest!"

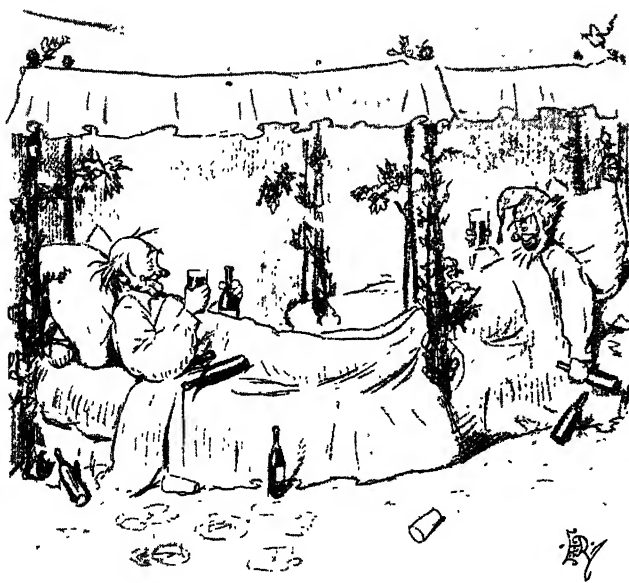
GEMS OF ADVERTISEMENTS, READ LITERALLY.



"A lady wishes to let a compact residence (Bath) for the winter months."



"A fine flat in Piccadilly; Waring decorations."



"Comfortable Inn, Beds (old-fashioned and creeper-clad). Present occupiers been there 40 years. Capital opportunity for gentleman's servant wishing to retire. Beer and spirits free."



"3,000 ft. above sea-level, small seat, commanding beautiful views of surrounding country. Church adjoins."

ARE OUR HEADS GROWING BIGGER?

In an illuminating interview which appears in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER maintains that heads generally are increasing in size, "the reason being that the intellect and the emotions are more freely exercised than they were. With the increase of mental exercise there is a corresponding enlargement of heads, though, of course, in the case of those who merely vegetate there is no growth of brain." We are glad to be able to throw further light on this fascinating topic, thanks to the researches of an eminent craniologist, who, however, desires to remain anonymous.

One of the strangest cranial coincidences on record is the fact that the two famous interviewers, Mr. RAYMOND BLATHBIE and Mr. HAROLD BETHWAYT take exactly the same size in hats, 7½. Here, however, the resemblance ends, for while Mr. BLATHBIE is a man of gigantic stature, Mr. BETHWAYT only scales 11 st.

Sir OLIVER LODGE's wonderful dome-shaped head, which has so striking a resemblance to that of PERICLES, has been growing steadily since he went to live at Birmingham. His anthropometric measurements are indeed remarkable, for while he is only 40 in. round the chest he is just on 48 round the head. No stock size in hats fits him, and Messrs. LINNETT AND BENCOLN have to retain a special assistant, who is exclusively employed to minister to the needs of their massive-

brained customer. Recently asked to account for the cause of this phenomenal development, Sir OLIVER attributed it to the extraordinarily intellectual atmosphere of Birmingham. Personally he regrets his frontal distension, as it renders him too conspicuous in a crowd, and leads to occasional collisions in negotiating a narrow doorway.

Mr. HARRY DE QUEUX, the famous Arctic explorer, diplomatist, and novelist, in the course of a recent interview with a representative of *The Hatter and Capper*, gave some

astonishingly interesting details as to the strange fluctuations in size of his own cranium according to the nature of the company he kept. To express the matter with scientific accuracy, he found that the bulk of his head varied in a direct ratio with the rank of his interlocutor. Thus, after interviewing a Kaiser, or witnessing the marriage of an ex-Crown Princess, he simply could not insert his head into a hat of normal size, and on more than one occasion had

vidious comparisons with the mighty men of the past.

Sir J. CRICHTON BROWNE endorsed what Dr. HOLLANDER had said about big heads not monopolising intellect. Idiots, vegetarians, and wearers of Harris tweed had invariably large heads. The concentrated experience of centuries was contained in the term "fathead," which expressed the *ne plus ultra* of contempt.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that he could not swear his head had grown since he had dethroned SHAKESPEARE, because he never wore a tall hat, and was generally photographed without head-gear. Large heads were commonly found in the criminal classes, such as archbishops, publishers, and the like. For his own part he had cultivated not size, but hardness. From earliest youth he had stood on his head, and invariably wrote in that position.



ADVANCEMENT.

Miss A. "AND THAT NEPHEW OF YOURS WHO—ER—RAN AWAY, DON'T YOU KNOW, AND JOINED THE ARMY, HOW IS HE GETTING ON?"

Miss B. (proudly). "OH, VERY WELL INDEED. HE'S JUST BEEN MADE PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE LANCE-CORPORAL OF HIS REGIMENT."

to remain bareheaded for forty-eight hours.

Asked as to the probable effect on his brain of his forthcoming sojourn in the Arctic regions, Mr. DE QUEUX cautiously observed that, while frost contracted metals, it undoubtedly tended to expand water, as might be seen from the familiar and distressing experience of the British householder during a severe winter. Further asked whether it was true that his head was bigger than Mr. GLADSTONE'S, Mr. DE QUEUX modestly declined to challenge in-

long series of undeserved catastrophes is ended; then I step gracefully in with these few well-chosen words of counsel, and a remedy suggested by a wide experience. For, strange as it may seem, I too have lost at Golf; I can appreciate your sufferings.

You would like to creep behind him, as he stands grinning there, and brain him with your already overworked niblick. You would like to tell him exactly what you think of his character, his appearance, his ancestry, and, above all, his Luck.

HOW TO LOSE AT GOLF.

PLEASE do not misunderstand this rather misleading title. I do not propose to teach you how to go round a course in a greater number of strokes than your opponent. That feat I leave with some confidence to your own skill, to the bad lies that you invariably encounter, and to the almost demoniacal luck of the other man. These things will do the business for you quite satisfactorily without need of any hints from me.

But do not, I beg you, do any of these things. It would be a confession of weakness.

And yet I admit that your provocation is very keen. He has the power at this moment of inflaming you by whatever course he adopts. If he is merely silent, you feel that he is an ungracious churl, and that he might say something about that long putt you missed, or about that really brilliant shot that was so unjustly punished. You are certain that in his place you would do this. On the other hand, if he concedes with you, and remarks with a self-satisfied smirk that he has had all the luck (which is the case, of course), you will hate him very bitterly for his patronage, and reflect that he might at least have the good taste to be silent. Oh yes! I am on your side, dear reader. Your opinion of the man is justified.

But do not reveal the hemorrhage of your heart to him; do not let him guess your agony. Remember the Red Indian at the stake, the Cabinet Minister at heckling - time, and strive to imitate the nobility of their bearing. For if by your demeanour you indicate the anguish that you are enduring you give a double gratification to your foe. So you must not even be silent; you must force yourself to smile and say something pleasant. These things are hard, oh, my brother, and you, as I know well, are weak. I also have been there. So for your benefit, and incidentally for my own, I have patented a small invention which will shortly be upon the market.

I call it the Golfer's Gag. The aptness and alliteration of this title cost me much thought, but I did not grudge it. It is a neat little walnut-shaped instrument of polished metal, and may readily be carried in any pocket. Upon the last green take it from its place of concealment and slip it into your mouth after first pressing the spring. You have now done all that is required; the Golfer's Gag will do the rest.

The thing is made upon the principle of those pear-shaped gags so freely used by ancient torturers. The spring that you have pressed will slowly expand the instrument, rendering speech upon your part quite impossible, and at the same time gradually contorting your features into a pleasing smile. By the time that your conqueror looks up from his last putt you will be ready for him with a grin that will amaze him. It will be expressive of keen enjoyment and a rich sense of humour.

The Golfer's Gag is made in all shapes



Head Master. "HOW IS IT YOU ARE ALWAYS LAST IN YOUR FORM?"

Jones Minor. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M THE YOUNGEST BOY."

Head Master. "VERY WELL, YOU MAY GO THIS TIME; BUT YOU'LL NEVER SUCCEED IF YOU MAKE THAT EXCUSE ALL YOUR LIFE."

and sizes to suit all mouths. Ladies can wear them; indeed, if I am not misinformed, they should supply a long-felt want in female matches.

But this is not all. The G.G. contains a tiny record that is capable of emitting a single sentence. The squeakiness of the record has proved a difficulty, but nothing is wholly perfect in this world, and the winner will perhaps be too elated to notice his victim's tones. Besides, he will (I hope) have a G.G. in his own pocket. I may say here that the composi-

tion of the sentence has proved the most delicate and laborious portion of my titanic undertaking. I have striven after something neat and snappy and yet refined, and in the one for the use of the male golfer I flatter myself that I have attained it. The sentence runs as follows:—"Many congratulations; it must be a rare pleasure for you to win!"

The Golfer's Gag for ladies differs in no respect from the gentlemen's except that it has the word "dear" inserted after "congratulations."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HOLBROOK JACKSON (late of Leeds—you must ask him to tell you all about Leeds) is extremely irritated with you and me because (it seems) we are quite incapable of comprehending BERNARD SHAW. But even in his irritation he does not forget to be generous. He might easily have passed by, with averted head, on the other side; instead, he crosses over and harangues us, and when it is time for him to return to Leeds (oh, I forgot—he has left Leeds now)—when it is time for him to go, he leaves us his book, *Bernard Shaw: A Monograph* (E. GRANT RICHARDS), and if we want to know more, why no doubt a postcard to the old address would do it. You must read the book, if only for the preface. The author has got Mr. HOLBROOK JACKSON there very nicely, so that you feel as if you had known him for years. Afterwards, if you are still an admirer of BERNARD SHAW (it is a test for the bravest—the “Ordeal by Jackson”; I have just survived it), you should read *The Court Theatre* (A. H. BULLEN), a commentary and criticism by DESMOND MCCARTHY. There you really will find much about Mr. SHAW's plays that is helpful and interesting.

Two books about Norway make simultaneous appearance, a little late for those contemplating a visit unless they be converts to the opinion diligently spread by shrewd Norwegians that winter is the best time to explore the country. In both, pictures form a prominent and pleasing feature. *Norway and its Fjords* (METHUEN) are described by Mr. M. A. WYLLIE, his kinsman the R.A. contributing sixteen charming illustrations in colour. Among them may be mentioned the sketch of a timber barque off Stavanger—a real ship on a live ocean—and a dainty sketch of Christiania seen from Holmenkollen. In *The Norwegian Fjords* (A. & C. BLACK), Mr. HEATON COOPER is his own interpreter with pencil and brush. He modestly disclaims literary merit for his work, hoping that the reader will find compensation for lack in that respect by study of reproductions of his water colour sketches. It would be rude to contradict him in his appreciation of the literary style of his work. And it has the merit of honest unadorned effort in recording personal experience. Mr. WYLLIE is more ambitious. The reader suffers accordingly by long extracts from the Sagas, and a few chapters of the mythical history of a fascinating land. Taken apart, better still packed together, the books provide pleasant companionship for a trip to Norway. At a time when there is much talk about the simple life, Mr. COOPER's testimony of how it is lived in the peasants' homes in Norway is interesting,

and may be useful. At 6 a.m. the bread-winner has a snack of oatmeal cake and buttermilk. Two hours later the chief meal of the day is served, consisting of fish, with boiled, salted or dried mutton, and potatoes. At mid-day he tucks into oatmeal porridge and buttermilk. At 4 p.m. dried, smoked or salted fish, with potatoes and buttermilk, appear on the generous board. At 8 p.m. his thoughts turn tenderly to oatmeal porridge and milk. After which he is presumably assisted to his bed, with the certain prospect of more buttermilk at dawn of day. How would this suit our friends who jeer at the succulent joint, and mock themselves of the meek mutton chop?

We have no luck, *nous autres*. We don't get our fair share of the Thrills (and Frills) of life. They all seem to go to the heroes of melodramatic romance. You or I might sit in the *salon* of a Paris hotel till we were Rip Van Winkles, and never a ravishing stranger would drop a note on our plate asking us, as we were Englishmen, to “follow the blue car,” and rescue Beauty in Distress. Even if she did, we should probably hesitate, and our chance be lost. But Geoffrey Hardinge, England's prize amateur motorist, was born under a luckier star, and was made of sterner stuff. When his opportunity came he seized it like a man. *The Lady of the Blue Motor* (JOHN LONG) and her affairs led him a pretty dance, chiefly in 60 h.p. cars, to and fro between Paris and London, in the course of which he had much ado to save her and himself from the machinations of a French Count, a villain of the most approved type. An eliminating trial in the Isle of Man, a race between villain and hero for the *Coupe des Amateurs*, a Covent Garden ball, and several painful interviews with an accommodating *juge d'instruction* on a charge of murder are the chief ingredients of Mr. G. SYDNEY PATERNOSTER's *ragout à la twentieth century*. To my taste the *sauce piquante* has not had quite enough stirring, and the *juge d'instruction* and the villain are rather overdone. But still, for those who like it, I've no doubt it's all very appetising.

Metempsychosis.

“Mr. Flockhart has lived under three Sovereigns, viz., King George III., Queen Victoria, and King Edward VII.”—*The People's Journal*.

WHAT was he doing when GEORGE IV. and WILLIAM IV. were on the throne? Perhaps he was a small rabbit.

Things one wishes one could have said oneself.

“Without any desire to minimise the merit of that goal, it must be said that it was one of those flying efforts that comes off nine times out of ten, and not always then.”—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.



Oldest Inhabitant (as he pockets the twenty-fourth tip he has received in the course of the day). “Too OLD AT FORTY? NOT FOR THIS JOB. WHAT OH!”

ADVERTISING AS A FINE ART.

(Some Recent Examples.)

I.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR,—You will be keenly interested to hear (as will the rest of the English-speaking public) that I have addressed a letter to the Publishers' Association withdrawing my name as a boycotter of *The Times* Book Club, and that I am now at liberty to supply you with an unlimited number of copies of my recent book at the usual trade terms.

It is necessary that I should make this change in my attitude to *The Times* Book Club as widely known as possible, lest international complications should be hastened by some misunderstanding as to the exact position of my firm. The great step has become necessary because I have discovered that my author suffers severely if her book cannot be pressed upon subscribers to the Book Club. Before the boycott began I discovered that whereas the whole of the trade had taken only one copy of this recent

book of mine (*Aut Caesar aut Nullus*, 6s., by JESSIE BALDWIN), *The Times* Book Club had taken two. Under these circumstances it is impossible that I can maintain my rigid boycott of *The Times* Book Club, and at the same time do justice to my author, who entrusts me with her manuscript.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN PATERNOSTER (Publisher).

P.S. My new book, *Eternity*

(3s. 6d.), by JESSIE BALDWIN, is just ready. Its publication will thus signalise in a happy way the withdrawal of my boycott.

II.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL.
To the Editor of "The Westminster Gazette."

DEAR SIR,—The discussion upon

on both sides; and I was particularly struck with a passing reference of his to the Table of Affinity as it is set out in the Prayer-book. It may interest your readers to know that I have just published a handsomely bound edition of the Book of Common Prayer at the remarkably low price of ninepence. I am, &c.,

P. C. LIMIT

(for The Limit Publishing Co.).

III.

Will the Editor of "The Daily Tradesman" kindly make copy and oblige.

Wishing to find out a few particulars of this new craze, our representative sought an interview with Messrs. SHOVERS, the famous toy-makers.

"Yes," said the courteous and energetic manager, "the game has certainly taken hold of the British public in a marvellous manner. We simply cannot keep pace with the demand, and since this morning we have sold no fewer than 30,000 sets. We make these in all sizes and prices, from 9d. up to 10s. 6d. Our 7s. 6d. Speciality is very popular." "And is the game dangerous?" inquired our representative.

"There is an element of danger

with the 9d. set, but the Speciality, being lined throughout with rubber, is absolutely innocuous."

"Do you find that most of your customers pick up the game easily?"

"Well, it depends largely upon the nature of the outfit they purchase. With the cheap 9d. one, of course there is a certain difficulty. But, on the other hand, our 7s. 6d. Speciality—"

[This interview must now close.—Ed.]



IN THE EVENT OF A RAILWAY STRIKE.

this question has proved of great interest to many readers like myself. While I cannot go so far on the one hand as "M.P." in his utter disregard of the Episcopal Bench, yet, on the other hand, the extreme views of Lord HUGH CECIL cannot commend themselves to the large body of moderate Churchmen such as myself. "Historicus" seemed to me to strike the right note, when he admitted that there was much to be said

THE SLIM LIFE.

[Thoughts provoked by the utterance of an expert on the occasion of the opening of *The Tailor and Cutter's* annual exhibition of tailor-made garments at the Gerrard Street Academy.]

You ask me how it came about
That I, by nature something stout,
Have grown so slim; what was it
That put a period to my girth
And palpably induced a dearth
Of adipose deposit?

What has occurred that one whose build
Was laid on Teuton lines, fulfilled
Of lager and polonies,
Now at the region of the belt
Disports a figure lithe and svelt
As that of young Adonis?

Have I, to gain this end, eschewed
The fattening joys of starchy food,
Sugar and milk and Dorset?
Or haply had my bulging waist
In metal cummerbunds encased,
Or the coercive corset?

Can it be due to business cares
That gnaw the mind and unawares
Promote emaciation?
Or have my heart's illusions failed,
Has unrequited love curtailed
My tumid corporation?

Nay, rather, friend, my waning fat
Comes from the Tube, and things like that,
Inimical to slow men;
For here, if you would foil the guard,
You must, by exercising hard,
Reduce your proud abdomen.

But chief of all I owe a debt
To motor-cars that make the sweat
Course from my beady forehead;
Whence he that runs should also fly,
Unless the fool prefers to die
A death that's simply horrid.

And so I nurse some kindly thoughts
Of these careering Juggernauts
That some regard as hellish;
For to escape their rude imprint
I learned the tendency to sprint
Which made me so gazellish.

O. S.

The Randlord at Home.

"AFTER supper, at 2.30 A.M., bullion was served."
Bloemfontein Post.

"It was generally believed that the beating of the Deutschland's record average speed of 23.51 knots per hour is only a question of time."—*Daily Mail.*

How true this is.

In Gratitude for past Favours.

"Plans and estimates have been prepared for the construction of a road for motor vehicles in Surrey and Sussex. Messrs. F—, survivors, of St. Albans, have the proposal in hand,"—*Manchester Evening News.*
It was about time.

FROM an advt. in *The Tribune*:

"Monday next, at 7, 8, and 9 LE CONTROLEUR DES WAGONS. Lits."
This is really very thoughtful of the management.

DIARY OF AN AMERICAN BEAR.

Tompkinsville Woods.

Sunday, October —th.—Something's stirring about here. Heard old man WAYBACK talking to young SETH to-day as they were walking home through the woods. The old man said, "Guess we must get them flags histed pretty slick, SETH." SETH said, "Guess we must. We can't let Smithopolis beat us. I've got my button. Where's yours?" Wonder what he meant. Took a look at the city later. All the houses covered up in flags. City Hall just a blaze of 'em. Somebody must be coming.

Monday.—Such goings-on. Went as near as I dared to the city this morning, and got safely hid in a clump of bushes after a good square meal of butter and sugar which I found in an outhouse. Nobody at home. At two o'clock there was a great noise—music, they call it, and guns and fire-crackers. One of the Mayor's fingers all but blown off. He's a politician, anyhow. At 2.15 somebody arrived—team of horses and all that. At 2.30 he got on a platform and began to speak. My! It was like thunder. Scared me pink. The other fellers all shouted too, so's I couldn't hear the platform feller very plain. Something about "great corporations," "no attack on wealth honestly acquired and rightly employed" (doesn't mean to touch my savings, then), "the law must and shall prevail" (them's my sentiments all down the line), and something that sounded like "sivey pass 'em rah-rah bellum." Latin, I s'pose. Someone in the crowd cried out, "It's up to you, TEDDY. I'm for HARRIMAN." They threw him away. Wonder who TEDDY is. Wish my teeth were as good as his—thirty-two of 'em, all showing and all shiners. Afterwards they all shook hands with him, including the United Tompkinsville Methodist Gun Club, led by the minister. "Give him another term, boys," said the minister, very loud. What in thunder did he mean? Home much excited with a big jar of honey.

Tuesday.—It's out—and that's where I'll be directly. This is no place for me or Mammy or the young ones. Went back to my clump this morning. Heard old man WAYBACK talking. He said, "One o' them baars been around here. Daggorn me if he ain't made off with the sugar and butter. I'll put ROOSEVELT on him bright and early." ROOSEVELT! Went back, told Mammy, and we all packed up and left the old home.

Wednesday.—All safe, but it was a near thing. ROOSEVELT after us. He looked pretty spruce in his shooting pants. Mammy and the family hid away. I got left behind, and ROOSEVELT all but got me. Missed me twice. I wasn't staying for a third shot. He's no gunner, anyway. What's he want to shoot me for? Why don't he get home on ROCKEFELLER? This land of the free's about played out. I'm for BRYAN all the time. Shall emigrate if ROOSEVELT gets another term.

We have had occasion once before to call attention to the callousness of the *Tribune* in catering for the youth of the country.

"FOR THE CHILDREN.
STINGING NETTLES"

does not strike a much happier note.

"All attempts, except those which do not rhyme or which otherwise violate elementary rules, passes through at least three hands."

This one looks as if it could only just have struggled through one.



Bernard Partridge.

THE NEW ALTRUISM.

LABOUR M.P. "MY POOR FRIEND, HERE'S FIVE SHILLINGS FOR YOU."

LIFE-LONG LOAFER. "GAWD BLESS YER, GUV'NOR!"

CITY MERCHANT. "HERE, HANG IT, THAT'S MY MONEY!"

LABOUR M.P. "YES, I KNOW. BUT IT'S MY IDEA!"

[According to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, the programme of certain Labour Members includes an Old Age Pension scheme based on a graduated super-tax on incomes above £5,000.]



Earnest Female. "PROFESSOR, I HEAR YOU ARE A GREAT ORNITHOLOGIST?"

Professor. "I AM AN ORNITHOLOGIST, MADAM."

Earnest Female. "THEN COULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME THE BOTANICAL NAME FOR A WHALE?"

FED UP.

HE looked like a man who had been through the fire of experience, and had not escaped unscathed. Although I could not fit a name to him, his strong, clean-shaven face seemed strangely familiar to me, and at first I was puzzled.

It was Sunday—Sunday afternoon in the Strand. In another hour or two food would be as unattainable in the greatest city in the world as on the remotest desert island of the Pacific; so, when he asked me, with a hungry light in his eyes, where he could get lunch, I made haste to answer, and framed my answer to fit his supposed tastes and habits. Faultlessly dressed—though I own I did not like the green felt hat—with a general air of affluence about him, he was not, it was plain, accustomed to those inexpensive haunts where I commonly leave twopence for the waiter.

"There is the Cecily," I began, "or the Carlitz."

"For Heaven's sake," he replied, gripping my arm, "take me somewhere where I can have a simple, unsophisticated chop and a pint of bitter." His eyes glowed with

strange enthusiasm as he spoke of chops.

"By all means," I said. "Shall we take this taximeter?"

"Not for worlds," he interjected quickly, "it would remind me too painfully of my splendidly-appointed, ninety-horse-power, noiseless Daimhard. Walking for me. This is my only holiday. People think I don't come out on Sundays, but—aha!"

I led him down a dark passage into one of the few places now left to London where one may feed unsurrounded by irrelevant mirrors. My companion took it all in at a glance—the sawdusted floor, the clean but rather coarse napery, the bone salt-spoons—and breathed a happy sigh.

There was something almost pathetic about the boyish eagerness with which he chose his own chop and tomato, as yet uncooked, and saw them conveyed by the white-capped *chef* to the grill.

"One word," he whispered; "that man! He is not a *cordon bleu*?"

"His name is JAMES," I replied—"JAMES BLOGG." Again he sighed with satisfaction.

"No flowers, no women, no inscrutable millionaires, and a cook named JAMES BLOGG—what can a

man want more?" he asked, as we chose our places at table.

"I have it," I said, in answer to the question that had been forming in my own mind; "you're a Simple Lifer."

His handsome face clouded. "No, indeed," he answered sadly. "I thought you had guessed—my name is REX DE FEUILLETON, and I have lunched, dined or supped in the magnificent salon of a 'modern caravan-serai' once at least in every one of the two hundred and eighty-seven chapters of *The Green Leaf and the Dry* that have been published up to the present time. *Cordons bleus*, priceless liqueurs, *le grand luxe*—you know it all. I suppose the cold-mutton-and-pickle public likes to read about it, but oh, I am so bilious! To-morrow I shall be eating the usual magnificent messes at Biarritz. She has run away again, and I know I shall have to follow her *viâ* Biarritz, because my author went there to recruit last year. Ah! here is my chop."

I never saw any man enjoy one more, and REX DE FEUILLETON looked none the less a hero for having lunched for once in a way at a total cost of eighteen-pence.

CHARIVARIA.

THE start of the American battleships for the Pacific Coast will have to be delayed for two months owing to many of the vessels being wholly unfit to undertake such a long voyage. This bears out PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's contention that it was absurd for Japan to be alarmed some little time ago.

Mr. ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN, the Chairman of Kynochs, Ltd., is about to found a company, to operate in Ireland, which will mainly direct itself toward such industries as are suitable to that country. This looks as though it is thought that explosions, such as took place at Lord ASHTOWN's shooting-box, may shortly become the rage in the Emerald Isle.

The election of a successor is not the only sign that Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR's tenure of office is coming to an end. At Leicester last week Sir WILLIAM actually had the audacity to make some flippant remarks about his superior, the Lord Mayor's Coachman.

At a time when so many of our pretty old customs are dying out it is a pleasure to read that at Peterborough Bridge Fair, which dates from the time of HENRY VI., the Mayor gave a sausage luncheon in accordance with ancient usage.

Some public bodies would appear to have no sense of shame. The Bishops Stortford Board of Guardians is boasting openly that it has effected a saving of £239 in twelve months by using boned meat in the workhouse instead of ordinary joints.

About 60,000 persons assembled at the Crystal Palace last week on the occasion of the brass band contest. This does not look as if we are becoming a nation of cowards, as is sometimes alleged.

The *Observer* has been drawing attention to the pastimes of our Bishops as revealed in *Who's Who*. Some affect cycling, others boating, fishing, and fives; while the Bishop of Ripon "has a good collection of DANTE literature," which strikes us as being very rollicking indeed.

The romance of the Ex-Crown Princess of SAXONY continues to interest the European public. On hearing that arrangements had been

made for two policemen always to accompany the nurse when out with Princess MONICA several English nursemaids are said to have swooned with envy.

A *soi-disant* JOHN BURNS, who had been down in Kent hop-picking, applied for admission to the casual ward of the Malling workhouse last week. The man protested stoutly that the name he gave was correct. When one remembers that many Trade Unionists allege that the President of the Board of Trade is a fraud, we think that there is sufficient ground here for an enquiry.

The Isle of Man Harbour Commissioners have issued figures showing that from May to August inclusive 388,291 persons visited the island, being 1,368 in excess of the number for the corresponding period last year, which was the best on record. Mr. HALL CAINE is gratified, but not surprised, at this steady increase in the number of his admirers.

On the arrival of a Manchester-to-London express at Leicester one day last week the front of the engine was found to be covered by myriads of flies. It was an excessively hot day, and it is thought that the intelligent insects, who were returning to town, conceived the bold idea of taking a train instead of flying. Their disappointment was great when they were forced to alight at Leicester.

Fortunately the British Isles are remarkably free from those destructive storms which deal out such havoc in the United States. The *Express*, however, the other day mentioned a gale which blew down a valley among the Grampians.

The proposal to instal theatres on Atlantic liners has led to the suggestion that similar luxuries might be provided on our tube railways. Acrobatic performances on the high strap should prove an attraction.

It is expressly stated that the visit of the German EMPEROR to Holland will be "merely one of courtesy." The rumour that it was to be one of annexation is premature.

The Sinn Fein party has decided to inaugurate its campaign in Great Britain by a public demonstration in the Lambeth Baths on the 18th inst. It seems early in the day to throw cold water on the movement.

"Will the Lawyer or Gentleman

who," &c., &c., begins an enquiry-advertisement in *Lloyd's News*. The joke is not a new one, and, on behalf of a much maligned profession, we protest against it.

THE OTHER SIDE.

CAPTAIN SIMPLE is at work once more. You will find him in the emporium of the expansive (and hebdomedary) T. P. Listen to him on GEORGE BORROW:—

There came to Dr. Hake's house at Coombe End, when George Borrow was on a visit, an Oxford don of literary tastes who had just started a critical paper in London. He was a bit of an agnostic. Borrow was militant Protestantism embodied. The don was a voluble little person, addicted to the use of "precious" phraseology. Borrow listened for a long time in dead silence while the pedant preached. And when the springs of discourse ran dry the old Romany laureate brought his mighty fist down on the table with a tremendous thud, exclaiming at the same time, "Sir, you're a fool!"

That is the kind of thing that the devout T.P.-arian is expected to read with a thrill. It is the end of the don for ever: to have been called a fool by BORROW was necessarily to be a fool. There was no appeal; there can be no appeal. At least, that is the view that the writer wishes to convey, because the article is in praise of BORROW.

And yet—the don? Had he no case?

None. The article is in praise of BORROW.

Let us try it the other way round. Suppose the article were in praise of the don, also in *T. P.'s Weekly*, it might go like this:—

Our hero chanced to visit Dr. Hake at Coombe End at the time that Borrow, the author of *Lavengro* and a very churlish fellow in private life, was staying there too. Mr. Isis was, as we have made clear, a doubter: he had no assurance of certainty about anything: Borrow, like all bullies, affected infallibility. After dining, Mr. Isis talked well and long on the difficulties of the dubious critic of life. Borrow listened in silence, remarking at the close, "Sir, you're a fool." Poor Isis did what he could to excuse the rudeness of the comment, but the offence was too crude—the evening was ruined.

That is the other side of the case; and there is not a story in literature that will not bear (and perhaps be the better for) the transposition. But few, of course, are quite so foolish as this ecstatic appreciation of BORROW's boorish narrowness.

"Wanted, a tall broad-set Watch Dog, with a voice like thunder; a demon to all strangers with a good pedigree."—*Our Dogs*.

CAN this be part of the campaign against the Lords?



THE RULING PASSION.

THE FIGHT AGAINST SOCIALISM.

MR. PUNCH'S FORWARD POLICY.
VIEWS OF LEADING MEN.

THAT a combined effort is needed to cope with the oncoming deluge of Socialism, which threatens to submerge the social and political fabric beneath its baleful billows, is a truism which, as Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH nobly observes, cannot be too often insisted on. But while other organs of public opinion content themselves with indulging in vague denunciations of Socialism, Mr. Punch boldly goes several steps further. He translates antagonism into action, and has formulated a grand plan of campaign which, if only carried out with consistency and vigour, will speedily and finally hurl the monster back into the limbo of lost and forgotten causes.

Mr. Punch's plan is twofold.

First of all he would arrange for the collaboration of Miss MARIE CORELLI, Mr. HALL CAINE, Mr. CECIL RALEIGH, and Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS in a grand Spectacular Drama exposing the predatory designs of the Collectivist leaders. The hero will be a Conservative working-man; the villain a Socialist peer. If possible, well-known members of the propertied classes should be induced to assume the leading parts. The piece, simultaneously presented in London and in half-a-dozen of the chief provincial centres, will convert thousands nightly, and out of the gigantic receipts it should be practicable, after handsomely remunerating the authors and actors, to endow the entire submerged tenth with a modest competence for life.

But the method of conversion is not enough. Distraction is another sovereign remedy for discontent. To secure this Mr. Punch would organise a series of gladiatorial games, far more exciting than football or cricket matches, which would effectually divert the attention of the toiling masses from all inflammatory introspection, and steep them in an at-

mosphere of pure intellectual enjoyment.

The conflicts should be à outrance, no quarter being asked or given, and would take such forms as the following:—

(1) *Amazons' v. Centaurs.* The Amazons to be represented by the extreme advocates of Woman Suffrage, and the Centaurs by the Legion of Frontiersmen.

(2) *Publishers v. "Times" Book Club members.*

(3) *Tariff Reformers v. Free Traders.*

These suggestions are only tentative, and many other even more attractive modes of internecine conflict might be devised, by which the population would be sensibly

custody of the ultimate proprietor, who by the constant contemplation of this *memento mori* might attune his thoughts to a recognition of our common mortality.

MR. HALL CAINE:—

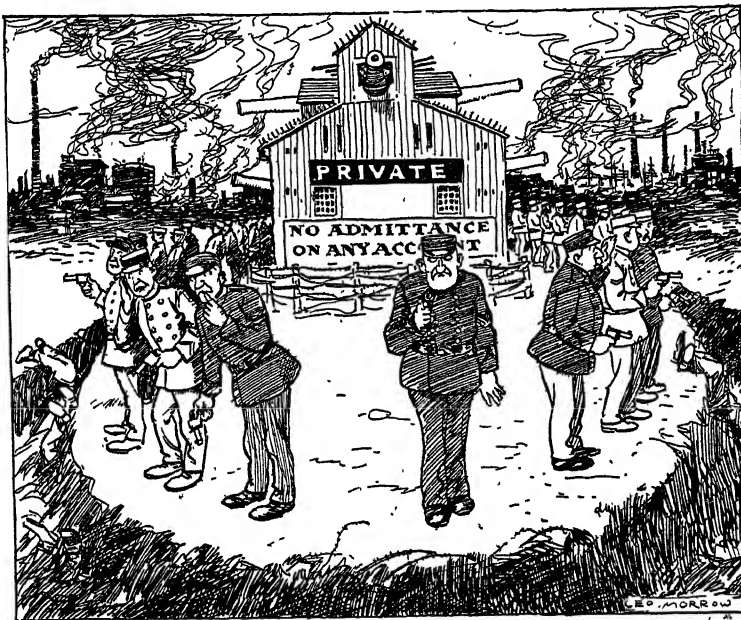
The cure for Socialism is not to be found in political nostrums or the spurious prescriptions of pseudo-philanthropists. The only way lies in the organisation of a national theatre, where the virtues of charity, tolerance and magnanimity should be inculcated nightly by pure-souled Christian playwrights and high-minded histrions. Rome was preserved by *panem et circenses*; and *mutatis mutandis* the glory of the British Empire, if interpreted by the genius of a great dramatist, will never quail before the storm of Socialistic sedition.

MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT:—

I fully and unreservedly endorse the view so cogently and eloquently expressed by Mr. HALL CAINE.

SIR W. S. GILBERT:—

Give the Countess of WARWICK a seat in the House of Lords.



HOW TO SECURE PRIVACY FOR THE BUILDING OF AN AEROPLANE.

reduced and a more equitable distribution of wealth arrived at.

Mr. Punch, however, is most anxious that nothing should be done without full discussion, and he has therefore been at pains to obtain from a number of prominent public men an expression of opinion as to the best method by which Socialism is to be met. He accordingly appends some of the replies which have been received:—

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON:—

The true remedy for Socialism is, by a system of compulsory insurance, to provide every man and woman in the kingdom with the means of erecting a suitable tombstone over his or her remains. I would suggest that when ten yearly premiums had been paid the tombstone should be delivered over to the

ployées;" but that is a detail. It must be understood that the workers at the mill are assembled at the station; the train arrives, and they take their seats.

"Punctual to ten o'clock, the first train started on its way en route for the Brighton of the North, amidst the enthusiastic and ringing cheers of all those on board, and as it gropped its way over the iron pathway radiating with points and other intricacies, the second engine and carriages came steaming into the station."

(To be continued.)

The pen picture of the engine gropping its way over the points is beyond praise.

From Clapham.

Our Curate (working to a climax). "Ah, my friends, a good mariner never runs his ship on the same rock twice."

THE ROUT OF THE ENGLISH ROSE.

["At the Royal Horticultural Society's Autumn Show the principal prizes were taken by roses grown in Aberdeen, Dundee and Belfast."]

Oh, weave a shroud, where none may see
Her sorry clay, than doornails deader,
Oh pile it thick with *Standard Tea*,
And cuttings of the *Crimson Bedder*;
My England, where the lanes resound
With noise of bees and bullocks chewing,
At Little Slowly-in-the-Pound
What were your Surrey gardens doing?

When sterner crowns were lightly shed,
When sport or science suffered losses,
"Our reputation lives," I said,
On *Damasks* and *Perpetual Mosses*;
But now the clods where shamrocks blow,
And thistles thrive on pawky humours,
Have been and whacked our bravest show
Of emblematic autumn bloomers!

Where is the *Pride of Waltham*? Where
The *Magna Carta* on the trellis?
What of the blooms that scent the air
In rural plots like Miss *CORELLI*'s?
Are there no hands to train the shoot
Of *Bessie Brown*, no touch caressing
To twine about the *Moss-rose* root
Restoratives of guano dressing?

I see the *Dundee Rambler* trail
In riot through a broken border;
The clusters of the *Irish* (Pale)
Have mocked the *Earl of Pembroke's* order;
Where scattered petals fall like chaff,
With haughty tendrils curving higher,
I hear the *Lady Stewart* laugh
At *Lord Penzance's Hybrid Briar*.

Then, Saxon gardeners, gird your hose!
Once more, your fathers' deeds endorsing,
Produce a high-class medal rose
By dint of early winter forcing;
Next year, before the seedlings bud,
Let every man (that knows his duties)
Strike—were it only with a spud—
For England, home, and annual beauties!

HOW I INVENTED CRIKETTE.

By ADOLPHE POUPINARD.

(Special to "Punch.")

Now that Crikette has been adopted as the national game of the French and British races, the psychological moment has arrived when, in order to allay all misapprehensions and demolish all rival claims, I should give a succinct yet luminous bird's-eye view of the evolution of this wonderful pastime which has before it a truly cosmic future.

I shall not recount the history of the game in its primitive form. That has been done in masterly fashion by such illustrious writers as Prince *RANJITSINGHI*, Mr. *W. G. GRACE*, and others. Let it suffice for me to say that the gulf which yawns between the old game of cricket and that which I have invented is as great as that which sunders the quadrumanous ape from the polished gentleman of the twentieth century.

This gulf, however, was not bridged in a day. For seven years I laboured night and day over my experi-



Isaacstein (who has just found a Bank of England note in the carriage). "JUST MY INFERNAL LUCK—ONLY A FIVER!"

ments, with an obstinate obsession recalling that of the famous *EDISON*—constructing models of bats, balls, and stumps, until at last, in one shining moment of inspiration, it occurred to me to change the spelling of the name, giving it a Gallic character, and to construct the balls, not of wood, but of celluloid!! Flushed with this discovery, I hastened across the Channel to communicate it to the famous athletic expert, Mr. *EUSTACE B. FRAY*. Speaking with that magisterial authority which inspires his every utterance, *EUSTACE*—if he will pardon the familiarity—said: "In two years Crikette will be played in France—I answer for it." It is exactly two years since I left *EUSTACE*, reassured with this consoling prophecy, the realisation of which has repaid me for long years of agonising experimentation before reaching the grand transformation which is already revolutionising the physique of the Western Hemisphere.

For Crikette is not a transitory mania, like its ignoble predecessor Ping-pong. It has come to stay, and to link together in one imperishable union England, France, and their Colonies and dependencies in every quarter of the habitable globe.

A Bold Bid for Notoriety.

"THE Chester Council decided unanimously yesterday not to hold a pageant in the city."—*Manchester Evening News*.

"THIS DAY.

PROF. *SAINTSBURY'S* NEW NOVEL.

THE LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY."

Saturday Review.

A pleasant work. The happy irrelevance of the dialogue is only equalled by the sparkling humour of the plot.



English Visitor in Paris hat-shop. "ER—J'AI BESOIN D'UN CHAPEAU TRANQUILLE, PARCE QUE JE SUIS LA FEMME D'UN CURÉ?"

"NOT AT HOME."

ACCORDING to a Society paper, the good old custom of paying calls is dying out. Whether this is due to the craze for ballooning and its attendant uncertainties in the matter of transit and arrival, to the general not-at-homeness of Society consequent on motoring and week-ends, to the spread of Socialism and fear of broken bottles, or to the rage for souvenir-hunting, we are unable to say. We note, however, that the manuals of etiquette are being revised and brought up to date. Witness the following excerpts from *Manners While You Wait* (Stop-press edition):—

Should any old-fashioned and conservative acquaintance commit the *gaucherie* of paying you an afternoon call, and insist on being seen, he or she should be politely shown into the bath-room, as, of course, drawing-rooms are now obsolete. Morning callers, if equally insistent, may be interviewed in the backyard or the area. This will generally prove a deterrent.

When, on the other hand, it is incumbent on yourself to visit in person at a friend's house with any formal object, say, of condolence or congratulation, it is considered sufficient in leading circles to go armed with a piece of chalk and scribble your initials on the paint of the front

door, adding such appropriate sentiments as may occur. Any butcher's boy will give you hints in this direction. You can then ring the bell and run away.

The best houses now have a small notice-board fastened on to the porch with "No Callers, Circulars or Bottles" legibly painted thereon. Spring-guns and man-traps have also become highly popular in country districts, and have been found effective in curbing rural gossip.

Visiting-cards are quite *démodées*, and are taken to indicate that you are a commercial traveller, or have called for the rates. Do not be surprised, therefore, if the dog is let loose.

Burglars and others paying less ceremonial calls are recommended to take in *The Lady*, and keep themselves *au courant* with the latest developments of etiquette. A true gentleman of the road should always avoid wounding the feelings of even an involuntary host, and make his visits as unobtrusive as possible.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

(*Heard in a bunker.*)

Oh, Wild West Wind, thou death to
Autumn's teeing,
Thou from whose angry presence hits
half-spiced
Hide in the rough, as if from bogey
fleeing,

Bracken and twisted roots as hard
as lead,
A pestilential lie! Or, oft as not,
Who steerest to some undiscovered
bed

My winged "brassies," there to rest
forgot,
Each like a needle in its haystack,
till

Some gamin of the course, who
marked the spot,

Shall amble o'er the dreaming dunes
to fill

(By gross connivance of a neighbour-
ing shop)

His pouch with profits of the resold
pill.

Wild Spirit, who art always on the
hop,

Author of endless fozzles, hear—
and stop!

"When is a Puppy not a Puppy?"

The Kennel Club rules describe a puppy
upto 12 months old.—*Bedford Daily Circular.*

THE 12 months' rule is not so
arbitrary as it might appear. A pup
could always assume one of these
aliases.



THE MISCHIEF-MONGER.

BRITANNIA (to KEIR HARDIE). "HERE, YOU'D BETTER COME HOME. WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU THERE, AND YOU'LL DO LESS HARM!"



A QUESTION OF "HANDS."

Sportsman (who has come off over the tail). "YOU SILLY ASS, YOU NEEDN'T LAUGH. CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THE REINS WERE SO SLIPPERY I COULDN'T GET ANY HOLD!"

HOGWASH!

(Reflections on the recent performances of Keir Hardie in India, by one who has lived there.)

Poor little soul! Belgravia's iron foe,
Park Lane's destroyer, scourge of Piccadilly;
Alas, that one so very wise should go
And be so silly.

* * * * *

He sought the East; he cast his eyes around;
He saw a crowd; he heard some shrill invective;
He did not think of waiting till he found
The right perspective;

But, firmly buckled to the baboo's tail,
And fed with facts entirely new to history,
Flinging aside the immemorial veil
Of India's mystery,

He solved all problems with his nimble eye;
And now behold him, in the name of Freedom,
Hoisting the banner of his blood-red tie
For Bengalee-dom.

Poor little soul! So lofty, so serene,
So deaf to all the prayers of Might and Mammon;
Alas, that one so great should be so green
When baboos gammon.

Eager to hear his native land attacked,
And zealous for his raucous baboo brothers,
He has not grasped the interesting fact
That there are others.

India has many races, many creeds,

Who live just now at rest, because they're made to;
Some go in pleasantly for warlike deeds;
Some are afraid to;

And possibly his friends forgot to state
That with the dawn of "India as a Nation"
The baboo would become the candidate
For spiffication.

Poor little soul! He ought to take a turn
In regions where the baboos cease from crowing,
Where men are men indeed, and he could learn
A lot worth knowing.

He'd learn of races loyal to a fault,
Men with no use for petty agitators,
Who live in honour, faithful to their salt,
And don't like traitors;

Of soldiers that have been too often led
By Britons to mistake the true position
Of a mere stranger with a swollen head
Vamping sedition;

Who'd look him over with experienced eyes,
And wait, till someone offered the suggestion,
This—is—no—Sahib: meaning they despise
The man in question.

And then they'd take him sternly by the nape,
And cast him forth, a wiser man and sadder;
Or break his head, and let the gas escape,
Like a pricked bladder.

DUM-DUM.

THE DIABOLIST,

(SECOND EDITION.)

[NOTE. The author—an Englishman, with traces of Scots blood in his veins, and a great admiration for the Irish—is determined that the Old Country shall not be put to shame by a wretched French child.]

I CAME up the drive, carelessly spinning the spool with my left hand and swinging my umbrella in the right. Every now and then I would jerk the bobbin into the air, catch it on the umbrella, and run it up to the silver band round the top, when it would think better of it and hurry back on to the string again. I was doing this for the eighty-seventh time as I reached the house, and I managed to ring the bell without losing position.

"Two hundred and ninety-five, two hundred and ninety-six—Is anybody at home, JAMES?—two hundred and ninety-seven."

"Miss MARY is in the garden, sir."

"Two hundred and ninety-eight, two hundred and ninety-nine, three hundred. The South-Eastern Counties record, JAMES. You're a witness. In the garden? Then I'll go through."

I threw the bobbin up, broke an electric light, and caught the bobbin again on the string. This looks easy, but is really one of the most difficult feats, as so many people get confused by the falling glass, and fail to effect the catch neatly.

"Miss MARY did that yesterday, sir," said JAMES with some pride. "Broke two of 'em in one go, and then caught it behind her back. The All-England record, sir."

"Really?" I said. "I had no idea she was so good. In the garden, you say?"

I found Miss MIDDLETON on the croquet lawn. She was lying in a hammock, looking extremely depressed. A bicycle was leaning up against a tree.

"Well, how are you getting on?" I asked.

"Rottenly. I don't improve a bit. Have you got any good tricks to show me?"

"One or two. But, what's the matter? You can spin it all right still, can't you?"

She looked at me in amazement. "Spin it? Spin—Oh, my dear! Well now, look here. Give me my bicycle."

She mounted, and began to ride in and out the hoops. Then she took her diabolo things, started the spool spinning, and threw it into the air. Having caught it again some thirty

times, she got off and went back to her hammock.

"Yes, I see."

"And, do you know, I *cannot*—I simply cannot—do that more than four thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight times. Of course I broke the record all right."

"You broke what?"

"The East Anglian record. But I can't get up to five thousand. Every time I stop at four thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight. Why is it?"

"Probably four thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight is your lucky number. You were born on the four thousand nine hundred and ninety-eighth of the month, and went to your first boarding-school, and first put your hair up, and—"

"No doubt," said Miss MIDDLETON. "Now show me something new."

I got up and began to spin.

"This is rather neat," I said; "but, of course, quite simple."

I threw the bobbin high into the air, and started very rapidly to recite WORDSWORTH'S *Excursion*. . .

"... A-snow-white-ram-and-in-the-crystal-flood-another-and-the-same—Bother," I ended in a breath, as I caught the spool. "I finished it yesterday all right. Still I got well into Book Nine, which isn't so bad."

"Splendid," said Miss MIDDLETON. "I can never do much while mine's in the air. I suppose I don't get it high enough."

"It's a matter of practice. You start with an epigram—*Ich Dien*, or something of that sort, and work up through KEATS' Odes and *Maud* to the *Excursion*, which is the North London record. *The Faery Queen*, of course, is one's ambition."

"I did rather a good thing the other day that I want to show you. But let's go in and have some tea first."

We had muffins for tea. I particularly like muffins. I took the thickest I could find, and began to spin it on my diabolo string. Then I threw it in the air, and caught it in my mouth.

"That's neat," said Miss MIDDLETON. "Of course, you want rather a—I mean there are some people—What I mean is that it isn't everybody who could do that."

"That is the Welsh record," I said simply. "One. It beats all the previous records by one."

Miss MIDDLETON suddenly went over to the fireplace.

"Have you a bootlace on you?" she asked.

"Well, I have two; but—"

"Would you lend me one? I'll give it you back."

She tied the lace on to the ends of the tongs, opened them out, and balanced the coal-box on the loop.

"The spinning is easy enough, you know," she said, "but I can't promise to catch it more than twenty times. JAMES is said to have done it twenty-one times, which is the Home Counties record, but of course he has to do it before any of us are down, so we can't say if it's really true." . . .

"... Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twen—Bother! Hooray, I must tell JAMES."

"I don't know that I like these fancy tricks," I said. "That muffin one, of course, was all right, and the tongs performance is—well, not uninteresting, but I hold that the diabolist who sticks to his own proper implements is the truest sportsman. I may be unambitious, but for me it is enough to have caught the spool a few thousand times, with my eyes blindfolded and my hands tied behind my back, without fooling about with a grand piano and things."

"But you did the muffin very neatly."

"I know. But that was simply a bit of practice. I'm going to a diabolo dinner to-night. You have to spin everything before you are allowed to eat it."

"I hope there won't be any soup," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"Soup. By Jove, I hadn't thought of that. Well, I must be off. Good-bye. Keep on practising, won't you? I want you to get fairly good at it."

"Rather. Of course, we're only beginners, but I think we have the idea all right. Don't you?"

A. A. M.

"Also Ran."

"Mr. Bouchier's only engagement is at the special Harvest Home service at St. Anne's Church, where he will read the lessons, and will be supported by the Bishop of Manchester, who will preach the sermon."—*Referee*.

THE way that actor managers get all the fat is simply wonderful. But it was generous of Mr. BOURCHIER to give the Bishop a line or two to himself.

Shocking Treatment of a Domestic Animal.

WHERE IS THE R.S.P.C.A.?

"THE Engineering Department of the Railway decided to take the bull by the horns and blow it up."—*Cape Argus*.

GEMS OF ADVERTISEMENT, READ LITERALLY.



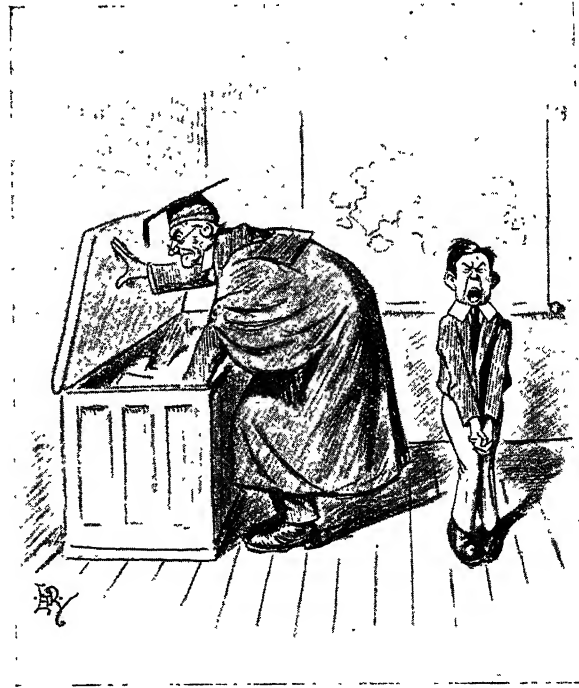
1. "Oratory (close by). Several unoccupied flats, recently been converted."



2. "Really magnificent paying-guest establishment. Roller skating and golf on private links."



3. "Oxon (on the borders). Picturesque site, suitable for an artist."



4. "Hunting Box (packs close). Fishing for one Rod. Should be some good sport obtainable."

FIRST AID TO THE HOSPITABLE.

WE venture to extract the following italicised hints from a recent article on "How to Serve a Dinner," in *The Evening News*, and we add a few notes ourselves upon points which we deem important:—

1. *If dust has gathered on polished surfaces since luncheon, wipe them lightly with a soft cloth.* A guest's bald cranium always excepted.
2. *See that your table is exactly in its right place.* Nothing is so annoying as to find that it has been mislaid at the last moment.
3. *Lay a dinner plate for each person.* Nothing causes a tablecloth to deteriorate so quickly as the neglect of this simple rule.
4. *When all are seated uncover the soup tureen; put the cover on the side table.* The top storey of a dumb waiter may also be used for this purpose, but great care must be taken to ascertain beforehand that he really is completely dumb.
5. *To remove the soup course, take first the tureen, then a soup plate in each hand.* The tureen should be held firmly between the teeth.
6. *Pour sherry.* It is no longer fashionable to take this wine in tabloid form.
7. *If olives and almonds have not been served by the persons at table to each other, serve olives first, then almonds.* If an olive or an almond strikes the host, it counts a "let," and you serve again.
8. *Put a spoon in the potato dish.* This utensil has quite superseded the now old-fashioned harpoon.
9. *Remove the crumbs.*
10. *To remove this course first lift the carver, and quickly and silently remove any crumbs you may find beneath him.*
11. *Do not leave the dining-room until you are sure that you have finished.* It is always embarrassing if you go back afterwards to pick up any little trifle, and meet somebody else on the same quest.

"If Sicily were only situated off the coast of France or Italy how people would flock to it!"
T. P.'s Weekly.

Stuck away, as it is, in the Grecian Archipelago, nobody ever hears of the thing.

"WHERE millionaires come from" is the title of an article in *Tit-Bits*. It is taken for granted that we all know where they go to.

"THOU HAST THY MUSIC TOO."

KEATS: *Ode to Autumn*.

THE autumn season at Covent Garden opened auspiciously—always a safe word, as it leaves the nature of the auspices, good or bad, in doubt—with *Madama Butterfly* on Thursday. The boxes did not thoroughly qualify for honourable mention in the Society columns, but that will come right later on. A goodish house appreciated an excellent performance, and the industrious *claque* earned every penny of its pay. I don't remember to have seen Signora GIACHETTI in better form.



Pinkerton jun., the famous American-Japanese 2½-year-old.

Can this be the link between Japan and America that has lately been reported as missing?

Always delicious in her softer tones, she is admirably suited with the tender music of this the most gentle of PUCCINI's operas. Her holiday, too, seemed to have mellowed her louder notes, taking the sharpness from their edges. I shall never be convinced that she is really Japanese, and I am very certain that in her appearance she doesn't faithfully represent the baby-wife of the "brown tresses," nor reproduce the movements of a squirrel ("*moti di scojattolo*")—a feat with which her Yankee husband credits her in the text. But I know that every word of hers, every gesture, every motion is marked by the rarest intelligence.

For the restrained artistry of Mme. LEJEUNE's *Suzuki* there is no new word of praise to be found. One's confidence that all must be well is never greater than when these two are alone together on the stage.

Signor BASSI, as *Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton, U.S.A.*, did not seem

sufficiently overwhelmed by the transports of passion. I think he found his neck a little too short for the collar of his uniform. I have never knowingly set eyes on a Pinkerton detective, but I could easily believe that Signor BASSI would look quite as well in that part as in the rôle of an American naval officer.

Signor DE LUCA, as *Sharpless*, was sympathetic, though his black frock-coat in the second Act was absurd; and Signora BORGH, though she didn't quite know what to do with her tightly-gloved hands, made the part of *Kate Pinkerton* less repellent than usual.

As for *Pinkerton, jun.*, the mannikin babe, age cannot wither him nor custom stale his infinite stolidity.
O. S.

COURT AND EMPIRE.

I CONFESS I have sometimes been rather bored by M. BRIEUX. He has a "fine 'ead for an argyment," as the old ruffian says in *Admiral Guinea*, but though I enjoy an argument as much as anybody it is necessary to my enjoyment that I should be allowed to take an active part in it. *Les Hanneçons*, however, atones for all. When I went to see a *matinée* of *The Incubus*, as Mr. LAURENCE IRVING calls his translation, at the Court Theatre, I was rather afraid I might be bored again, because when the play was produced somewhere else the critics took it a little solemnly, and I was expecting sermons. But not a bit of it. *The Incubus* is broad comedy, near at times to farce. Of course it contains a lesson: it could not be by M. BRIEUX and lack that. The lesson, however, which is that it may be as difficult to get rid of a mistress as of a wife, only concerns foreigners with their unfortunate customs, and need not trouble us in respectable England. There is a subsidiary lesson that uncongenial people living together may make a little hell on earth for each other, but that one had already assimilated, and so one could enjoy the fun—the rather grim and cynical, but genuinely humorous and pointed fun—without too much unpleasant reflection. M. BRIEUX, too, has artfully made *Pierre*, the victim of the nagging *Charlotte*, a thoroughly selfish fellow, so that one's amusement is unalloyed by pity. In the last scene, where she has been rescued from a sham attempt at suicide, and brought back to *Pierre*, who thought he had done with her for good, and he has to hand over the money saved for a

little trip by himself to the rescuer, the fun is almost uproarious. But the play does not lack its subtleties and finer shades either. We see "the mummy of the villain love" still present in *Pierre's* heart, and the deadly growth of habit which is gradually making slavery of his life. That element is more appreciated by a quickly intelligent French audience than a London one, which cares most for the mere fun. And as there is plenty of this in the piece I wonder that some one, Mr. LAURENCE IRVING or another, has not adapted it to English life, making the mistress a wife, of course—there is nothing like English virtue—and accentuating the farcical element. It would be a roaring success.

Mr. C. V. FRANCE as *Pierre* was remarkably good. From beginning to end there was not a wrong touch in his playing, and there were very many subtly right ones. Miss MABEL HACKNEY as *Charlotte* had a very difficult part. She had to pretend emotions, and of course to let the audience see that she was pretending. I thought she did this a little too obviously, so that the man would never have been deceived; but then, of course, you cannot trust too much to the intelligence of your audience. Her "conception" was good, and she played with great spirit. Of the minor parts I thought the best played was that of Mr. LEONARD CALVERT, as the awful example of the man grown old in the servitude to which *Pierre* was more or less an apprentice. Oh, yes, the play had its bitter moral. Such a comfort that we in England do not need it!

Let us turn to more innocent themes. Have you seen the new ballet at the Empire, *The Belle of the Ball*? You will, of course, because GENEE is going to America, and one must see the last of her. But I wish that before she goes they would revive *Coppelia*, the most artistic ballet they have ever done, so that one could ruminate over her at her and the Empire's best during the time—it will seem like years!—she is away. *The Belle of the Ball* is very bright and jolly, but is not the kind of ballet I prefer. Not that I mind the complete absence of plot. (I thought there was going to be one when GENEE first came on and scorned the advances of a youth in evening dress; but this seems to have been mere dislike on her part, and led to nothing.) But I do mind the presence of top hats and frock coats, and even of tweed suits, and the sort of "business" these always involve. The best part, and happily the



Vicar's Wife. "No. THE VICAR IS NOT IN JUST NOW. IS THERE ANY MESSAGE YOU WOULD LIKE ME TO GIVE HIM WHEN HE RETURNS?"

Old Woman (cheerfully). "PLEASE, MUM, MARTHA HIGGINS WOULD LIKE TO BE BURIED AT TWO O'CLOCK TO-MORROW AFTERNOON."

longest, of the ballet consisted of reminiscences of familiar old comic operas, *La Mascotte*, *La Grande Duchesse*, *Madame Favart*—alas for one's lost youth! they should make the auditorium dark, and let us weep unobserved—and such modern ones as *Véronique* and *The Belle of New York*. All the old favourites, Miss ELISE CLERC, Mr. SUNDBERG, Mr. FRED FARREN, Miss ZANFRETTE, Miss COLLIER, were in excellent form, and GENEE, of course—but for her my vocabulary—was beggared long ago. Only *Coppelia*, please, before she goes to America.

RUE,

Writing of the Church Congress at Yarmouth, the *Daily Express* says:

Whatever else this congress proves to be, it will, at any rate, be a congress on the sea.

The *Express* has missed the idea of the Church Congress altogether; or else it has confused it with the female of the Conger Eel (*Conger vulgaris*). Also there is a foot too many in the second line.

Whatever else this congress proves to be, 'Twill be, at least, a congress on the sea, would have been better.

Squaring the Ellipse.

"OVAL BILLIARDS.

ROBERTS IN A TIGHT CORNER."

Daily Mail.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ON a day when HERBERT SPENCER was driving along the high road from Brighton to London, his companion innocently remarked: "I suppose it was along this road that GEORGE THE FOURTH used to drive in a high barouche." "I take no interest in the criminal classes," growled the great man. Here personal prejudice, not foreign to the character of SPENCER, asserts itself. To mankind generally the personal history of our Hanoverian kings possesses never-failing attraction. "The Four Georges" supplied THACKERAY with the theme for one of the most popular of his minor works. It has been handled in gentler fashion by Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY. With the aid of over half a hundred pictures, chiefly reproductions of old prints, Mr. LEWIS MELVILLE tells the story of *Farmer George* (PITMAN). Inevitably he has nothing to reveal, no new record favourable or unfavourable to the character of the illustrious monarch having of late years leapt to light. He has industriously, intelligently, with a quick eye for vivid bits of colouring, turned over the library of books recording the domestic life of GEORGE THE THIRD, and with skilful hand has woven a graphic narrative. Perhaps the prevailing marvel in the mind of the reader is that for sixty years such a man could have reigned in England. But he was not nearly such a fool as PETER PINDAR paints him. He was a strong man, in the sense of being obstinate. His avowed object, for which he worked and intrigued through all his sane days, was that expressed the other day by a living monarch whose blood was, in remote spring, drawn from FARMER GEORGE. He meant to be "master in his own house." In pursuance of that resolve he retained BUTE as Minister in defiance of public opinion. He worried PITT, he hated Fox, and he lost the American Colonies. Like his father and his grandfather, he had his life embittered by the sayings and doings of the heir to his throne, who returned with interest his vindictive dislike. Mr. MELVILLE fills two portly volumes with pictures of the domestic life of one who, after all, is the best of the four GEORGES. SHELLEY summed it up in three lines:—

An old, mad, blind, despised and dying King,
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Through public scorn, mud from a muddy spring.

Mr. ANTHONY HOPE lives in a pleasant world; where pleasant things are always happening. Pleasant men and women make pleasant remarks to each other, they get engaged, and the wedding gifts are numerous and pleasant. If I were a Dowager with several daughters to marry I should have great confidence in Mr. HOPE. I should lay bare my motherly heart to him: "You're a man of the world, Mr. HOPE! . . . you know what I mean. . . . yes, of course, money does count. . . . he

really is—nice? . . . that's such a comfort . . . I feel I can trust you entirely; you always understand me so well"—that is how I should talk to him. *Tales of Two People* (METHUEN) is Mr. HOPE in his most pleasant manner—the understanding observer of Love's little comedies. I award the prize for the best story to "The Grey Frock"; *proxime accessit*—"Mrs. Thistleton's Princess." But they are all good.

The romantic environs of Mexico City have escaped the notice of many of our most travelled fiction readers; but Mrs. STEUART ERSKINE, in *The Magic Plumes* (METHUEN), offers an unequalled opportunity to vicarious globe-girdlers. Here we have a tour (personally conducted by an Englishman of good family and blameless antecedents who desires to visit a scapegrace brother) round the beautiful and historic Aztec country, rich in memories of Montezuma, with first-class hotel accommodation and a mild atmosphere of romance included. And if our cicerone hasn't time to do all the local lions (or is it pumas?) properly, and we have to miss Mitla and scamp the pyramids of Cholula, we must put it down to the procrastinating atmosphere of the place, and be content to watch his very watery flirtation (on the floating gardens of Sant Anita) with his brother's fiancée. Then, when we have bought our picture post-cards of Ixtaccihuatl and Oaxaca, we can all go quietly home again; and if anybody is so tactless as to ask where the tragedy comes in, well—has not his circular coupon expired?

Mrs. ERSKINE's book should, I can't help thinking, have been either a complete Baedeker or an out-and-out novel; as it is, it seems to fall between two stools, and I don't feel inclined to take the responsibility of picking it up and putting it on the bookshelf as a permanent source of delight.



MILTON AT THE LAST HOLE.

"AND, MISSING THERE, I WALK UNSEEN
ON THE DRY, SMOOTH-SHAVEN GREEN."

Il Penseroso.

I have been going through *The Tale of Tom Kitten*, by BEATRIX POTTER (F. WARNE & Co.), first to myself and then (several times) aloud to a congregation of three little girls, and we all feel that something large and splendid and grateful must be done for BEATRIX POTTER. POLLY said, "Let's ask her to come to tea, and give her chocolate cake." MOLLIE said, "Let's show her the baby." And BETSY said, "She can undress me if she likes." All these are high privileges, I admit, but perhaps they don't quite fill the bill: Why shouldn't we establish an Order of Innocents, and make her a Grand Cross, and send her the star of the Order in brilliants? Failing that, I can only suggest that everybody should buy her books and make everybody else do the same. *The Tale of Tom Kitten* is a worthy successor to the similar tales of *Squirrel Nutkin* and *Peter Rabbit*. The story itself is told in the most artless and engaging way, and the pictures are a vision of delight, so graceful are they, so fanciful, so charming both in design and in execution, and so tenderly humorous. Bravo, BEATRIX! The nurseries of the United Kingdom salute you, and make you free of all their mysteries.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are afraid that Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON is about to lose one of his supporters for a time. "At the Empire Theatre, Belfast, on Monday night," we read, "a man hurled a bottle at JOE MAC, the well-known Irish comedian. The police arrested a young man in the audience." We must confess, however, that the forbearance of the public in the presence of music-hall comedians has hitherto been wonderful.

A French Admiral has expressed the opinion that, in constructing *The Dreadnought*, we have made a great mistake. Still, we shall have the satisfaction of having misled our rivals, all of whom are busy copying her.

In his report on the Waleswood accident on the Great Central Railway Lieutenant DONOR states that it originated in the loss of a spring from a goods wagon, and advocates that the arrangement of such springs should be altered so as to bring them into accordance with modern requirements. It reads rather like a Weather Report for 1907.

An ill-tempered old gentleman was watching the Diabolo players in Kensington Gardens. "And to think," he mused aloud, "that a month or so ago this sort of thing was only being done in our asylums!"

The advent is chronicled of a new disease called "Diabolo Neck." Unlike "The Cheek of the Devil," which is an old-established complaint, it induces a lowly attitude in the sufferer.

We are informed that the title of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT's new work, *The Stooping Lady*, was decided on long before the arrival of the Diabolo craze. We think it only fair to warn the public that the book is not, in the fullest sense, a romance of to-day.

King LEWANIKA of Barotseland has presented a tame hippopotamus to Lord SELBORNE, and Society ladies, who are fond of going to

extremes, are said to be thinking of taking up the new beastie in the place of the little toy dogs which have been the vogue for so long.

The Hammersmith Socialists have expressed a wish to meet Sir WILLIAM BULL in public debate. The event should prove exciting, for the effect of a red rag on a Bull is well known.

A leading London tailor has informed the representative of one of our daily papers that the climax has been reached in man's dress, and that no radical change will be made

Mr. WALLACE, K.C., at the opening of Clerkenwell Sessions, "that there has been a diminution in crime. Some 20,000 fewer persons were sent to prison in the last twelve months than in the previous year." The improvement may, of course, be due to a diminution in the vigilance of the Police; but the Bench knows how to take care of itself, and never encourages this theory.

From time to time proposals are made with a view to reforming the method of administering the oath in our Courts of Law. At present a very ancient and dirty Testament is nearly always used, and it is now suggested that the words of the oath shall anyhow be altered to:—"May I perish of some infectious disease caught from this book if I do not speak the truth."

The statement that the infant Prince of ASTURIAS is not to accompany his parents on their visit to England has caused the keenest disappointment at Kensington Palace, where great preparations for his reception were being made. If possible a meeting with *Peter Pan* was to have been arranged.

A curious rumour is afloat as to the disaster to the *Nulli Secundus*. It is said to have been an attempt at suicide. Hearing that its achievements had been surpassed by Continental rivals our airship suddenly remembered that it could be second to none.

A statement in the Police Report which has just been issued to the effect that the Finger Prints System continues to give "unqualified satisfaction" is stigmatised as a barefaced lie by a correspondent who sends us a somewhat illiterate letter from the New Cut.

Our Home-bred Athletes.

"Should the final arrangements be satisfactorily arranged, the struggle between Hackenschmidt, Padoubny and Zhyso would be one of the greatest events in the annals of British sport."—*Daily Mail*.

TRUE British sport, indeed, with a Scotchman, an Irishman, and a Welshman all competing together like this.



Clergyman (by way of consoling despondent parishioner). "JUST CONSIDER HOW YOU HAVE BEEN GUIDED AND PROVIDED FOR ALL THESE SEVENTY YEARS."

Parishioner. "SIXTY-NINE, IF YOU PLEASE!"

for centuries. It is appalling to think that we are now as beautiful as we ever shall be.

It is sometimes said that we English take our pleasures sadly. Our amusement caterers evidently think so. A feature of the Mammoth Fun City at Olympia is to be a competition between Fasting Men.

"Many authors," says Mr. FISHER UNWIN in some remarks on his first "First Novel" Competition, "failed to distinguish between the novel proper and the newspaper serial." Nothing is here said of the novel improper.

"I am happy to say," remarked

THE SERMON OF THE FUTURE.

[According to the *Telegraph's* correspondent, an American clergyman at Tottenville, Staten Island, "despairing of finding a publisher for his novel, entitled *Captain Jack's Club*, which is understood to convey a sound moral lesson or two in 80,000 words, struck upon the desperate device of reading the same to his congregation from his church pulpit. . . . He justifies himself for reading his manuscript in the pulpit on the ground of a dwindling congregation, and he believes that a really good pulpit novel will achieve more success than the average sermon."]

MR. PUNCH thinks this quite possible. In fact, he anticipates that in a very short time this New York method of increasing the popularity of the pulpit will be enthusiastically adopted by fashionable preachers over here. And then the Press comments on Monday mornings will probably be something like the following:—

FATHER STRACHAN AT BARN STREET.

Yesterday morning Father SAVONAROLA STRACHAN delivered the thirty-fifth chapter of his scathing and popular serial, entitled "Banbury Cross," which hitherto, owing to the extreme outspokenness of its denunciations of the Smart Set, publishers have been too pusillanimous to undertake. His vivid and caustic description of a typical Society woman motoring to a Bridge party at the Cross in her white-enamelled 90-cockhorse-power auto-mobile, with jingling sets of little jewelled bells loading not only her fingers, but even the divided toes of her open-worked stockings, struck home to the consciences of his hearers, several of whom, on leaving the sacred edifice, anxiously inquired the address of the Bond Street jewellers who supplied these emblems of our social decadence. We understand that the *dénouement*, which is said to be most painfully realistic, may be reached in about fifteen weeks.

THRILLING STORY OF MURDER-MYSTERY AT ST. FRIDOLIN'S.

For the last two months the "Church Full" boards have been displayed every Sunday at the doors, from which hundreds have been turned away. The attraction of course has been the Rev. GERNAN SCUNNER's extraordinarily powerful detective-novel, *Who Killed Him?* It will be remembered that in the opening sermon the victim was found slain, with his breast pierced by an arrow of peculiar construction, and that suspicion attached in turn to various characters who took prominent parts in the obsequies—especially to one who admitted that he had been actually present when the murder was committed. Yesterday, however, the secret was disclosed to the astonished congregation, who, it seems, were totally unprepared to find that the real criminal was an apparently inoffensive character known

as *Spadger*. The scene in which the clever amateur detective traced the weapons to *Spadger's* possession, and finally forced him to confess that he had done the deed, was not only masterly, but was felt by all to convey a valuable moral lesson beneath its grim realism. The story would make an admirable shilling shocker, and we are surprised to hear that the author has not, as yet, succeeded in finding a publisher.

REMARKABLE DRAMATIC RECITAL AT ST. ARDOGAST'S.

At this church the Rev. Prebendary PLATT-CUMBERBATCH is still making slow but stately progress with his Five-Act Historical Drama in blank verse, *The Fall of Longlegs*. Yesterday he read with his usual elocutionary skill the fifth and final scene of the Third Act, which produced a deep impression upon all who heard it. The passionate appeals of the orthodox members of *Longlegs'* family to their father and chief, imploring him to perform his devotions, were rendered with an amount of pathos that was almost unendurable. But perhaps the highest point was reached in the long and subtly introspective speech of the hero, giving, in two hundred sonorous Alexandrines, his views (which, it is needless to say, do not represent those of the dramatist) upon the efficacy of prayer. They produced an effect which could only be gauged by the deep sigh of relief that came from the entire congregation as the preacher concluded with "Curtain, my brethren!" We are informed that a terrible Nemesis is to overtake *Longlegs* in the last Act, and that the scene at the foot of the "Grand Staircase leading to the Hall of Judgment," where the catastrophe takes place, is



"AND HERE'S TO THE LINE THAT WE FOLLOW!"

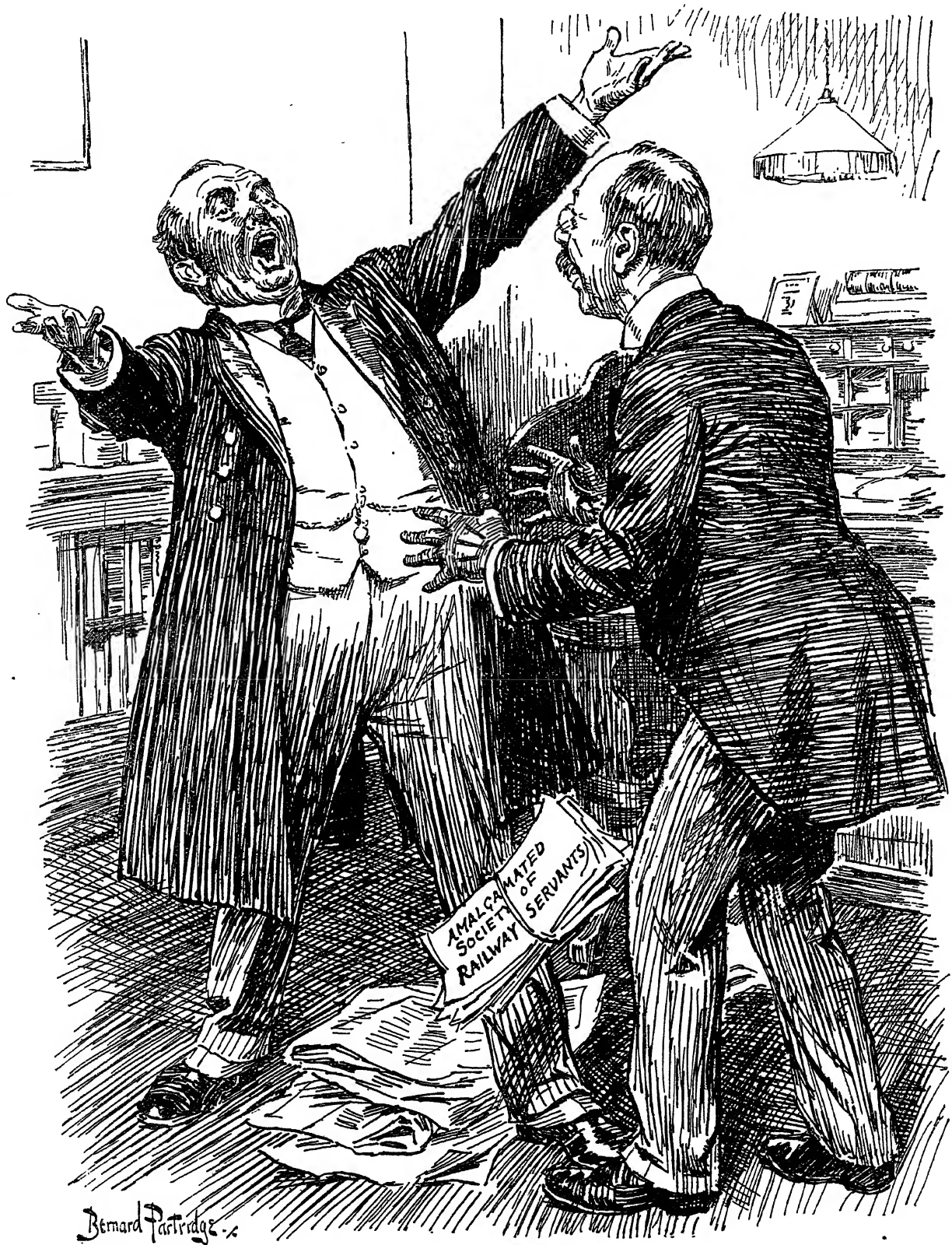
("Drink, puppy, drink.")

From the "*Pipley Herald*."—"MISS HARKAWAY WAS OUT ON HER NEW HUNDRED-GUINEA HUNTER, 'LIMERICK,' BOUGHT, WE UNDERSTAND, WITH THE PROCEEDS OF A RECENT LITERARY SUCCESS. A BEATEN COMPETITOR INFORMS US THAT THE HORSE, UNLIKE THE WINNING LINE, HAS THE RIGHT NUMBER OF FEET."

exceptionally strong and moving, while it establishes beyond all possibility of doubt the sound moral tone of this truly monumental work. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE and Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON, who have had the privilege of reading advance copies of the script, both speak of it in the warmest terms, and we understand that, but for the fact that it would require a more elaborate mounting than can be afforded by their respective stages, they would have been only too pleased to consider a production.

SINGULAR SUBSTITUTE FOR A PULPIT NOVEL.

There was some natural disappointment at St. Nicasius's last Sunday, when it was announced that the Vicar was prevented by nervous breakdown from proceeding for the present with his charming domestic story of suburban life, *The Courtship of Susan Single*, which has been drawing crowded pews for the past six weeks. The Curate, the Rev. SAMUEL BARLAM,



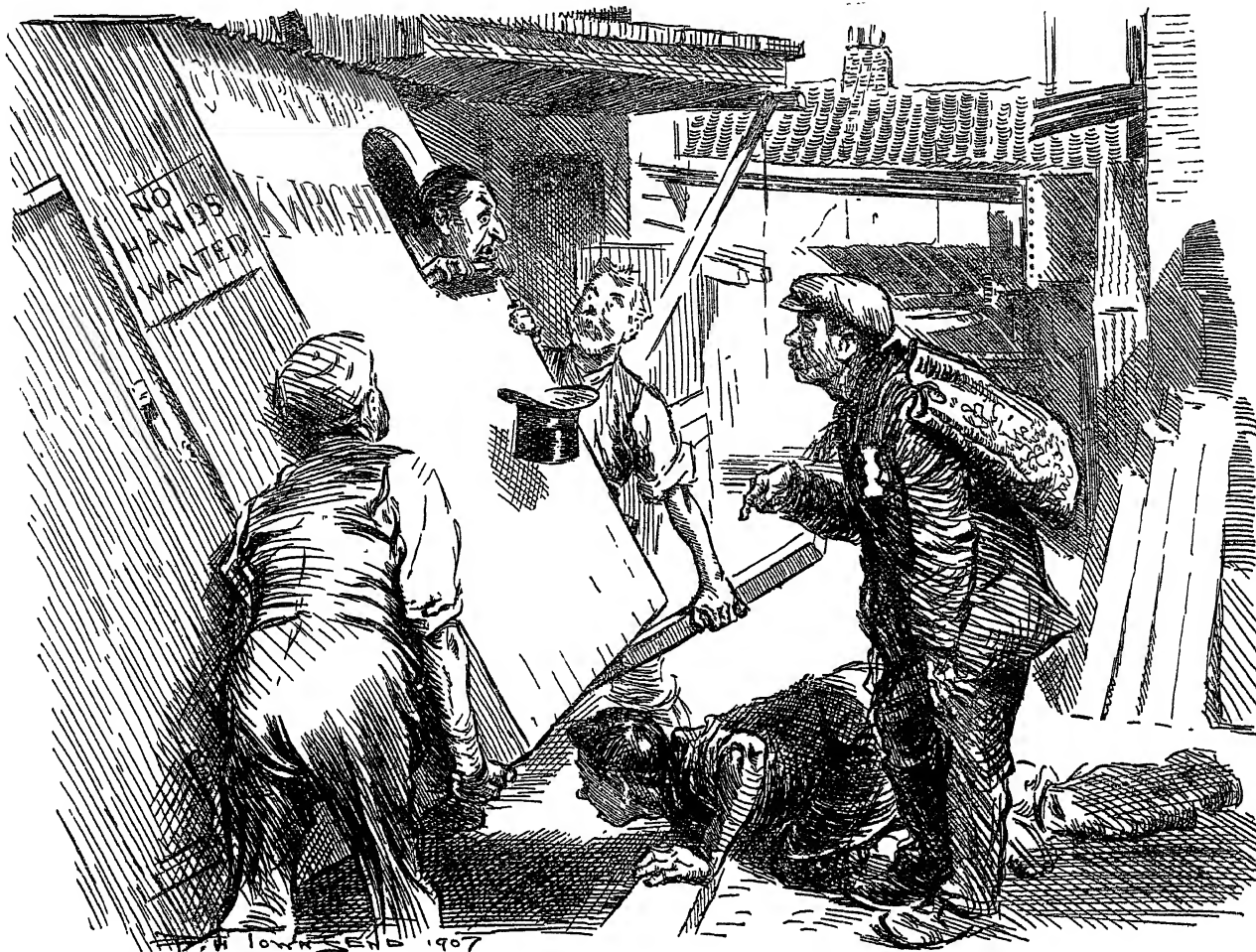
DESIGN FOR A "RECOGNITION" SCENE.

RAILWAY DIRECTOR (to representative of Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants). "HAVE YOU THE INTERESTS OF THE PUBLIC AT HEART?"

REPRESENTATIVE OF A. S. R. S. "NO. I'M ONLY LOOKING AFTER MY OWN FRIENDS."

RAILWAY DIRECTOR. "SAME HERE. THEN YOU ARE MY LONG-LOST BROTHER!"

[Fall on one another's necks.]



Occupant of office. "Hi! Hi!! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?"

Hand (who has just been paid). "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. WE'RE LOOKING FOR A TANNER THAT BILL'S DROPPED!"

who broke the sad news, said that, unfortunately, he himself had not the gift of novel-writing, so, with their permission, he would endeavour to intone a series of moral Limericks of his own composition. We understand from members of the congregation who remained to the end of the service that they were agreeably surprised by the literary quality of Mr. BARLAM's Limericks, which, in their opinion, might well be deemed worthy of at least a consolation prize in almost any competition. There is some talk of their being given to the world in the pages of the forthcoming number of the *Parish Magazine*.

F. A.

CAST-UP JETSAM.

"Do yer want a coat, matey?" said a husky voice. "Catch 'old! I've done with it." The working-man stopped in the middle of Victoria Bridge. He looked at the gaunt, unsteady figure, and then at the ragged garment so lavishly offered to him. "I don't want yer coat," he answered gruffly. The man with the coat over his arm looked as if he were going to cry. He had long borne the stoniness of the world (and his own), but that his parting gift should be thrown in his face seemed the unkindest cut of all. The smooth iron parapet is very low, and to sit upon it and throw his legs over took but a moment, and thence he dropped feet foremost into the swift brown tide below. The working-man,

rushing to the side, was just in time to see him disappear beneath the waves. "I didn't want his blooming coat," he explained to the passers-by, "and I don't want to lose a day in no blooming court neither."

There was a shout raised and a whistle blown, which brought a couple of wherries out into midstream. Some hundred yards to the eastward, under the railway bridge, they fished him out; and presently he was lying on his back on the grass slope of the embankment, with a youthful constable standing across him, ostentatiously preparing to produce artificial respiration. But the man suddenly sat up and surveyed the circle of bystanders with unconcealed disgust. The working-man was prominent amongst them, his dislike to assisting the administration of the law not having been strong enough to overcome his curiosity. Just then the second waterman appeared with the dripping coat. The gaze of the limp individual on the grass fell upon his recovered property and upon the intended legatee thereof. The unkindness of the world was still uppermost in his thoughts. "If yer'd only lent a hand with that coat as I arskt yer, matey," he said faintly, "I should 'a' 'ad a dry 'un now, arter my little bit of a swim."

"From Paris Lord and Lady Y— will proceed to Palermo and thence to Sicily."—*Daily Mail*.

THE crossing from Palermo to Sicily, however, is not recommended at this time of the year.

THE BOWL.

MUM said she thought we were beginning to run wild, so we have had Miss WILLS for two hours every morning. She teaches us all sorts of things—Arithmetic, French, History, Dictation, and Geography. She knows a lot. We like her. She wears her hair flat in front, and is always dressed in dark grey. She is very kind to her mother. Her brother was at Cambridge, and has rowed in a boat-race, and she has promised to make him tell me all about it when he comes home.

Well, on Saturday morning we had been doing English History about KING HENRY THE SECOND, and Miss WILLS read something about a lady called the FAIR ROSAMOND. Then she stopped and said it was time for arithmetic. We could go on with the history next week. After she had gone NINA got hold of the history book, and read in it for a bit. Then her eyes got bright, as they do when she thinks of a game, and she said, "This afternoon we will act the story of the FAIR ROSAMOND and the poisoned bowl." I said, "Right. Who am I to be?" "You," she said, "shall be the King; but I haven't decided the rest yet. I must see Mrs. AUSTIN." Then we went off to Mrs. AUSTIN in the servants'-hall, and she said, "Mrs. AUSTIN, will you do me a great favour?" "Lord bless you, yes, Miss NINA," said Mrs. AUSTIN, "of course I will." NINA said, "I want you to be FAIR ROSAMOND in our play this afternoon. HERBERT will be KING HENRY THE SECOND, and he will make love to you in the maze, and then I shall come in and offer you your choice of being killed by a dagger or by drinking a bowl of poison. You will drink the poison, Mrs. AUSTIN; but, of course, it will only be water." Mrs. AUSTIN at first said No. She thought she would do much better as QUEEN ELEANOR, and NINA ought to be ROSAMOND; and I thought so too. But NINA came up to me and gave me a dig in the ribs and said in French, so that Mrs. AUSTIN shouldn't understand, "*Moi la Reine; non Madame Austin.*" Then I knew Mrs. AUSTIN would have to be ROSAMOND, because NINA always will be a queen if she gets a chance. At last Mrs. AUSTIN said she'd do it. She said, "One way of dying's as good as another in the end," and she promised NINA to scream very loud when she found the poison working, and to fall down very gracefully. She said, "Mind, I don't hold with kings and their goings-on, but you can have it your own way, Miss NINA." I said, "Fairest ROSAMOND, be not afraid," and Mrs. AUSTIN tried to spank me, but NINA said, "You will have to remember, Mrs. AUSTIN, that he is a king, and that you must restrain yourself in the presence of your monarch." Mrs. AUSTIN said we were too much for her with all our learning. Then she gave us each a bit of cake, and we went away to write out the programme and the tickets.

I forgot to say that Dad and Mum were going off that afternoon to spend the week-end with Uncle DICK and Aunt MARGERY. The station's quite close, so they sent their luggage on, and at three o'clock they walked off to catch the train. As soon as they were gone NINA pinned the programme on the front-door. This is what it said:—

NOTICE.

This afternoon precisely will be performed
The Romantic Drama
of

ROSAMOND, OR THE POISONED BOWL.

By His Majesty's Servants, at The Theatre Royal,
Cupar House, in Twelve Acts and Thirty Tableaux.

CHARACTERS.

King Henry the Second ... Mr. HERBERT BISHOP
Fair Rosamond Mrs. AUSTIN
Queen Eleanor Miss NINA BISHOP

(By kind permission of Mrs. Austin.)

N.B.—In case of shortness of time there will only be the First and Last Act. All Seats Five Guineas.

NINA said she'd put in that bit about kind permission so as to keep Mrs. AUSTIN in a good temper. She said she had seen something like it in one of Dad's programmes.

We soon got the audience in. There was JIM the stable-boy (he's really a man), and ELIZA the parlour-maid, and ETHEL the kitchenmaid, and TOM the boy who does the boots and knives, and I went and fetched MACBEAN the gardener. We had it in the hall. The first Act was in the Palace, and it was a quarrel between me and QUEEN ELEANOR about me being so much away from home. Mrs. AUSTIN didn't come into it, but she sat with the others and clapped her hands. JIM said afterwards it made him go cold all over to hear how we carried on. At last NINA said, "He thinks to deceive me. No matter, I will set spies upon him. Let him beware of the vengeance of a Queen. That's the end of the first Act," she said; "but we haven't got a curtain." Then she came and sat by Mrs. AUSTIN and asked her to be sure to remember what she'd got to say.

The next Act was the last Act. It was in the maze. Mrs. AUSTIN sat on a sofa, and hummed to herself. I think it was "A Different Girl Again," and I came in very secretly and said, "It is a nightingale. No female voice could sing so sweetly. Nay, it is my beauteous ROSAMOND." Then I said, "Hist!" and Mrs. AUSTIN gave a little cry, and dropped her knitting, and I flew into her arms. I knocked over a table in doing it, but I got there all right. Then we had a lot of silly talk, and at last I went away, and QUEEN ELEANOR came creeping along with a green silk bed-cover tied round her waist, and a cardboard crown on her head. She had a paper-knife in one hand and a teacup with water in it in the other. She said to Mrs. AUSTIN, "Varlet, thou art discovered. Choose thy death quickly. The Dagger or the Bowl." Mrs. AUSTIN said, "Mercy, your Majesty, mercy," and fell on her knees, and said it was very hard to die so young; but NINA made her drink it off. Then Mrs. AUSTIN rolled her eyes and said in a wild voice she was beginning to ache all over. JIM said, "It's the mushrooms," and then Mrs. AUSTIN gave a loud scream and fell right across the sofa. Just as she did this the audience all got up in a hustle, and the maids threw their aprons over their faces and ran out, and JIM and TOM and MACBEAN got red, and I heard JIM say, "Oh Lor'," and I turned round, and there was Mum standing at the door, and just rolling with laughter. They'd told her at the station the train was half an hour late, and she'd nipped back to get a book she'd forgotten. NINA was fairly beaten that time, and you should have seen Mrs. AUSTIN when Mum said, "Let the guard be summoned to carry this lovely damsel to her last resting-place." Then she laughed again, and gave NINA and me a kiss, and got her book, and went off to the station. She wasn't a bit in a wax.

Paul among the Composers.

FROM an advertisement of the Hendon Choral Society: "The first rehearsal of St. Paul's 'Mendelssohn' will be held on Tuesday."

ELIJAH's version, however, is the more popular one.

LIMERICK CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I feel I must write and tell you how much I appreciate the absolute integrity with which you conduct your competitions. My opinion is quite impartial, as I have never yet been fortunate enough to win one of the prizes. Still, I am each week impressed more and more by the fairness shown by you in their distribution, and I never lose an opportunity of expressing this opinion to my large circle of friends. You can make what use you please of this letter.

Your sincere admirer,

WINIFRED WHEEDLE.
(Miss)

P.S.—I enclose my last line for this week.

P.P.S.—I have been an enthusiastic subscriber to your paper since its inception.

SIR,—I have no hesitation in condemning your Limerick competition as the most barbaric form of fraudulent lottery ever evolved by the evil ingenuity of the human mind. It is a disgrace to any government, however degenerate, that so scandalous a practice should be tolerated, and I am ashamed to belong to a country where such corruption stalks abroad in the light of day, and finds a welcome in every home.

JOHN J. SAVAGE.

Post-card from same.—Regret in consequence of slight spelling error I did not recognise my name in this week's prize list. Hearty good wishes for the success of your interesting and amusing competition.

J. J. S.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will probably remember meeting me at Sir CHARLES BLANK's on June 17 last. I sat opposite to you at dinner, and we (I think) much enjoyed each other's society. My wife also remembers you well, and with me is most interested in your competitions. By the way I am enclosing our joint effort for this week. If lucky enough to win we have decided to celebrate the event with a dinner at the Savoy, and shall be delighted to welcome you as our most honoured guest.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK TRYER.

My wife joins me in kindest regards.

"THE feature of the card was the Sherwood Forest Nursery—nomenclature, by the way, which recalls the picturesquely romantic days of Robin Hood."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THESE great sportsmen do think of things.



Restaurant Habitué (complaining of cookery). "WHO THE DEUCE HAVE YOU GOT IN THE KITCHEN?" Waiter. "OFFICIAL RECEIVER, SIR."

The Strenuous Life.

"MR. ROOSEVELT referred in his speech in a matter-of-fact tone (says Laffan) to 'the brief remainder of my term of office.'

"After leaving Cairo his steamer broke down (says Reuter), and had to put into the bank for repairs."—*Daily Mail*.

NEW novel by the authoress of *The Sorrows of Satan*—*The Delights of Diabolo*.

ACCORDING to *The Daily Express*, a farmer killed a pigeon and found "600 ears of green corn in its crop." A record crop considering what a bad summer it has been.

"THE doctor administered an anecdote," said a policeman in giving evidence at Richmond Police Court. He meant emetic."

THE mystified reader is grateful to the kind editor. All is now explained, and HERBERT may return home without fear.

DISTINGUISHED CONVERTS.

A SURGICAL FORECAST.

[The *Daily Chronicle* of the 9th inst. gives an interesting account of a lecture by Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER, in which that eminent specialist described how a boy of 16, who had been a "liar, thief and bully" and a terror to his family, was trephined, and by this operation not only lost all his bad propensities but acquired higher moral feelings.]

THE transformation of Mr. GURNARD STRAW is now complete. As our readers are doubtless aware, he underwent an operation for trephining at the hands of Sir VICTOR PARSLEY some six weeks ago. On leaving the nursing home last week he at once despatched a long letter to *The Times* in defence of monogamy, and dined off the joint at SIMPSON'S. On the following day he entered into a contract with Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN to write a military drama for Drury Lane in collaboration with Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and Mr. CECIL RALEIGH. Last Saturday he joined the Army Service League. On Sunday he sang in the choir at the City Temple. On Monday morning he joined the Primrose League, and attended a rabbit-coursing meeting in Yorkshire. Yesterday he was vaccinated and enlisted in the Irish Guards.

The operation successfully performed last week on Mr. ALF ABEL, the famous novelist, by which a considerable portion of his gigantic brain was removed, has already been attended by the most beneficial results. Curiously enough one of the first things he did on regaining full consciousness was to express a violent abhorrence for fiction, the drama, and indeed all forms of literary activity, and to instruct his publisher, Mr. GOETHEMANN, to withdraw all his novels from circulation. As his convalescence advanced he exhibited an extraordinary dislike for publicity, and assaulted Mr. BEGTHWAYT, an interviewer specially sent by *The Daily Talebearer*, with such violence that the unfortunate journalist's life is despaired of. We understand that Mr. ALF ABEL has changed his name to SMITH, and will shortly embark on a voyage to Saghalien, where he intends to reside for the remainder of his life.

Mr. BLENHEIM URCHIN, while abroad, has been received back into the Conservative Party. Addressing (by gramophone) a monster meeting at the Albert Hall he alluded in feeling terms to the services of Sir FREDERICK BEEVES, who had restored his political sanity by the removal of several contorted

convolutions from his brain cavity, and thus relieved the cranial distension from which he had long suffered. The audience were affected to tears when the gramophone went on to inculcate the paramount importance of modesty, self-suppression, and gentleness in any politician who sincerely desired to serve his country faithfully and efficiently. "Be kind, dear boys, and let who will be clever," were the last words of a speech which so moved the audience that restoratives had to be applied to several prominent peers on the platform, while Sir ALEXANDER ACCLAND HOOD, the Conservative Whip, had to be removed to St. George's Hospital in violent hysterics.

Mr. HECTOR BROWNSON, formerly notorious for his extreme Socialist views, has been completely converted to acquiescence in the existing régime by the surgical method initiated by Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER. Though still an inmate of St. Thomas's Hospital, Mr. BROWNSON had so far recovered last Friday as to hurl a water-bottle at his *quondam* colleague Mr. TOM SQUELCH when the latter called to inquire after his progress. We understand that Mr. BROWNSON has indited a series of fulsome eulogies of Lord CROMER, Lord CURZON, and Lord MILNER, and will shortly enter the firm of ROTHSCHILD in a highly confidential capacity.

Mr. MAXEY LEON has just started for Potsdam, where he will be the guest of the GERMAN EMPEROR for several days before taking up his residence permanently in Berlin under the name of HERR MAX LOEWE. This somewhat abrupt change is the result of the wonderful surgical skill of Dr. SCHIEMANN, who by the simple process of removing the Teutophobe ganglion from the occiput of the talented publicist has converted him into an ardent and whole-hearted admirer of KAISER WILHELM II. Just before leaving London Mr. LEON sent a handsome donation to the funds of the Cobden Club. He was seen off at Charing Cross by Mr. HAROLD COX, Mr. BIRRELL, and Mr. HALDANE, all of whom he affectionately embraced before starting.

Considerable anxiety prevails in imperial and regal circles owing to the strange attitude assumed of late by Mr. HARRY DE QUEX, the illustrious fictionist and traveller. Mr. DE QUEX, who had been suffering from severe neuralgia, recently placed himself in the hands of Sir JOHN SAWYER, who excised portions of the

contents of the gifted author's cerebellum. Since that day Mr. DE QUEX has developed Republican and anti-dynastic tendencies of the most pronounced type. About a fortnight ago he declined a pressing invitation to stay with the Tsar at Peterhof, and has since returned all the decorations, numbering upwards of fifty, which he has received from the various Crowned Heads of the civilised world.

MUSICAL NOTES.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most epoch-making event of this or any autumn season has been the attendance of the "All Blacks" at the final rehearsal of the Leeds Festival. Not only did it symbolize that union of music and gymnastics which constituted the Platonic ideal in education, but it stimulated the conductor, choir, and orchestra to unprecedented efforts of virtuosity, although a certain amount of natural disappointment was felt that the renowned Antipodean athletes abstained from giving any demonstration of their prowess in the hall, and wore not dressed in their full football kit. Still Sir CHARLES STANFORD has stated to the musical critic of the *Yorkshire Post* that it was the proudest moment of his life. "If only they had kicked the ball into the band," he added, "my joy would have been unalloyed."

The episode, however, has lent impetus to the renaissance of British music in a variety of intensely interesting ways. Sir EDWARD ELGAR, who was much affected and impressed by the advent of the New Zealanders, has resolved to commemorate the event in a set of grand symphonic variations, entitled "From the Southern Cross Bar," in which the special characteristics of each of the team will receive appropriate musical illustration; a masterly contrapuntal delineation of the referee being introduced into the Coda, in which full scope will be given to all the instruments of percussion.

The tribute of Mr. BANTOCK, the eminent musical Orientalist, to the redoubtable Colonials is, like all his work, highly original and unconventional. He proposes to treat symphonically, in a triple cantata, the life-history of a Canterbury lamb from its first appearance to the cold-storage stage. Those who have been fortunate enough to see the rough

scenario of this momentous composition confidently declared that it will surpass in monumental grandeur and mellifluous opulence of local colour even the most sublime achievements that have yet emanated from the teeming brain of its phenomenally gifted creator. Mr. BANTOCK, who is his own librettist, conceives the hero in the light of a modern Canterbury pilgrim, unconscious of its doom, gambolling playfully on the enamelled pastures until the very hour of execution. The soprano solo, "Maori had a little lamb," is of bewitching beauty, while the concluding or cold-storage section, which is set in the form of a *moto perpetuo* lasting fifty minutes, is marked by a coruscating charm unique in the annals of the meat-market. Throughout the work there runs, like an *idée fixe*, a haunting phrase assigned to a solo cornet, an instrument whose exquisite bleating *timbre* renders it peculiarly suitable in this context.

Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE has also signalised the occasion in a manner eminently calculated to enhance his high reputation. Taking CHOPIN's famous *étude* on the black notes as the central theme of his work, he has woven it into a marvellously rich and complicated orchestral tapestry along with a number of topical melodies, including "Waltz me round, Willie," "The Leather Bottel"—the nearest approach to a football in musical literature—and "Thou'rt passing hence, my brother." The scoring of the work bids fair to establish a record in sonority, especial prominence being given to a quartet of octoroons. Mr. HOLBROOKE has gone to the Black Forest to give the last touches to his work, which is inscribed to Messrs. MESSENGER and WRIGLEY, two leading members of the New Zealand team, and bears the expressive title "The Scrummage: an Orchestral Footballad."

Next to the visit of the "All Blacks" the most striking feature of the Leeds Festival has been the sensation caused by Mr. BEN DAVIES's wonderfully witty remark to the musical critic of *The Daily Chronicle*. Mr. BEN DAVIES, it should be explained, has lately taken up Diabolo, which he describes as a fine exercise for singers, and on Wednesday morning last he gave an exhibition of his skill before a small gathering of interested friends. "Years ago," observed the talented tenor, "I used



TUNNING-KING
Austere Aunt. "COME, HENRY, SATAN FINDS SOME MISCHIEF STILL FOR IDLE HANDS TO DO."
Henry (despairingly). "YES, I KNOW. BUT HE'S SUCH A LONG TIME FINDING ANY TO-DAY. I'M TIRED OF WAITING FOR HIM."

to play 'Fra Diavolo.' Now I play Fra Diabolo." "And you play it like a true *Advocatus Diaboli*," promptly responded the journalist, though with characteristic modesty he has suppressed his sparkling sally. In this context we may note that Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, famous for his musical antiquarianism, has now conclusively established the fact that TARTINI's famous "Trillo del Diavolo" was inspired by the game and not by the Prince of Darkness.

"Is it necessary to root-prune at all? Some will answer No, and others will just as surely say that unless trees are root-pruned little or no fruit need be expected. Both opinions may be conscientiously and honestly held."—*Daily Telegraph*.

WE have no doubt that Mr. BALFOUR greatly appreciates the loyal support which *The Daily Telegraph* always gives to his views.

Diabolo: Its Effects on the Weather.

IT is reported that the popular craze has invaded the Meteorological Department, with the result that cones are being hoisted at signalling stations all round the coast.

A CONTEMPORARY gives a list of the "services" in which the London County Council is engaged. Among them we notice:

"DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS,"
"DROWNED BODIES,"
"ICE CREAMS,"
"DANGEROUS TRADES."

Now we know who puts the "big blue flies in the butchers' shops," and the small ones in the milk, and the arsenic in the ices. It's the L.C.C.

WHY is a spool when it spins?—Because the higher the fewer.



Goldberg (who has taken a salmon river). "YETH, YOU CAN CATCH A SALMON, BUT THEN YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE IT TO YOUR FRIENDS, AN' WITH SALMON AT YOUR SHEELINGS A POUND, IT AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, THAT'S ALL!"

OUR "LAST NOVEL" COMPETITION.

[Two "First Novel" Competitions have been announced recently and are exciting much interest among young authors.]

We have much pleasure in announcing a "Last Novel" Competition. We feel that in doing so we shall be making a valuable contribution to the solution of a grave problem, and supplying a long-wanted relief.

Conditions:

1. Each manuscript must be accompanied by a sworn declaration that it really is the very last novel the author will write or give his or her name to. Each author must also

undertake not to begin again under another name.

2. Authors not caring to take the trouble of writing a new novel for this competition may send a copy of their last published book. But the declaration above referred to is indispensable.

3. The production of plays at the Lyceum, a reluctance to face the camera, assistance (journalistic or otherwise) at runaway marriages, and the contribution of a serial story or serial stories to the half-penny press, will not be considered disqualifications.

4. Prizes will be awarded in number according to the quantity of authors competing, and in value

according to the benefit resulting to the world at large from their withdrawal from the ranks of literature.

5. Prizes will not actually be handed over to successful competitors, but will be bestowed, at their death, on their heirs or assigns. This rule is necessary in case of a breach of the bond on the part of authors.

6. The Editor's decision shall be final, and the disposal of manuscripts entirely at his mercy.

NEW AIDS TO BEAUTY.

[Professor HARVEY W. WILEY, chemist-in-chief of the U. S. A. Department of Agriculture, in recommending cookery as an exercise, declares that it is as healthful as rowing or golf, and descants upon the beauty of the blush that comes from bending over the stove.]

Toil no more with cleeks and brassies,
Weary lasses;

Toil no more,
O my sisters,
Raising blisters

As you ply the painful oar.
Leave the racket lying idle,
Leave the motor in its shed,
Leave the rein and leave the bridle—
Take to cookery instead.

Trust me, you will find the kitchen
Passing rich in

Health and grace;
Roasting, broiling,
Toasting, boiling

Bring the colour to your face.
Sunshine mars the best complexion
With a coarse and freckled tan;
Would you blush in full perfection,
Try, oh, try the frying-pan.

Should you grieve to find your figure
Growing bigger

Than it ought,
Blouses splitting,
Nothing fitting,

Hooks refusing to be caught;
Cookly exercise will cure you,
Setting every fault to rights.
Cooks, I scarcely need assure you,
Are invariably sprites.

Would you see your hands grow
milky,

Soft and silky,
Scour a pot,
Or a kettle;

Rub the metal
With your soda strong and hot.
Would you have your fingers feeling
Sleek as velvet, pray begin
Instantly potato-peeling—
It is matchless for the skin.

Ready for Anything.

"Comfortable Home for Business Lady; piano; or respectable young man."—*Bolton Evening News.*



LLOYD-GEORGE AND HIS DRAGON.

LLOYD-GEORGE (to Welsh Goat). "BUTT ME NO BUTTS! I'M GOING FOR HIM AS FAST AS I CAN!"

[Welsh Nonconformists are vigorously protesting against further delay in the promised attack upon the Established Church in Wales.]



TRIALS OF AN M. F. H.

M. F. H. (who is out for the first time in a little country he has taken in Ireland). "HOLD HARD, TIM! I THINK THAT HOUND'S GOT A LINE DOWN THE DITCH."

Tim. "OCH! BAD LUCK TO HIM. A DEVIL OF A DOG FOR A RAT HE ALWAYS WAS!"

HOLIDAY ENGAGEMENTS.

["Now that the holidays are drawing to a close the minor jewellers will once more have to consider the question of allowing for engagement rings no longer required."—*Daily Mirror*.]

HARK! I hear the postman ringing,
and I know what he is bringing;
'Tis a tiny postal packet which is
certain to appear

When the leaves are tumbling down-
ward, and the folk returning
townward,

When the holidays are over in the
falling of the year.

With a gentle sigh I take it, eye the
sealing-wax and break it,
And the tenderest of memories
within my bosom stir

As I see the well-known token of a
troth that's yearly broken
In its customary fashion coming
back to me from Her.

Little ringlet, I remember how I
bought you one September;
Brighton beach was warm beneath
us, and the sun was hot above;
We had met and talked together—it
was really ripping weather,
And the season when one's fancy
simply flies to thoughts of love.

She was fairer than a fairy, and she
sweetly blushed, did MARY,
When I slipped you on her finger,
inexpensive little ring;

But with work-a-day October we
grew sensible and sober,
And the postman brought you back
again, long, long before the spring.

Next we met at Inverary—She was
JEANIE now, not MARY—

She 'd a tammy, I remember, and
her face was finely tanned;
She 'd a pretty knack of flushing, and
I thought she did the blushing
Even better than poor MARY, when
I came to ring her hand.

For a month you were to linger,
lucky ringlet, on her finger;

But with Autumn came the work-
time, and the holidays were o'er,
So my JEAN went home to Stirling,
took to hockey, golf, and curling,
And the postman called at Christ-
mas time to leave you at my door.

When I met Her next, I fancy She
had changed her name to NANCY;
'Twas at Lynton, I remember; I
had run down for a blow;

She had sisters—six or seven—and
she simply hated Devon;
Till I came there (so she hinted)
it was deadly dull and slow.

Well, although she was no beauty, I
resolved to do my duty,
And we read each other's palms
and told our fortunes by the
cards;

But I did not try to stop her when
she thought it only proper
To return you in November with
her very kind regards.

Next I handed you to FLORRIE—that's
the year I went to Corrie;

Then I gave you to AMANDA on the
breezy pier at Ryde;
Then at Scarborough to CARRIE—
then to MAUD at Invergarry;
Then to NELLIE, when she promised
(like the rest) to be my bride.

That was recently at Dover—but the
holidays are over,

And I'm back to tape and sealing-
wax and, prosy, humdrum things,
So I'll leave you safely sleeping in
my Uncle's kindly keeping
Till the Summer sets me dreaming
once again of love and rings.

FIVE.

I HAVE caught it five times. H'sh, not a word to anybody.

* * * * *

It is a very pretty figure, five. The Romans denoted it by the letter "V," which shows what *they* thought of it. The modern symbol has the merit of being both artistic and distinctive. Turn a six upside down and you have a nine, but a five is always a five. True, if you draw the tag at the top to the west instead of to the east, you have something perilously like a three, but only a fool would be so careless. That, indeed, would seem to be another merit of the five—that it weeds out the fools. A fool might do anything with an eight, and it would still be an eight; unless he put it sideways, when it would become the sign for infinity. But that is Higher Mathematics, and we are not discussing Higher Mathematics just now. We are merely pointing out that I have caught it five times.

* * * * *

People of all classes have had to reckon with the five. Nature (to begin at the top) gave us five fingers on each hand, and five toes on each foot. How absurd we should look with three or eleven or any other number! RICHARD WHITEING wrote *No. 5, John Street*, and RUDYARD KIPLING wrote *The Five Nations*. Ask at *The Times Book Club* for *No. 6, John Street*, and you would surprise them. There is a game called Fives, and a French town of the same name (although, of course, they pronounce it differently over there). There was once a comedy called *The Five Gallants*; while in no less a place than Virginia is a town called Five Forks. You didn't know that (and neither did I until to-day), but it is there all the same. Suppose it had been called Four Forks! Why, it wouldn't have been the same place at all.

I don't know if you would care for any more instances. If so, I could add that the French (again) have an idiomatic phrase, "The five o'clock," and that we, for our part, speak of the "Cinque Ports." But, of course, all I really want to say is that I have caught it five times.

* * * * *

I think five is my favourite number. If I were married I should have five children. That always seems to me the ideal number: three boys and two girls. The boys would go to the three Royal Colleges—Eton, Winchester and Westminster; later on, there would be one each for

Oxford, Cambridge, and the Army. They would be glad, I think, to have two sisters at home to mend their things, and bowl to them. Five children would take some keeping: I should want five thousand a year in order to do it handsomely. No doubt this is never likely to happen save in my imagination; meanwhile it is really a fact that I have caught it five times.

* * * * *

It is strange what an influence the number five has had on my career. On my fifth birthday I was presented with a model milk-cart with a real tap, and it was then odds on my becoming a milkman when I grew up. (As it happens I didn't; but sometimes I fancy that there must be more money in the dairy business.) Afterwards I got a fifth in my Tripos—or should have, if such had been available—and was in love five times. Last year my top score was five, and at the present moment I have about five hundred letters to write. Also, as I should have said before, I have just caught it five times.

* * * * *

(I have caught it five times.) I must hide it in brackets once, so as not to seem to be siding about it. I have caught it five times, and that appears to me to be the right number. Four would be incompetence, six ostentation. There are those, I am told, who have done their thousands. I cannot see much in this. Obviously each catch makes the next one easier. You have your eye in, and can judge the distance better. Thus the eight hundred and eighty-fourth (say) becomes a ridiculous business: a man cannot waste his time over such childishness. There are other things to do. But it is an amusing game. . . . Can I catch it? Certainly. Look—one, two, three, four, five—and so on. Yes, it comes quite easy to me.

* * * * *

Have I ever tried to catch it six times? I will be frank with you. I have. And failed? And failed. There you are then.

Exactly; there you are. Why did I fail? Not because I can't catch the thing, for I have already shown you that I can. Obviously we must look somewhere else for the reason. Six, perhaps, is my unlucky number. I don't think I like six. The name six is unpleasant; and, as I have already pointed out, if you turn it upside down it becomes a nine, which is very muddling.

* * * * *

But five! I like five. It is my favourite number. It is because it

is my favourite number that I am content to have caught it five times.

Did I tell you, by the way, that I had caught it five times?

A. A. M.

A VICTORIA PLUM.

It was the first, the very first plum that had come to the stage of full and splendid plumhood upon that espalier. I watched its growth with an eye that was almost paternal in its pride. It was so large and plump, and the patches of rich red appeared upon it in such a striking way. But it hurts me to recall these things—now.

It hung very near the ground, and I took certain precautions for its safety. I seriously annoyed the cat, who had almost brushed against it in the course of an evening prowling, by a furious but futile onslaught upon her; and I had the melancholy satisfaction of chastising the dog for the same offence. I also warned the gardener that, although I did not wish to be offensive in any way, I should not accept his plea of wind or birds if that Plum disappeared suddenly. I dreamed of that Plum of nights, and it was pleasant to think about it on waking. We called it "Warner" among ourselves.

And then one morning, whilst shaving, I glanced fondly through the window towards it, and saw something that made my blood run cold. The railway line runs along the end of the garden, and a man was climbing the fence. He was in corduroys, and apparently a platelayer by profession. He was also one of the very biggest men that I have ever seen. He was making straight for that Plum . . .

In such moments a man seems to live very long, and has the power of noticing trivial things. I remember that a blackbird was trilling in the garden. I am almost certain that it was a blackbird. Anyway, it was trilling. And my nose informed me that there was bacon for breakfast.

These things came back to me afterwards. At the time I was conscious only of that platelayer. He strode up to the Plum, and stooping down appeared to pick it. But in a moment I saw that he had only tried its softness between his great finger and thumb. And he was not satisfied with its ripeness. I saw him shake his head moodily and turn away. I stood as one paralysed until he disappeared.

But as soon as I could huddle on some clothes I rushed down to the Plum. It was still there; but some-



"HOW'S THAT"—FOR CRICKET COSTUME?

"THE LATEST NOVELTY IN CRICKET TOURS IS A TEAM OF FIJIAN PLAYERS, WHO PROPOSE VISITING AUSTRALIA DURING THE COMING WINTER. . . . THEY WILL BE LED BY RATU KADARU, THE REIGNING CHIEF OF FIJI. . . . THE FIJIAN'S WILL NOT PLAY IN CONVENTIONAL CRICKET ATTIRE."—*Daily Mail*.

thing of its fresh virginal glory had departed, never, as I feared, to return. Its youthful bloom seemed to have been brushed rudely off, and I even fancied that I could trace the mark of that coarse, sacrilegious thumb. These things could not make it less dear to me, but—breakfast was almost a mockery upon that day.

I scarcely knew what to do for the best. If I picked that Plum before it was fully ripe it would be a partial victory for the platelayer. The matter had come already to be a personal contest between us. And I had set my heart upon the Plum attaining to perfection upon the tree.

But I knew, I knew that the platelayer would return, and it was not to be thought of that the last and greatest triumph should be his.

There was, of course, the police. But I felt that they could not help me here. This problem was too vivid and subtle for their large-booted wits. No, it must be fought out between myself and the platelayer. When I say "fought out" I do not

wish it to be thought that I contemplated physical violence. I am, thank God, a law-abiding Englishman. Besides, the creature was twice my size and weight, and probably in perfect condition. No, I meant that I would watch and scheme, and match my keener intellect against the grosser material of my foe.

He came again, as I had known that he would come. And at the same hour. I watched him feel the Plum, and shake his head in disappointment as before. It maddened me to see the man nursing, as it were, the Plum to perfection for his own felonious enjoyment. I tapped upon the glass, and shook my drawn razor at him with a gesture that should have petrified him. He saw me, grinned, and plucked a rose before he scaled the fence.

That day, as I remember well, was Wednesday. I calculated that the Plum would reach its prime by Saturday morning at earliest. He would surely come upon that day, this fiendish platelayer. Well, he

should find his passion balked. I dared run no risks. Upon the Friday evening, and no later, I myself would pluck it.

I write briefly of the rest. The hour came, and through the scented twilight I wandered forth to my glad task. All nature was beautiful around me. It was not even raining at the moment. But—how shall I pen the words?—the Plum was missing!

A faint sound as of smacked lips, expressive of barbarous content, broke the tragic silence. I turned a haggard face to the paling, and for the first time descried a huge, indeterminate figure seated upon it. It raised an arm to throw, and some missile struck me. Then the figure disappeared.

I was alone with the night and a plum-stone.

"The girl who is alleged to have abducted a child from the care of its guardian at Chester, has been arrested in London. The child was with her at the time."—*Evening News*.

We are glad to learn, from the last sentence, that at any rate you can't be abducted from a distance.

AS EVERYBODY LIKES IT.

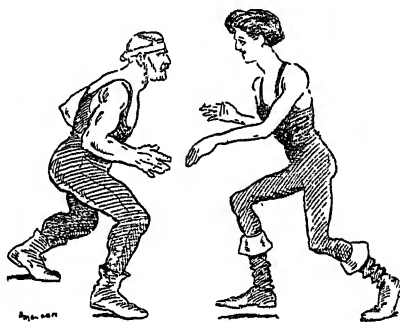
THE revival of *As You Like It* at His Majesty's was a fresh triumph for the scene-painter, Mr. JOSEPH HARKER. It was a case, as the old catalogues have it, of "Landscape with Figures." One knew beforehand what the figures were going to say, and could guess pretty shrewdly how they were going to say it. The best proof of their quality lay in the fact that neither by assertiveness nor other indiscretion did they disturb the charm of their background. For the rest, the text was admirably selected, and the inevitable banality of the plot was made as unobtrusive as might be.

The chief burden of the acting fell upon Miss LILY BRAYTON as *Rosalind*, and she carried it with superb vivacity. It was a pleasant relief to see her in a part in which she had not to take herself too seriously, but could give the well-known frown a rest. I don't know whether it is the effect of his experience of melodramatic methods, but I found Mr. HENRY AINLEY as *Orlando* not quite in the Shakspearean picture. He spoke many of his words like a rapid recitation. Of the other characters, all relatively minor, the *Old Adam* of Mr. ALFRED BRYDONE was quite the best detached performance. I could have wished that the *First Lord* (Department of Woods and Forests) had had more to say; for Mr. FISHER WHITE, who had got himself up after the similitude of Mr. BERNARD SHAW, delivered his one speech about the wounded deer with extraordinary felicity of manner, appearing to think it out as he went along.

As *Jagues*, Mr. OSCAR ASCHE achieved the same effect in a more difficult part, being hampered by the greater familiarity of his words. In throwing off "All the world's a stage" he had to seek the assistance of an apple, which he munched between the ages. He pointed his humour as if the matter of it were a fresh thing to his audience; and he was certainly justified of this assumption by the spontaneous laughter of certain sections of the house. Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, on the other hand, in his pleasant reading of *Touchstone*, did not insist much on the clown's humour, but seemed to take the recognition of it for granted. As for the *Audrey* of Miss MARIANNE CALDWELL, it was irresistible. You might know all her few words by heart, and yet be helplessly at the mercy of her face and voice and gesture. She did not

simply interpret; she positively illuminated the text.

Finally, I must mention Mr. TRIPP EDGAR's performance as *Le Beau*, the sort of part that is often overdone. Mr. EDGAR made a charming and gallant courtier, without the pedantry of his kind. Altogether, and not forgetting the fascinating costumes and the delightful singing of *Touchstone* and *Amiens* (Mr. ERNEST GROOM) and the two anonymous pages, the play was very much *As Everybody Likes It*. O. S.



1. AS CHARLES LIKED IT.



2. AS ORLANDO LIKED IT.

Charles . . . Mr. Herbert H. Herbert.
Orlando . . . Mr. Henry Ainley.

A sporting correspondent sends me the following note on the play:—

"Mind you, parts of it are excellent—I like the girls and the scenery; *they're* all right. But I jib at the wrestling. Give me a fair contest, and down with all put-up jobs, I say. And the wrestling in this play is a put-up job every time. *Orlando* must win, as every student of SHAKSPEARE knows, or it would spoil the whole show. I know appearances are all against him until the very last. Indeed, a friend who went with me to see the play at His Majesty's the other night offered me five to one on *Charles*, and meant it; but knowing he was not a student of SHAKSPEARE I didn't think it friendly to take him on. He said afterwards that he never thought a great writer like SHAKSPEARE would

have played such a low trick. Yet he admitted that he might have known there was something crooked about it from the way *Charles* left *Orlando's* hair alone, when there it was all the time *asking* to be caught hold of. And I must say here that a man who takes on a catch-as-catch-can wrestle with hair of that length doesn't deserve to win.

There is no doubt that SHAKSPEARE's plays might be made far more attractive to the sporting public if the wrestling, duelling, quarter-staff-bouts, and the rest were *bona-fide* contests. Any insurance office would cover the risk of injury or death, and the vacancies would give more openings for resting members of the profession. SHAKSPEARE, being dead, can't, of course, do anything; but if OSCAR ASCHE couldn't adapt the play while he is shaving one morning so as to allow a genuine wrestle he is not the man I took him for. You see, all that has to be done is to write a few extra lines to be used in case the wrong man wins.

For instance, supposing *Orlando* is downed by *Charles*. Let him lie on his elbow and groan a bit, and then talk like this:

Fortune has played me false. My luck is out.
See how my foot slid on the greasy turf!
Ha! thou may'st smile, fat *Charles*; but if thou'lt say
That thou wilt come to clasps with me again,
Then I will throw thee till thy bullet head,
Piercing the earth, shall dig thee half thy grave.

Then *Charles* should smile a bit more, and say:

Come, little playmate, let me toy with thee
Yet once again, and I will break thy neck.
Thy foot *did* slip, but yonder is a spot
Dry as my throat! Come, thither let us go.

Well, let them go off, with the bogus *Duke*, the girls, and the whole house-party, leaving *Touchstone* behind. You remember the scene in *Strongheart*, in which a football match "off" is described. Well, let *Touchstone* do something like that. Let him skip up on the wall, where he can see better, and just tell the audience, to slow music, all about the great struggle, while *Orlando* and *Charles* are smoking a quiet cigarette together in the wings. Of course, he would make out that *Orlando* had finished *Charles* up absolutely, and then the play could go on as SHAKSPEARE wrote it. Do you catch the idea?

Now if OSCAR ASCHE would only take my tip, he could send a paragraph round to the papers saying that *As You Like It* had been brightened up with new business, and it would go like a Derby winner."



Colonel Shekarry (to fair neighbour.) "THERE I LAY HELPLESS, THE BEAST COMING AT ME, TAIL WAVING, EYES BURNING, WHITE TEETH VICIOUSLY DISPLAYED—"
Charlie Lightly. "AWFUL, THAT KIND OF NIGHTMARE, ISN'T IT, COLONEL? I'M SOMETIMES TROUBLED THAT WAY MYSELF."

EPIGRAMS WITH TEARS.

Mrs. RYLEY was in a daring mood when she wrote *The Sugar Bowl*. She crammed it full of epigrams, although she must have known that an epigram was a very dangerous thing. It is dangerous because there are no half-measures about it: it is either a brilliant success or a hopeless failure. You cannot pass it off as an accident. It is like a boomerang, which (as I am told), on missing the other man, comes back and hits you. When I hear an epigram in a theatre I say either "Ha, ha," or "Oh lord." At the Queen's I mostly said "Oh lord." Once, indeed, when *Lady Andover* had three shots at being funny, and then said "Seriously though," I nearly cried.

While I was keeping back my tears on this side the footlights, on the other side no such restraint was shown. When I used to write unpublished stories, and found myself (as often happened) at a loss for something to say, I would make my heroine burst into a flood of tears. After that one could begin again in a new place. But I always regarded the flood of tears business as a com-masculine fiction, but not to be expected in real life. Now comes Mrs. RYLEY, who should know her

own sex, to say that I builded better than I knew; that women do indeed do this thing. Well, it may be so, but it is possible to overdo real life in the theatre. As it was, I was in an agony of apprehension whenever Miss PEMBERTON was on the stage.

Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS looked as delightful as ever, and did what she could with the part of *Grace Pemberton*. When I last saw her (at the Haymarket) she had to say, "Be-tive man; this time she has to say, "Because—you—are you." Some people have all the luck.

Mr. FRED KERR wore a wonderful pair of evening socks in the first Act. He wore a similar pair in the third Act, four weeks later, and I spent out whether they really would be back from the wash then, or whether he had another pair just like them. I forget what result I arrived at, and it doesn't matter. Nothing in *The Sugar Bowl* matters very much. M.

A REAL MIMI.

THE feature of the week at Covent Garden was the performance of Signora GIACHETTI in *La Bohème*. It was her first appearance in England in the part of Mimi, and nobody who did not know that she won an early reputation elsewhere in this part

would have guessed that the greatest of our operatic tragédiennes could have so wonderfully adapted herself to the ingenuous gaiety of the first two Acts. There was the same fine intelligence, the same conscientious regard for detail which have grown familiar to us in her interpretation of *Madama Butterfly* and *La Tosca*. It was a revelation to those who had heard none but Madame MELBA in this part, and had therefore never seen Mimi really acted. The death-scene, for the pathos of which, as far as Mimi is concerned, we have always had to rely upon our own imaginations, made for once a true appeal from the very heart of tragedy.

Signor BASSI's voice rose to the occasion, and he seemed to take quite an interest in some of the other characters—though not to the extent of wearing clothes in keeping with his environment. His frock-coat must have been far too expensive for the starving fraternity to which he belonged. Signor DE LUCA, as *Marcello*, was much nearer to the type. Mlle. DEREYNE was a very probable *Musetta*, and did her fair share in the brilliant ensemble of the Second Act. As *Schaunard*, SIGNOR NIOLA, who is lacking in fertility of resource, seemed a little outclassed in this Bohemian society, from which we sadly missed the masterly rotundity of M. GILBERT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. MAARTEN MAARTENS avowedly writes his last novel, *The New Religion* (METHUEN) for those who are sick, those who believe they are sick, those who want to live longer than other people, "and for nobody else." Yes, there is somebody else. He is the doctor. It is part of Mr. MAARTENS' fun that the title of his book is deliberately misleading. Members of the congregation at the City Temple, opening it in eager anticipation of finding vindication of, or attack upon, their beloved Pastor, will find themselves mocked. The new religion dealt with exclusively concerns the *malade, imaginaire* or otherwise. He provides Mr. MAARTENS with opportunity of running amok at the profession of medicine. The experience of most people reveals in its ranks the presence of men of generous habit, not insensible to the attraction of a fat fee, but ready painstakingly to do their duty in cases where they know the fee will not be forthcoming. With the occasional exception of actors, doctors are the only skilled practitioners who are ready to give their services for nothing. Mr. MAARTENS finds in them a clique of arrant impostors, for the most part jubilantly conscious of their infirmity. Probably when he sat down to his work he thought he had a story to tell, or, failing actual possession, that it would dawn upon him as he proceeded. So he prattles on from chapter to chapter, getting but little "forrarder." Nevertheless, the chatter is pleasant, and several of the characters are finely drawn, especially the severed husband and wife, who recross each other's path at intervals, and converse as if there had been no tragedy in their married life.

Miss J. L. HERBERTSON has written a book so tempestuous that on shutting it up I half fancied that the nice gilt windmills, which Mr. HEINEMANN stamps on the cover, were going round and round. *Mortal Man* is the story of a fierce spend-thrift passion that defies the social conventions, and all for a mistake. *Jessica Costello* gives herself to *Philip Rean* without the ceremony of marriage, because, loving him, and seeing how he wrestles with his passion for her, she concludes that he is bound to another woman. In reality it was the doubt as to whether their love would last that held him back. And so there is a shadow between them. The tumult of emotions in the young school-teacher is powerfully if rather incoherently portrayed; and the writer has boldly forsaken precedent in giving *Philip* an almost grotesquely uncouth personality. All this happens down in Cornwall, where the wildness of the elements so often becomes interfused (in novels) with the human passions, and where characters, affected by the neighbouring conditions of Wessex, may be said to live the Hardy (as opposed to the simple) life. In the end *Philip* dies, and *Jessica*, after losing her child, marries a more honest man, who has been waiting all along. I am not quite sure how far Miss HERBERTSON intends to justify her heroine. Is she excused *quia multum amabat*? The death of the child and the introduction of *Matthew Rapley* seem to shelve the old unhappy problem once more.

I am afraid that most readers will find *Bohemia in London* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) a trifle tame. The author, Mr. ARTHUR RANSOME, wishes to set at rest any doubt that London really has a Bohemia apart from the Savage Club and similar circles, just as Paris had, before dollared Americans began to regard it as the thing to sojourn there. That wish gives promise of a rather enticing companionship, and one embarks hopefully, pleased with Mr. RANSOME's quite engaging way of putting things. But gradually one realises that the place which he is clothing with an attractive garb of anecdote is, after all, quite familiar. One knows, if one considers a moment, that there are studios in Chelsea properly equipped with artists' models, and that people frequently spend their shillings in Soho restaurants and their coppers at coffee-stalls. And that is about all Mr. RANSOME's Bohemia amounts to. There is, to be sure, a vague population of hungry young men who dream over sunsets, and find sustenance in visions of the past and the future, but personally I don't find that their

part in the scheme imposes itself on my credulity. I suspect there are not enough of them in London to make much of a show among the others who, without prejudice to their genius, would rather have a pork-pie than ten sunsets.

Sylvia Lovell was a nice little English girl who lived in the Isle of Wight with her early-Victorian mamma. If she had realized that she was niece and heiress to the President of an American railroad, *The Privateers* (METHUEN) would never have been written. But she did not (it's a wise niece that knows her own uncle—in sensational fiction), and *Alston Fordyce*, American hustler and millionaire, did. He came and saw and got engaged to her in a fortnight. Another two days and she would have been his wife, when, gee-whiz, enter *Wilson Rudgwick*, American millionaire number two, and kidnaps her in his yacht. This is where *Lieutenant Kerslake, R.N.*, comes in. He is as ignorant as *Sylvia*



THE RESTORED VENUS OF MILO.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST.

of the real issue, but for motives of his own joins *Fordyce* in the bewildering game of fox-and-hounds which follows. Sometimes the hounds hunt the fox, sometimes the fox the hounds, and sometimes they all sit down and pow-wow together, as friendly as you please. Once on board the lugger and the girl is mine, thinks *Fordyce*. He gets there, and the girl is his for the time, till a turn of Fortune's wheel, assisted by American cuteness, lowers the proud, and *Rudgwick* comes out on top, and so on, *da capo*. Through it all the honest British officer is the only one who always plays cricket, and proves to be cuter than the cute. The others play poker, and poker is chiefly bluff. Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON's story of the three-cornered duel is often wildly impossible, but it is always exhilarating.

Our Feuilleton.

[NOTE.—You can begin this to-day.]

Ch. CXXXVIII.

"THE words echoed through a little silence: then Meredith's down dropped arms, the fists clenched, his bowed face seemed to say some thing, nothing else."—*The Morning Leader*.

(To be continued from some other paper.)

CHARIVARIA.

THE scheme for the erection of "Paris in London" on the Aldwych site has fallen through, and Sir EDWIN CORNWALL suggests that the real cause of this is the adjacence of the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand. For ourselves we must respectfully refuse to believe that French anti-clerical feeling goes so far as this.

The proprietors of a Crematorium at Golders Green are now advertising extensively, but, in spite of the alluring statement, "Only thirty-five minutes' drive from Oxford Circus," we doubt whether cremation will ever successfully compete with Bridge as a popular pastime.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge announces the publication of "Turbines," by Engineer-Commander A. E. TOMPKINS, R.N. One wonders what the Religious Tract Society and the Society of Biblical Archæology were doing to let this work slip through their fingers.

The Letters of Queen Victoria is proving such a success as to point to an unmistakable demand by the public for works of a biographical nature, and Mr. HALL CAINE, JUN., the alert son of an alert father, announces that he has persuaded Mrs. EDNA MAY TITUS LEWISOHN to write her autobiography, which he will publish.

A hill in Central France has suddenly started moving, and has already covered a distance of 984 yards. Apparently something similar happened in London the other day, for we came across the notice "Road stopped."

"What is a quid?" asked the judge at Clerkenwell Court last week. It is amusing to see a County Court judge giving himself the airs of a High Court judge.

One of the winners in a Limerick Competition last week frankly gave

as his address the London County Asylum, Bexley, Kent. Comment would be superfluous.

Unhappily the decline in church attendance continues. We cannot help thinking that this is due to a large extent to the enterprise of our newspapers. Most of these now publish illustrated-fashion articles, and it is no longer necessary to attend divine worship in order to see the latest thing in hats and frocks.

Because a fortune-teller prophesied that their son would one day be a great poet, Mr. and Mrs. OLIVER BROWNE, of Trenton, New Jersey, have christened the child LONG-FELLOW MILTON TENNYSON BURNS

With a view to gaining the custom of those persons who do not care to dress for dinner, the proprietor of one of our best-known restaurants is said to be contemplating the addition of an Adams Room to his establishment.

The sentence of imprisonment passed on two members of the Metropolitan Police Force for burglary has given the keenest satisfaction to all *bond-fide* house-breakers, who have been much exercised lately at the increasing number of amateurs who poach on their preserves—as the result, it is thought, of such pernicious plays as *Raffles*.

"Concerning cohesion between particles of matter we are," according to Sir OLIVER LODGE, "exceedingly ignorant; and why one end of a stick moves when the other end is touched no one at present is able clearly to tell us." It remains an equally inexplicable mystery why, when one end of a man is trodden on, the other end shouts.

Fashion Notes.

"Further on in the same row was Lady E.V. and Lady C., the latter wearing a long sealskin paletot over a rose red hat."—*Daily Mail*.

LADY C. appears to be muddling up the paletot with the *en tout cas*. Yet

it is little things like these which make all the difference to a really well-dressed woman.

From a Commercial Card.

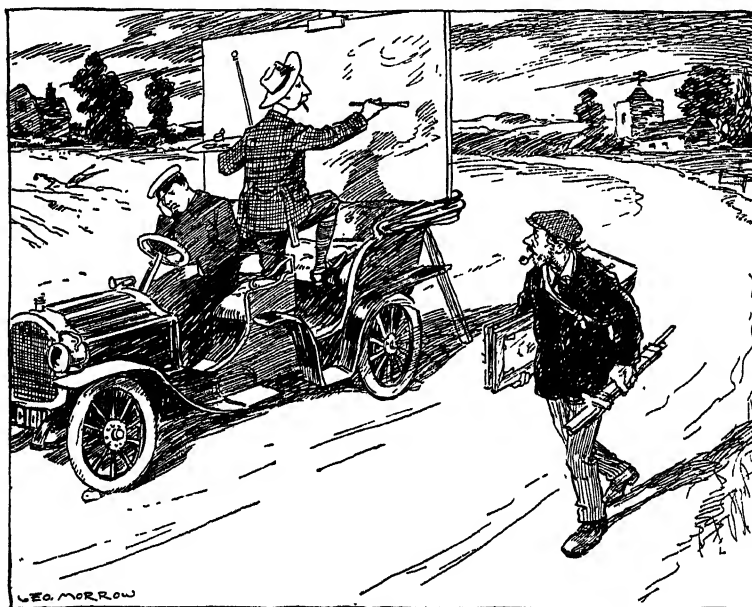
"Messieurs les Fils de M— J— . Manufactured of Olive Oil and Soap."

We trust the firm will find that the course of true commerce runs fairly smooth with these living lubricants.

Lumping Notes.

SOME idea of what a "lumper" is may be gathered from the following: "John B., lumper, fell into the hold of the coal steamer John Johnasson during unloading operations yesterday. At the Torbay Hospital it was found that his injuries were not serious. The steamer will probably be taken to Plymouth for repairs."—*Western Morning News*.

Our own opinion, however, is that John Johnasson is not really a steamer at all, but another lumper disguised as a steamer.



THE ARROGANCE OF WEALTH.

BROWNING BROWNE. We shall look forward anyhow to seeing Master BROWNE's name among the winners in Limerick competitions.

Mr. ARCHIBALD MOFFETT, we are informed by *The Daily Express*, has written his name on one side of a grain of rice, and his address on the other. In these days of frequent burglaries one cannot be too careful.

The Commissioners of Inland Revenue have received a sum of £1 15s. on account of unpaid income-tax from a gentleman who signs himself "Well-wisher." This is believed to be the first instance of anyone having wished tax-collectors well, and we understand that some of the Commissioners were visibly affected by the incident.

THE NATION'S SONGS.

[From a Press interview with an expert we learn that before the end of October it will be decided, after severe tests, what songs are most likely to command popularity in the Christmas pantomimes. Specimens of those that are practically certain to secure a *succès fou* are appended, and from these we cull the following *jeu d'esprit* in the philosophic vein:—

"We all came in the world with nothing—no clothes to wear;
When we die, just bear in mind, all our money we shall leave behind.
Finish up! Just the same as we began, without the slightest doubt.
We all came in the world with nothing—
And we can't take anything out."

If in my heart, that is not dead but slumbers,
I dream remembrance of a youth well spent,
And, stirred by threats of coloured Christmas "numbers"
(Due with the falling leaf), from far I scent
That time of hallowed joy,

With feelings more appropriate to a boy;—

If, in my passion for the genial season,
So strangely redolent of syne (auld lang),
I deprecate, as tantamount to treason,
The conduct of the cynic bard who sang:
"Christmas, I'm told, is near;"

Adding, "Bear up! it comes but once a year!"—

'Tis not, as you will readily imagine,
That I, by rude dyspepsia rendered wise,
Am deadly keen, as once I was, to cadge in
The larder-cupboard after Christmas pies,
Or stretch my tumid jowl

With stuffing taken from the turkey-fowl;—

'Tis not that I have failed to see the folly
Of mimic battles fought with melting snow;
Not that I care, on principle, for holly,
Or have a morbid taste for mistletoe;
Or feel profound delight
To hear *A Christmas Carol* read at night;—

Not that I yearn to quaff the wassail flagon,
Or suffer tedious after-dinner toasts,
Or filch the fiery raisin from the dragon,
Or wear a counterpane and play at ghosts,
Or sing some rotten glee
(Bridge being always good enough for me).

No! what intrigues me in our Christmas *festas*,
And has attractions which can never die,
Renewed with living flame like virgin Vesta's—
It is the Muse whose thoughts do often lie
Almost too deep for rhyme;
I mean the sacred Muse of Pantomime.

Think you the bloom of Lyric Verse is blighted?
That it remains a drug upon the mart?
Look at my preface; see the lines I've cited;
And little will you wonder how a heart
Even as old as mine

Can warm itself before that spark divine!

Ah, yes, when Noël's other orgies tire me,
When hunt-the-slipper irks and mince-pies pall,
The Songs of Pantomime can still inspire me
With the old rapture never past recall,
While I have strength to sit
And worship at the shrine of English wit.

O. S.

THE Office boy writes:—

"GENTLEMEN,—Mr. BLANK has to-day sampled the cask of beer which you sent us for inspection, and is now lying in our warehouse for collection."

"T. P.'S" FUTURE.

PATHETIC ANNOUNCEMENT.

"LOOK at the Lords steadily and well, with their coats of ancient garb, their strangely shaped hats, their frigid speech, for it is possible that we of this generation are gazing at an institution which in its present shape and composition will be numbered among dead things that have no resurrection."

These pathetic words, instinct with a chivalrous emotion, occur in an article by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., in the current number of *Munsey's Magazine*.

But, as our gifted neighbours say, they give furiously to think.

The Lords without "T. P." would certainly be in a bad way, but "T. P." without the Lords—the idea is altogether too tragic for contemplation. Journalism would be shorn of all its purple patches, of all those delightful *personalia*—the result of close, continuous, and intimate familiarity with the *arcana* of Mayfair—which constitute the main intellectual *pabulum* of the democracy. But this is not all. With the abolition of the House of Lords (the great bulwark of Unionism), the granting of Home Rule and a separate Legislature to Ireland would follow as a matter of course. Under the new *régime* high office would inevitably be offered to Mr. O'CONNOR. Could the intrepid patriot refuse the call of his country? That is also unthinkable. It follows then, as the night the day, that he would have to wrench himself free from his life of arduous exile and as Leader of the Irish Legislature—possibly as President of the Irish Republic—take up his residence on the balmy banks of the Liffey, and sever his long connection with London journalism.

London without "T. P."! It is a terrible, a soul-shaking thought. Public life without the stimulant of unflinching panegyric. Eminence shorn of its weekly meed of eulogy. Beauty unproclaimed on the house-tops. Journalism deprived of unction. Bread without butter.

On communicating with Mr. T. H**L*, M.P., however, we received the following somewhat cryptic but, on the whole, reassuring reply:

"Home Rule must wait, and the House of Lords must stand. The lot of the exile is doubtless hard, but England's need of him is even greater than Ireland's."

Let us, then, put up, for another twenty years at any rate, with the obsolete clothing and eccentric headgear of our hereditary legislators. Let us even be lenient to their frigidity of speech. For with all their anachronisms they at least form part of a fabric which cannot be demolished without destroying the prime occupation of a great and magnanimous publicist—namely the recognition of estimable qualities in the upper social strata of a race of aliens and oppressors.

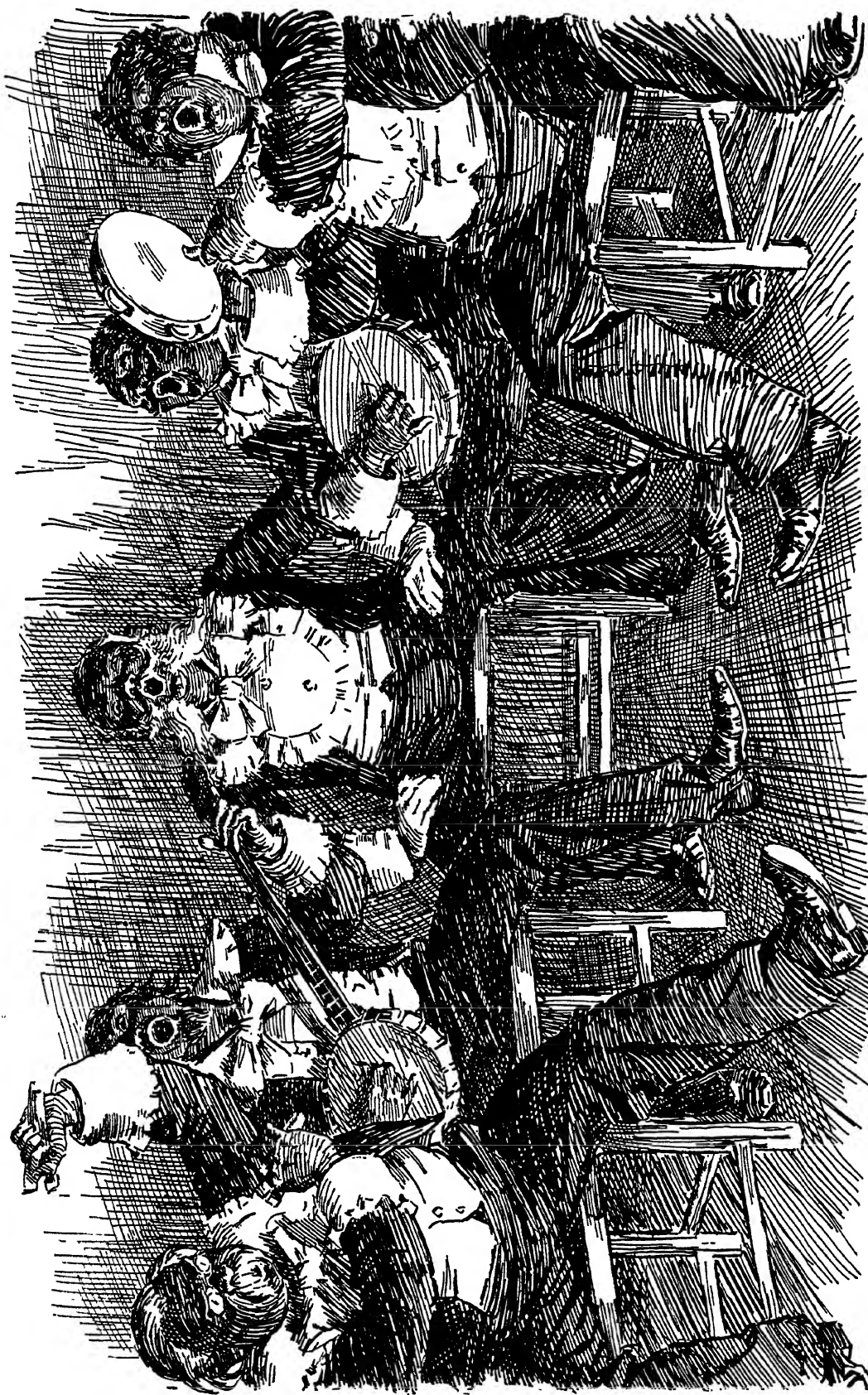
LA HAUTE FINESSE.

[Public voyages of military airships are to be discontinued in France to avoid disclosing official secrets.]

No more bye-elections are to be contested by the Government. This cautious reticence is intended to prevent the premature divulging of their political programme.

Several diabolists write to us that they have beaten MARCEL MEUNIER's record repeatedly in private; they have only refrained from doing so in public for fear of exposing their methods at this early stage.

It is rumoured that *The Daily News* is holding back its best telegrams so as to checkmate the unprincipled pilfering of news so rife in the modern Press.



THE HAGUE MINSTRELS.

VOICE OF PEACE (*heard "off"*). "WELL, GENTLEMEN, IF THIS FUTILE PERFORMANCE WAS INTENDED FOR MY BENEFIT, I'M GLAD TO THINK YOU'VE GOT TO THE FINALE."



Aunt. "AND HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THAT LONG WAY ALONE?"

Niece. "YES, AUNTIE."

Aunt. "THEN HOW IS IT YOU WENT OUT WITH AN UMBRELLA AND COME BACK WITH A WALKING-STICK?"

"SOMETHING WITH COLOUR IN IT!"

A MILD REMONSTRANCE.

WHEN I got back the other evening to "Hill Tops," as our villa is called, it struck me that MORWENNA was in a more than usually exalted mood. But even when she informed me that she had been to the opening of a Rational Dress Exhibition—something to do with *The Tribune* newspaper, I fancy—and had heard a splendid speech there by a Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER, I felt no particular uneasiness. I merely said, "Did you indeed, my love?" "Yes, ADOLPHUS," she replied. "And I realise now that, as he says so forcibly, your clothes are an eyesore, from your horrible hat to your ghastly boots!"

I knew Mr. LOUIS PARKER by name, of course, in connection with Pageants, but I wasn't aware of ever having met him, and, even if I had, I could not think that gave him the right to be so personal. However, all I said was that I thought Mr. PARKER must have made some mistake; my boots might have got a little muddy walking up from the station, perhaps, but my frock-coat, etc., were in excellent condition, while, as for my hat, I had had it blocked that very afternoon.

"I *knew* you wouldn't understand!" she said impatiently. "It's the costume itself—the stove-pipe hat, the high collar, the frock-coat that are all so terrible. I can never bear you to go up to business in them again!"

"Very well," I said, seeing how strongly she felt about it, "I will wear a lounge suit and a bowler in

future, my dear, if you prefer it." I could not think it quite the correct costume for the City, but, still, a good many business men are taking to it.

"Not a bowler!" she said. Mr. PARKER thinks that very nearly, if not quite, as abominable as the stove-pipe. No, ADOLPHUS, you will wear the green felt hat that you got in the Tyrol this summer, if you please."

I said I would, since she made such a point of it. (You may think I ought to have been firmer, but you are not married to MORWENNA.) I entirely agreed with her that the conventional masculine costume was hideous, but, as I put it to her, I could hardly be held responsible for that. "I am not blaming *you*, ADOLPHUS," she said, "but I *do* blame myself"—which was so unlike MORWENNA that it made me gasp. "Yes," she went on, "Mr. PARKER has convinced me that, in his own words, 'man has sunk to his degraded position sartorially because no woman ever looks twice at his costume. Woman's life would be twice as full if she discussed her husband's dress as well as her own.' ADOLPHUS, I intend to lead a fuller life in future."

Well, of course I recognised the advantage of being guided by a woman's taste in these matters. And MORWENNA is the great authority on taste in Aspinall Park; she is always in touch with the very latest ideas. It was she who introduced the new art style of furnishing into our neighbourhood, and, though you will now see several drawing-rooms in Aspinall Park decorated with white-washed walls and black satin curtains, they are really all copied from ours at "Hill

Tops." I didn't altogether care for it at first; but I see now that it is right—your background should be as sombre as possible to throw up the strong colour of your frocks. I am not cultured or artistic myself, but MORWENNA is, and, as she has a really remarkable force of character, it is only natural that I should defer to her in these matters. At home I would do almost anything for peace and quietness. In the City I am a very different man. They look up to me *there*.

I hoped she would have forgotten all about it by the next morning, but, on finding she had not, I humoured her by wearing the lounge suit and Tyrolese hat in the City. I have done so every day till now without complaint. I still thought the thing would blow over, and I might resume my frock-coat and tall hat before long without having any fuss made about it.

But to-night—to-night I have learnt how fatally I have been deceiving myself! Let me try to describe as calmly as possible the trying position in which I am placed. I got back rather late, and was rushing up to dress (MORWENNA always insists on my dressing for dinner) when I met her on the stairs coming down. "You will find some things put out for you, ADOLPHUS," she said. "I shall feel extremely hurt if you fail to appreciate the trouble I have taken in designing them. Dinner will be in ten minutes."

When I entered the drawing-room in a jacket of lemon-coloured brocade, with a Vandyck collar, a pale rose silk shirt, loose Turkish trousers, and blue Morocco slippers, MORWENNA was pleased with me. "For once, ADOLPHUS," she said, "I feel proud of you. Mr. PARKER told us 'to let men have something flowing, which would display or conceal their curves—in *your* case the latter, *most* decidedly. Above all, something with *colour* in it. I wish—I *do* wish he could see you now!'"

I rather wished I could see Mr. PARKER just then, but I kept that to myself. "Now, confess, ADOLPHUS," said MORWENNA brightly, as we sat down to dinner, "that you have never felt so comfortable in your life!" The things were loose enough, and I might have felt fairly comfortable, if it hadn't been for PINCKNEY. PINCKNEY is our parlour-maid, and a very superior girl. But I always *have* thought there was something satirical about her expression. I noticed it particularly this evening.

After MORWENNA had risen I sat on longer than usual. I felt that the time had come at last when I must really put my foot down. Eventually I had to go into the drawing-room. As luck would have it, MORWENNA noticed at once that I had spilt some soup or port or something on my brocade, which put me in the wrong to start with. "Really, ADOLPHUS," she concluded, "it seems an absolute waste of time to dress you decently!" I admitted that it did seem rather like it. "Well," she said more kindly, "you must try to be more careful with your *morning* clothes." I said I would, but pointed out that a little gravy or what not did no permanent damage to a tweed suit. And then the blow fell. "You have done with tweeds for ever, ADOLPHUS," she said. "Henceforth your City costume will be something really artistic and picturesque. You will wear a butcher-blue blouse, with a smocked collar, a green enamelled leather belt with old silver clasps, loose mouse-grey corduroy trousers, and high boots." "But, MORWENNA," I protested, as soon as I could speak, "a costume like that would look so ridiculous worn with any ordinary hat!"

"Not with your Tyrolese felt," she said, "now that

I have put a kingfisher in it. Look!" (And she had, too!) "For summer I shall have your Panama cleaned, and, with the brim looped up on one side, and a few artificial grapes, and perhaps an emerald-green bird-of-Paradise plume, it will look as good as new. As Mr. PARKER put it so well, 'If the husband pays for the wife's bonnet' (not that I would ever be seen in a *bonnet*—but that isn't the point), 'why shouldn't the wife trim the husband's hat?'"

I was sorry to seem ungrateful, and upset MORWENNA, but I simply had to assert myself at this. I said, good-humouredly but firmly, that while at home I would wear what she pleased, but I must really decline to go to business in fancy dress. Just think what people would say! She said I was too absurdly self-conscious and cowardly. *Someone* ought to set an example, and she had set her heart on *my* being the Pioneer of Masculine Dress Reform. I should find myself followed in time (and here she may be right, in a way), not only by all Aspinall Park, but all London—all England very probably. Surely such a prospect was well worth a little temporary inconvenience.

I said I had a most important business appointment to-morrow, and I must insist on keeping it in my ordinary clothes.

"You will not, ADOLPHUS," she said, "for the simple reason that you *cannot*. I have disposed of all your hideous garments—even the suit you wore to-day. You must do as you think best, of course—all I can say is that I cannot go on living in the same house with a husband who, artistically speaking, is an eyesore! Now I'll leave you to think it over quietly."

* * * * *

I am still thinking it over. After all, even if I *do* travel up to-morrow in a blue blouse and high boots, all the Aspinall Park lot would understand. *They* know MORWENNA. And of course I shouldn't like to drive her to leave me, after all these years of happy married life. And I *must* see SHARPLES to-morrow—it's not a matter that can wait or be settled over the 'phone. But I *do* shrink from calling on him with that confounded kingfisher in my hat. I *might* get rid of it going to the station—but then MORWENNA would be sure to notice its absence when I came home. And there would be a row. I must say I do think it most inconsiderate of Mr. PARKER to put such notions into MORWENNA's head. If he is a married man himself, he really ought to know better! How would he like his wife to trim *his* hat for him?

F. A.

THE Limerick craze has reached Swanage, and in the *Dorset County Chronicle* may be read an advertisement of a Limerick competition intended to bring before the public the beauties of the place. It begins thus:—

"Lady Charlotte dreaded the winter,
Which in England she said was so bitter;
But her maid said Madam that's not so,
If to Swanage you'll go,

.....
RULES.—Fill in the last line to rhyme with the first two."

This looks difficult, but the more famous of our London prize-winners will have no trouble with it.

"MR. MILES' SUPPORTERS MEET AT PLASMARL."

South Wales Daily Post.

This reads uncommonly like our EUSTACE, with a colourable imitation of Plasmon.

RETRENCHMENT.

[The Postmaster-General announces that he has reduced the salary of the official cat at the Central Telegraph Office from 1s. 6d. to 8d. a week.]

WHEN there's a blow, good people all,
You may expect to hear a squall,
And surely you will not refuse
A tear to my unhappy mew.
From kittenhood I always sought
To do my best as good cats ought,
And with devouring zeal would spring
To serve my country and my king.
Unlike some of the higher powers,
I never slacked in office hours;
No Mauser ever yet did fly
To do its task so swift as I.
What matter though the office brats
Might stigmatise my work as "Rats!"
I scorned their penny-dreadful wiles,
Although I have a taste for tiles,
And with hole-hearted zeal each day
I set myself to watch and prey.
And how am I rewarded now?
They ought to blush to tell me 'ow!
"Instead of which" the P.M.G.
Announces with self-righteous glee
That he has cut my niggard rate
From eighteenpence a week to eight.
How can a self-respecting cat
Keep up appearances on that?
How sport a good fur-coat and see
His kit is all it ought to be?
Call that a living wage? I shiver
Imagining the kind of liver.
Life will be one dark round of nights,
No milky way, no welcome lights.

THE MARKED CRAB.

WE are interested in the story told by *The Daily Telegraph* of a marked crab which travelled the distance between Scarborough Castle and Boddin, near Montrose, in 689 days. Our statistician spent last Thursday working it out, and we give below his conclusions.

"I find," he writes, "that as the crow flies Boddin is some 155 miles distant from Scarborough Castle. But, as I am unable to trace in any encyclopædia or natural history text-book that it is the habit of the crab to crawl as the crow flies, it is reasonable to assume, I think, that in reality double this distance was covered by the crab in question. As my nephew, who has assisted me in my calculations, and is a most intelligent lad, suggests, the crab could not be expected to have made up his mind to travel to Boddin, or even, indeed, being a native of Yorkshire, to know whereabouts Boddin was. He further suggested, by the way,



Martha (replying to invitation). "IF MY LADIES GO OUT THEN I MUST STAY IN; BUT IF THEY KEEP IN THEN I CAN'T GO OUT; SO IT ALL DEPENDS."

that the crab did not walk at all, but clung on to the keel of some passing steamer, and happened to let go when Montrose loomed up on the port bow. But as the newspaper does not admit this possibility, I have not taken it into my calculations.

"Assuming, then, that the crab travelled 310 miles in the 689 days, I find that he (or she, as the case may be) travelled one mile in 2 days 5'34.2 hours. Allowing for sleep, meals, rests by the wayside, and possibly contests with the denizens of the deep, the crab's actual progress would occupy, say, nine hours of each day. Thus we arrive at the average speed of the crab, which was exactly 80 yards per hour.

"That, it must be admitted, is pretty good going."

So much for our statistician's report. Personally we are keenly interested in the practice of marking animals, etc., with the object of

ascertaining their speed, though it must be admitted that up to the present our experiments have not resulted happily. We have particularly in mind two of them. The first was some months ago, when, speeding down Cromwell Road on a motor car, we marked the back of a growler. It was opposite the Natural History Museum. The time was 10.40 P.M. Eleven days later we saw that same growler in Westbourne Grove, some two or three miles away, and still going steadily. We knew it by the mark. The driver, on his part, saw us, and the costs were somewhat heavy. The second case was of a pigeon, which we released at Beachy Head on August 14, 1905, with a ring on its left leg. Last April, we were in a restaurant in Fleet Street, eating pigeon-pie, when we broke a front tooth on something hard. So that pigeons, it would seem, do not travel so fast as is popularly supposed.

HOW TO PLAY THE PIANOLA.

[FOREWORD. O. D. wishes me to publish the following correspondence, which has recently passed between us. It occurs to me that the name under which I appear in it may perhaps need explanation. I hate explanations, but here it is.]

When O. D. was six months old, she was taught to call me "Uncle." I must suppose that at this time I was always giving her things—things she really wanted, such as boot-laces, the best china, evening papers, and so on—which had been withheld by those in authority. Later on, these persons came round to my way of thinking, and gave her—if not the best china, at any rate cake and bread-and-butter. Naturally their offerings, being appreciated at last, were greeted with the familiar cry of "Uncle." "No, dear, not 'Uncle,' 'Thank-you,'" came the correction.—A. A. M.]

I.

DEAR THANKYOU,—I've some wonderful news for you! Guess what it is; but no, you never will. Well, I'll tell you. *I can walk!* Really and really.

It is most awfully interesting. You put one foot out to the right, and then you bring the left after it. That's one walk, and I have done seven altogether. You have to keep your hands out in front of you, so as to balance properly. That's all the rules—the rest is just knack. I got it quite suddenly yesterday. It is such fun; I wake up about five every morning now, thinking of it.

Of course I fall down now and then. You see, I'm only beginning. When I fall, Mother comes and picks me up. That reminds me. I don't want you to call me "Baby" any more, now I can walk. Babies can't walk, they just get carried about and put in perambulators. I was given a lot of names a long time ago, but I forget what they were. I think one was something rather silly, like MARJORIE or MILLICENT, but I have never had it used lately. Mother always calls me O. D. now.

Good-bye. Write directly you get this. Your loving O. D.

II.

MY DEAR O. D.,—I was so glad to get your letter, because I was just going to write to you. What do you think? No, you'll never guess—shall I tell you?—no—yes—no; well, I've bought a pianola!

It's really rather difficult to play it properly. I know people like PADEREWSKI and—I can only think of PADEREWSKI for the moment, I know that sort of person doesn't think much of the pianola artist; but they are quite wrong about it all. The mechanical agility with the fingers is nothing, the soul is everything. Now you can get the soul, the *con molto espressione* feeling, just as well in the pianola as in the piano. Of course you have to keep a sharp eye on the music. Some people roll it off just like a barrel-organ; but when I see *Allegro* or *Andante* or anything

suppose some people would say it didn't count, because I fell down directly after, though I don't see that that matters—do you, THANKYOU? But even with that one it was only one, and yet I *know* I did seven the day before. I wonder why it is. I do it the right way, I'm sure, and I keep my hands out so as to balance, so perhaps it's the shoes that are wrong. I must ask Mother to get me a new pair, and tell the man they're for walks.

Now do write me a nice long letter, THANKYOU, because I feel very miserable about this. It is right, isn't it,

when you have the right leg out, only to bring the left one just up to it, and not beyond? And does it matter which foot you start with? Let me know quickly, because Father start with? Let me know and I want to show him. Your loving O. D.

P.S.—I am glad you like your pianola.

IV.

DEAR O.D.,—Very glad to get yours. If you really want a long letter, you shall have one; only I warn you that if once I begin nothing less than a general election can stop me. Well, first, then, I played the *Merry Widow Waltz* yesterday to Mrs. POLACCA, who is a great authority on music, and in with all the Queen's Hall set, and she said that my touch reminded her of—I've forgotten the man's name now, which is rather sickening, because it spoils the story a bit, but he was one of the real tip-toppers who makes hundreds a week, and—well, that was the sort of man I reminded her of. If I can do that with a waltz, it stands to reason that with something classic there'd be no holding me. I think I shall give a recital. Tickets 10s. 6d. No free seats. No emergency exit. It is a great mistake to have an emergency exit at a recital. I have always felt that . . .

(Three pages omitted. Ed.)

Really, O. D., you must hear me doing the double F in the *Boston Cake Walk* to get me at my best. You've heard KUBELIK on the violin? Well, it's not a bit like that, and yet there's just that something which



THE POETRY OF SPORT.

"CLEAR IMAGES BEFORE YOUR GLADDENED EYES
OF NATURE'S UNAMBITIOUS UNDERWOOD."—Wordsworth.

of that kind on the score, I'm on it like a bird.

No time for more now, as I've just got a new lot of music in.

Your loving THANKYOU.

P.S.—When are you coming to hear me play? I did *Mumbling Mose* just now, with one hand and lots of soul. (Signed) PADEREWSKI.

P.P.S.—I am glad you can walk.

III.

DEAR THANKYOU,—I am rather upset about my walking. You remember I told you I had done seven in my last? Well, this morning I couldn't do a single one! Well, I did do one, as a matter of fact, but I

links great artists together, no matter what their medium of expression.

Your loving THANKYOU.

P.S.—Glad you're getting on so well with your walking.

V.

DEAREST THANKYOU,—Hooray, hooray, hooray—I did twenty-five walks to-day! Father counted. He says my style reminds him of CANCER VULGARIS rather. How many times can he do it? Not twenty-five on the third day, I'm sure.

Isn't it splendid of me? I see now where I was wrong yesterday. I got the knack again suddenly this morning, and I'm all right now. Tomorrow I shall walk round the table. It is a longish way, and there are four turns, which I am not sure about. How do you turn? I suppose you put the right hand out?

Your very loving O. D.

VI.

DEAR O. D.,—I am rather hurt by your letters. I have written several times to tell you all about my new pianola, and you don't seem to take any interest at all. I was going to have told you this time that the man in the flat below had sent me a note, just as if it had been a real piano. He says he doesn't mind my playing all day, so long as I don't start before eight in the morning, as he is in his bath then, and in listening to the music quite forgets to come out sometimes, which, I can see, might be very awkward.

Write to yours affectionately,

THANKYOU.

VII.

DARLING THANKYOU,—I am so sorry, dear, and I will come and hear your pianola to-morrow, and I think it lovely, and you *must* be clever to play so well; but you *mustn't* be angry with me because I am so taken up with my walking. You see, it is all so new to me. I feel as though I want everybody to know all about it.

Your pianola must be lovely, THANKYOU. Dear THANKYOU, could you, do you think, put all the letters we wrote to each other about my walking in some paper, so that other people would know how to do it the way I do? You might call it *Letters on Walking*, or *How to Walk*, or—but you could get a better title than I could. Do!

Your very loving O. D.

P.S.—I'm so glad about the pianola, and do you mind if I just tell you that I *did* walk round the table, corners and all?

VIII.

DEAREST O. D.,—Right you are. I will think of a good title.

Your loving THANKYOU.



DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE IN OUR PARISH.

Bobbie (who has been taken to Harvest Festival, but is considered too young to stay for the sermon—fortissimo). "BOO—HOO—I—WANT—TO—STOP—TO—DESSERT!"

Hunting Notes.

The *Tribune* is such a gay irresponsible paper that we are never quite sure whether it is being serious or not. Its latest headlines—

"MOTOR MATTERS.

DO DOGS RUN BETTER AT NIGHT?" may of course be only a bitter jest at a deservedly popular sport.

In an advertisement of a certain History of the World we read:

"The story of the earth from the first thing we know of it down to the time in which we live, for only $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a day."

The poorer subscriber might save a little by missing out some of the days before 500 B.C. (say), but even so it would come terribly expensive.

London's Congested Traffic.

"Viscount and Viscountess Falkland have left 78, Eaton Square and have taken 26, Upper Grosvenor Street, where they will arrive the middle of November."—*Morning Post*.

Things one could have put differently.

Two cuttings from a contemporary:

"The Right Hon. James Bryce, Professor Flinders Petrie, Professor Archibald Sayce, Sir Harry Johnston, Sir Robert K. Douglas, are but one or two of the distinguished historians whose services have been secured."

"The — Restaurant was very full last evening. Among others dining were to be seen Sir Shirley and Lady M., Sir J. C. B., Mr. and Mrs. C., Lord H., and one or two others."

It looks as if the — Restaurant gets full rather easily.



Landlord. "OPE YOU WON'T 'AVE ANY OBJECTION, SIR, TO MY PUTTING A SUBSCRIPTION LIST UP IN THE BAR FOR THE BENEFIT O' THE WIDOW OF GILES THE WAGGONER, AS DIED LAST SATURDAY?"

Rector. "CERTAINLY, IF YOU WISH TO."

Landlord. "THANKYE, SIR. 'E WAS A MAN AS OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED. CONSIDERATE TO HIS 'OSSES; 'E ALWAYS STOPPED 'ERE TO REST 'EM ON 'IS WAY UP THE 'ILL."

LIFE AND JOY.

I WATCHED him shuffle along the street
That leads to the river in Henley town,
A figure of woe with shoeless feet,
And an unbrimmed hat with a battered crown.
His coat was of holes which were held together
By shreds that played at defying the weather;
And he looked at me with a drunken leer,
And he laughed and he sang and he shouted, "I 've
Been over the world, and now I 'm here.
Isn't it funny to be alive?"

The penniless ghosts forlorn and grim
Who trail to the Styx and wail and wait,
Would each and all have saluted him
With a "Join us, brother, and mourn your fate."
But here, as one who had never doubted
The luck of his life, he laughed and shouted;
Laughed and shouted and cheered and sang
Songs that a bridegroom might contrive,
Bidding trouble and care go hang
With "Isn't it funny to be alive?"

It struck me full in the face, this cry
From the tattered old rascal shuffling there;
So I swept him a bow, and I said, said I,
For I judged it better to speak him fair,

"Tell me, you that are blithe and jolly,
What is your cure for melancholy?"
But the ricketty scarecrow turned on me,
And I saw a flame in his eyes revive,
And "None of your talk," he cried, "d'ye see?
Isn't it funny to be alive?"

And so he staggered and shouted on
Over the bridge, where the lights shone bright,
As if he were leaving Acheron,
Instead of the Thames on a summer night;
So filled with general joy and laughter
That you 'd think no worry could follow after.
And still—for I heard—as he rolled along
To some far place where the lost men thrive,
This was the burden of his song:
"Isn't it funny to be alive?"

R. C. L.

Mr. Punch, being always ready to help those in pain, begs to offer his services to the two gentlemen who advertise in *The Daily Chronicle* as follows:

"CONFEC., Tob., Newsagent's; 8 rs., ev. con.; r. 18s. 6d. inc., lets 16s.; tde. £10; suit cyclist, f'ballers. Harrison's, 2."
"MILK.—Marr. Man, 27, seeks Sit., c., v., or p.; ex. per. refs.; any dis.; abs. W."

In Mr. Punch's opinion "Harrison's 2" should lead his fourth best, while W. must use a longer string if he really wants to spin it properly.



THE COQUETTE.

PEER (to MISS TORY DEMOCRACY). "WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?"

MISS TORY DEMOCRACY. "CHARMING PERSON. WELL WORTH KNOWING. SHOULDN'T WONDER IF I GAVE HIM A DANCE LATER ON."

SOCIALIST (to himself). "WHAT HO! SHE STOOPS!"



NORTH-COUNTRY "GRIT."

Master. "I FEAR THIS JOB'S GOING TO BEAT US."

Old Fell Man. "WELL, AR NIVER WOR BET BY A JOB YET. AR DO ALWAYS SAAAY, IF AR FOUND AS A JOB WERE LIKE TO BET ME—AR'D RATHER GO AWAAAY AND LEAVE IT."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS

ON THE TURF.

Newmarket, Saturday.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I'm in charity with all the world, for I'd a little flutter on the Cesarewitch, and it came up heads, and I'm simply rolling. I've nothing to tell you about dress here. A few people wore velvet (a velvet autumn always follows a lace summer, if you notice), but, at Newmarket, Sport is spelled with a big S and frocks take a back seat.

The heroines of the day are Give-'em-beans and MARY JERMYN. (I always forget to remember she's Mrs. DODDERIDGE. She has put her old General somewhere to be taken care of, and is just as free as she ever was.) With her recent triumph, Give-'em-beans closes her racing career, and is leaving "the Profession," to subside, next spring, into domestic life. To celebrate this, MARY JERMYN gave a hen-party, which was great fun. There was a huge wedding-cake all done with sugar beans, and with a statuette of the mare in sugar on the top. The

equine trousseau was on view, and we all took presents and drank her health, hoping she won't figure out as one of the "slack mothers" so much in evidence a little while ago. She was self-possessed and gracious, quite an ideal hostess, and showed such a keen appreciation of her own wedding-cake that, had she been allowed a free hand, or rather hoof, she'd have finished it. Dear old girl! I hope I may ever have one as good! D'you prick up your ears at that? Yes, my dear, your BLANCHE is going in for the Turf. People may say what they like about the horse gradually becoming a back number. I don't believe it will ever happen. In spite of motors on land, botors on the sea, and flotors in the air, a true Briton will always find thrills in something that can gallop.

I'd a lot of trouble in coaxing JOSIAH into letting me become an owner. But I've promised and vowed that, as soon as I've won a Derby, I'll be satisfied and will drop my gees!

CROPPY and NORTY VAVASSOR and two more of them that you don't know, FREDDY and BULLY, who've

gone into business as trainers here at headquarters, advised me and bought for me at the Doncaster Sales. I've a lovely lot of yearlings with all the proper strains, Blair Athol and Pocahontas and all that sort of thing, and No. 19 blood, and the Ormonde touch; and I've an own sister to Pretty Polly and a son of Flying Fox. They've all got Derby engagements, for I'm out to win the Derby and nothing less. Before I "fold my arms like the Arabs and as silently steal away," I must know how it feels to carry off what MILTON calls "the blue riband of the Turf." I'm already thinking what sort of frock I'll wear to lead in the winner. But who's to know what kind of sleeve or skirt will be correct then? It's a horrid age to wait. I must own that, when I first saw my high-class youngsters, I found them a bit disappointing—so frightfully leggy, you know. However, that will improve every day, and, as CROPPY says, when you buy race-horses, it is a deal in legs and not much else. I've had all their horoscopes done by Professor CITALOTTI, and he thinks there's a Derby among

them *somewhere*; but he won't say more. That's the worst of these star people; they never *will* make themselves really useful and spot a winner.

FREDDY and BILLY are my trainers. I don't know whether I shall race as myself or as "Mr. White." My colours are white and silver. Oh, my dearest and best! Wish for me with all your wishing apparatus that, as soon as is possible, I may see one of my little lot come round "the Corner" and roll home a winner to the cheers of a Derby crowd.

POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, has been very much about during the week, wearing a scarlet cloth Newmarket coat faced with black, gaiters to match, and a black bowler hat with scarlet band. She generally had the new jockey in tow. (JOSIAH, who is still very Early-Victorian, can't bear the sight of her. "What are things coming to?" he said. "At her age she ought to be having a nap at the fireside in a shawl, and curls." "Oh, well," I said, "the curls are there all right enough, but the fireside isn't good enough for our sporting old girls to-day; and the only nap they care for is one on the next race.")

The sensation of the next Newmarket meeting is to be the riding of this wonderful new jockey—an *Eskimo*, my dear, only three feet high, but full-grown and very strong. He sits *right on the horse's head*, and is bound to cut out the American style, just as *that* cut out ours. He can never be cut out himself, for of course, when you've got right on the horse's head, there's no farther to go, is there? He was the guest of honour for the week at Rowley Lodge, and everyone's been petting and spoiling him, especially POPSY, Lady R., who's teaching him *Diabolo* and *Bridge*, and *English*, and I don't know what other accomplishments. Being so small, he doesn't have to starve like other jockeys, and he sat at dinner every night in a child's high chair, doing just as he pleased and snatching at whatever he wanted. But everything he does is right. *Some* people go so far as to say that three feet is *quite* tall enough, and several of us are learning *Eskimo*, which seems a sweet thing in languages, consisting chiefly of grunts with an occasional choke.

FREDDY and BILLY are trying to get first claim on him for me.

A *propos* of the redoubtable POPSY, she's romancing in a most risky way about her adventures when captured by the famous brigand, RINALDO, and the daring and address she

showed in escaping. As to adventures, nobody believes she had any; and as to her escape, when he found there was no ransom and that no one cared whether she was free or not, he simply sent her away. However, the "Eye-Opener," the "Gorgeous," and some other halls offer her big money for a turn to be called "My Captivity with RINALDO;" and she's wild with delight, and has ordered her frock—pink satin, cut low in the bodice and high in the skirt, to be worn with black shoes and stockings, black elbow-gloves, and an immense pink satin hat with half-a-dozen long black ostrich plumes.

I must tell you a rather good thing NORTY said to his new Yankee sister-in-law the other day. DESDEMONA was cracking up the land of her birth and criticising the land of her marriage, according to custom, and, among other things, she said she considered us English a *dull* nation (though she'd the grace to except "present company"). "Oh," said NORTY, "*dull* is a hard word. Perhaps we may be a bit *serious*, but that's only to be *expected*, seeing that an *Englishman* discovered gravity!"

People were telling a funny little storiette about BERYL CLARGES at Newmarket this week. She has a good deal of influence at the War Office, and the other day she wrote to the authorities asking to go in *Nulli Secundus* on its next aerial flight (this was before its collapse). She got an answer saying the military airship never carried anyone but the three experts, and the authorities could not see their way to—and so on. Nothing daunted, BERYL wrote again, saying she would do nothing to incommode the experts, and, as she only weighed seven stone, she couldn't think that her presence would make any difference. Again she was informed that the authorities could not see their way to—and so on; and *some* people say that the second refusal wound up with: "No ladies, however light, can be accommodated in official *Dirigibles*"; but it may be only *ben trovato*.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

LITERARY NOTES.

[SPECIAL TO *Punch*.]

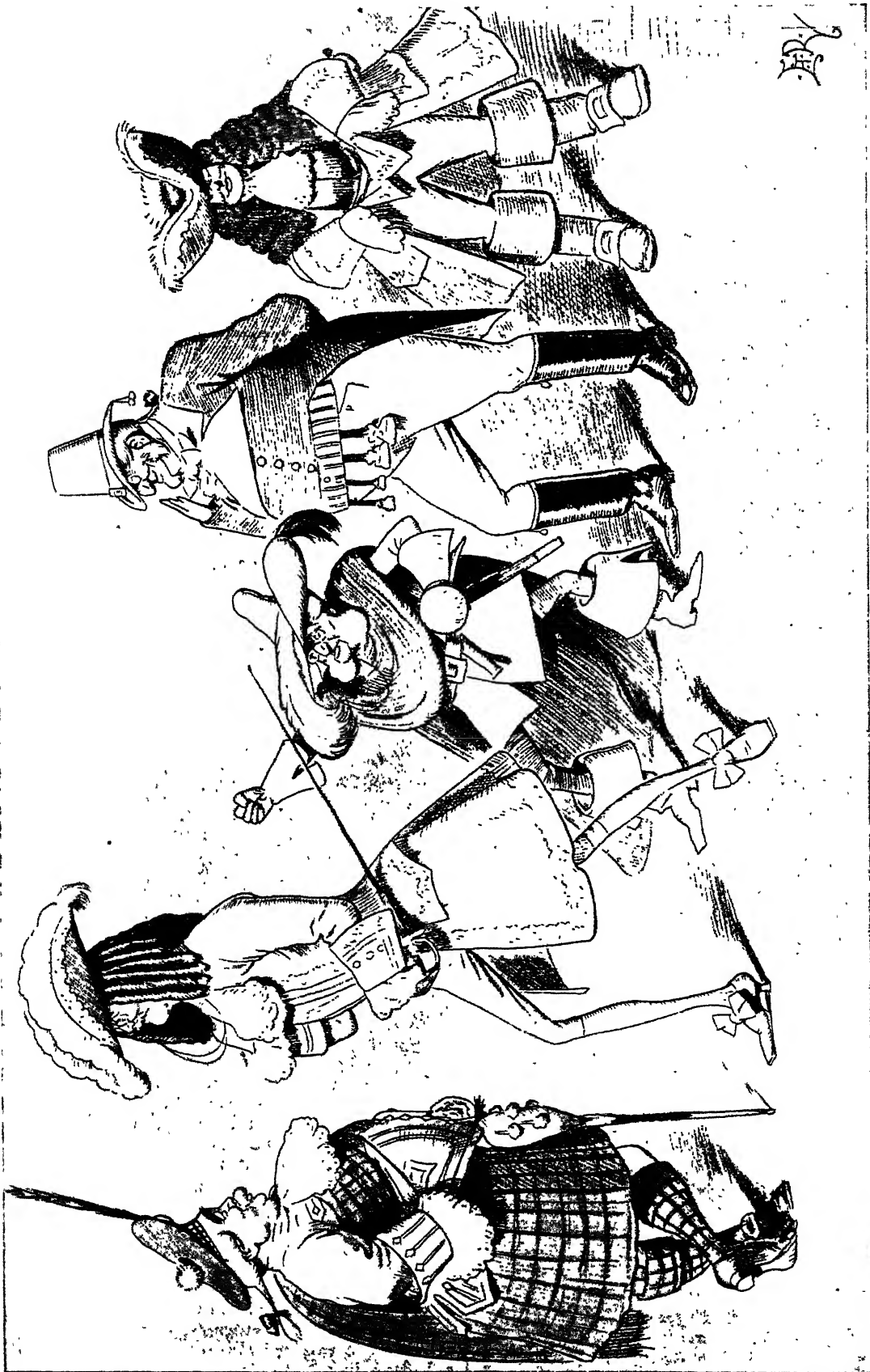
AMONG the latest literary votaries of the irresistible pastime of the hour are Father BERNARD SHAWM, Dr. ANDREW SALEEBY, Mr. ANTHONY ASHTON, Mrs. BROWN POTTAGE, and Mrs. JOHN STRANGE PANHARD. Dr. ANDREW SALEEBY, we may note, re-

cently had a wonderful escape from what might have been a serious, if not a fatal, accident. While *diabolising* on the lawn at Ranelagh he threw the cone to such an extraordinary height that he entirely lost sight of the projectile, which fell on his head. Fortunately Dr. ANDREW SALEEBY (who must not be confused with his talented namesake Dr. C. W. SALEEBY) was wearing an aluminium tall hat of his own invention, which so far abated the impact of the falling cone that he escaped with only a slight concussion of his massive and monumental brain. The episode has been celebrated in a very touching sonnet by Canon PRAWNSLEY, who was an agonised spectator of his friend's escape.

The following are the titles of a small selection of Mr. A. C. BENSON's forthcoming works:—*Parlour Pathos*; *Warblings from a Scholar's Sanctuary*; *Mezzanine Musings*; *Great Thoughts from a Best Bedroom*; *Meal and Malt, or the Humours of Subjectivity*; *The Complete Introspectionist*; *The Slop-over Letters, or the Ordeal of Tony Toshpot*.

One of the most interesting features of contemporary civilisation is the remarkable enterprise and intrepidity shown by ladies in the field of exploration and sport. This curious fact is abundantly illustrated in the announcements of forthcoming works dealing with this form of literature. Amongst them we may single out for special notice *Half Hours among the Marabouts*, by DIANA CROSSLEY (LONGMANS, STRONG - I' - TH' - ARM & Co.), which contains a complete explanation why the talented authoress did not stop longer than the time specified. Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., as usual, contributes one of his luminous and engrossing introductions. Nor must we forget to notice *How I killed the last of the Giant Sloths*, by SEMIRAMIS SKRIMSHANKS, the authoress of *How I Knocked Spots off the Leopard*; and *Round the Horn in a Canadian Canoe*, by SYLVIA D. CUTTLEBURY—both published by Messrs. FISHER AND GREEN.

Did GAMBETTA and BISMARCK ever meet? Memories of this controversy lend interest to the forthcoming volume from the pen of Mr. THOMAS OLNEY, *Matthew Arnold and Martin Tupper: the history of a Secret Collaboration*, which will be illustrated with ninety-eight full-page portraits of the most eminent men of letters



MORE BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES FOR MEN.

Why not make a beginning at Westminster next Session?

[Dedicated to Mr. Louis N. PARKER, who says that "at present women have no idea what men could look like if they were only given a fair chance."]

whose Christian names were MATTHEW or MARTIN.

The enormous success which has attended the publication with a special preface of the second impression of *Three Shrieks* has encouraged the author's publisher, Messrs. QUACKENBOSSE, to arrange for the issue of a revised edition of all her works. She hopes to contribute an introductory essay to each volume, laying special stress on the theological bearing of her stories and their special suitability for perusal by country congregations.

The increasing prevalence of the practice of decorating the covers of novels with coloured portraits of the heroine has led, as was only to be expected, to a distressing accident. A well-known inhabitant of Ponder's End, famed for his absent-mindedness, recently mistook a novel by Mr. JOHN BULLINGHAM, which happened to be lying on the drawing-room table, for a chocolate box, and swallowed some thirty pages of the contents before he realised his mistake. We understand that Messrs. FADBURY and CRY are giving the matter their most careful attention, and seriously contemplate a policy of retaliation.

As students of literary psychology have doubtless observed, an original title invariably sets a fashion in nomenclature. Thus, as the result no doubt of Mr. HEWLETT's *Stooping Lady*, we note the announcement of the following novels:—*The Upright Gentleman*, *The Bandy-legged Baronet*, *The Knock-Kneed Nobleman*, and *A Heroine with a Hump*.

Amongst other interesting memoirs Messrs. STODDER and HOUGHTON will shortly publish *My Reminiscences*, by MINIMA CARTER, the famous wonder-child of the piano. The volume will contain 144 portraits of the author (one for every month of her life), and is dedicated to the TSAR, "by one who has kissed him," by permission of the TSARITSA.

We regret to learn that owing to his engagements in the Arctic regions Mr. HARRY DE QUEX, the famous fictionist, will be unable to produce more than three novels before Christmas. They will be named *A Purple Potentate*; *Ego et Reges mei*; and *The Crowning of Quex*.

"The county with the lowest percentage of married women is Cardigan with 333 per cent."
—*London Magazine*.

AÏDA IN EGYPT.

THE public that goes to see VERDI's *Aïda* gets a good lot for its money. Still, I could have wished last Thursday that the Management had allowed their generosity to extend to a gift of cotton wadding for the tympanum, because the stage-trumpeters in the Second Act were nothing short of terrific. I was astounded at the indifference shown by *Radamès* (Signor VIGNAS), who was even nearer to the brass than I was. Perhaps his recent military triumphs had left him *blasé*, or he was distracted by the sight of real Irish Guardsmen in the uniform of the Pharaohs. (This should please Mr. KEIR HARDIE, and he might make it the text of an inflammatory speech



TEMPORARY MISUNDERSTANDING IN AN ETHIOPIAN FAMILY.

Aïda . . . Mme. Litvinne.
Amonasro . . . Sig. Sammarco.

at Port Said on the way home, advocating sympathy between oppressed nationalities.)

As for the concerted passage for six principals and a variegated chorus, never surely did so many different persons say so many different things all at once. Here was the Egyptian King proposing to put lotus round the victor's head; and *Aïda* regretting that she would lose her lover in his hour of triumph; and her father telling her that vengeance will come; and her rival crowing over her; and the General protesting that *Aïda's* love was beyond rubies; and the priests offering prayers to Isis; and the prisoners returning thanks for their release; and not one of them able to hear what anybody else was saying with all that noise going on.

I noticed that the statue of Isis which is required for this scene was made to do duty for Vulcan in the latter's temple during an earlier scene. Both the King and *Radamès*

seemed conscious of the impropriety of this arrangement, and, when praying to Vulcan, they turned their backs upon his female effigy, and addressed themselves to the other gods in the gallery.

Signor VIGNAS sang feelingly—when he felt like it. Madame LITVINNE, as *Aïda*, was correct in a rather heavy Teutonic vein. Her complexion was far too many shades lighter than that of her dusky Ethiopian papa (a part to which Signor SAMMARCO gave great distinction). Perhaps her mother was a Northerner, or else Ethiopians can, after all, undergo a change of skin. I understand, indeed, that Signor SAMMARCO got out of his as soon as his work was over. Madame PAQUOT's voice (in the part of *Amneris*) gathered volume as the evening advanced, and she did good things in the later scenes. I suppose (with great respect) that it would be impossible for these two rival ladies to be allowed to settle their differences in a welter trial of strength, scratch-as-scratch-can. I would give a good deal to assist at such a spectacle.

I must believe that the grotesque capers of the Nubian section of the ballet serve some useful purpose in the general scheme of local colour. But I cannot doubt that these monkey antics, though well meant and clearly designed to have a soothing effect, must have been very irritating to the Princess in her awful state of depression. I was not in the least surprised that she kept looking the other way. CLEOPATRA, in similar circumstances, would have had them put to death on the spot. O. S.

A WARNING TO FLEET STREET.

A TELEPHONE Newspaper, or rather News-Transmitter, has recently been organised in Buda-Pest, and its subscribers are liable to be rung up any moment, and have editorial pronouncements, Society gossip, and chronicles of the world's happenings communicated to them *viva voce*. What the capital of Hungary does to-day we suppose London will be doing the day after to-morrow, or, at any rate, the middle of next week. It is indeed a dreadful prospect in store for us, with our present exasperating type of instrument. We grieve to think that, with the march of progress, our respected daily and weekly contemporaries are doomed to disappear, but Mr. *Punch* proposes to assist the proprietors to retain their respective *clientèles* by the



House Agent (to young married couple house-hunting). "THE PLACE DOES NOT LACK INTEREST. TWO OF THE FORMER TENANTS WERE DROWNED IN THIS MOAT."

adoption of titles akin to those of the superseded journals. When the clean sweep is made, and the "receivers" are in our hands—that is, if we are not all in the hands of the receivers—here is his list of the forthcoming disturbers of our household peace. It is to be hoped that no existing organ will feel itself slighted by any liberties in the way of nomenclature.

The Whooper (from Printing House Square).

The Daily Hello-hello-graph.

The Stentor (from Shoe Lane).

The Morning Aggravator.

The Daily Telephonicle.

The Daily Wail.

The Daily Expletive.

The Morning Blast.

The Afternoon Call.

The Evening Nuisance.

The Night Howl.

The Pell Yell.

The Westminster Buzzette.

The Squeaker.

The Weakly Wheeze and Echo.

With this little lot in full blast we foresee a great time for aurists and nerve-doctors. Mr. Punch, however, will still appeal to the eye—*urbi et orbi*.

QUESTION AND ANSWER FROM ABROAD.

Who has the greatest contempt for the travelling Englishman, marveling in his heart that any grown person can be such a fool as to leave his own cheap and excellent country to sleep and eat expensively in strange hotels?

The Hotel Porter.

But who is it that successfully disguises this contempt?

The Hotel Porter.

Who begins by saying what the fare ought to be, and putting an end to strife?

The Hotel Porter.

And who ends by being apparently satisfied with a smaller tip than you would dare to offer your haughty chambermaid, and a tenth of what you humbly lay at the feet of the head-waiter who has never spoken to you?

The Hotel Porter.

None the less, who, without being grasping, has a palm which absorbs tips like a quicksand?

The Hotel Porter.

And who is probably richer than his proprietor?

The Hotel Porter.

Who has gold braid that would shame a field-marshal?

The Hotel Porter.

Who can attend to six persons at once and never lose his temper?

The Hotel Porter.

Who always tells you that your letters want another twenty-five on each?

The Hotel Porter.

And who has all the twenty-fives you want?

The Hotel Porter.

Who strikes you as being the best linguist in the world?

The Hotel Porter.

And who makes you ashamed of being the worst?

The Hotel Porter.

Who is usually fat?

The Hotel Porter.

And never thin?

The Hotel Porter.

Who has never been seen to arrive, and yet suddenly is there?

The Hotel Porter.

Who has never been known to go to bed?

The Hotel Porter.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE critic hath said in his heart, "There can be nothing new in the novels of the year. Every possible phase of character has been limned, every situation debated and described." The conviction, certainly not unreasonable, is discredited by Sir GILBERT PARKER's new book, *The Weavers* (HEINEMANN). He has hit upon a quite original situation, and works it with consummate art. He takes a young Quaker from an English village and transplants him in Egypt, an honest man in a den of thieves. So far as I remember, the Quaker has never before been brought in immediate contact and inevitable conflict with the Oriental. The ruler of Egypt finds in *David Claridge* a new JOSEPH come to bring prosperity to the land. He forthwith makes him his right-hand man, displacing a gang of officials marked by the ordinary predatory habits of their race. Naturally the promotion makes many deadly, unscrupulous enemies for the young Quaker, whose indifference to baksheesh is an inscrutable and suspicious mystery. *David's* adventures in pursuit of his plan of raising the moral and material position of the fellah-keen are related with unflagging crispness and picturesqueness.

It is a tale of two countries, of two races. From time to time the scene shifts from Cairo and the Soudan to London and the Quaker community at Hamley. An underplot reveals *David* as the real heir to an earldom, enjoyed by a younger brother who has married the woman *David* loves and is loved by. There we touch the conventional, lamented by the anonymous critic quoted above. Sir GILBERT is, happily, most at home in Egypt with the Egyptians. Few modern English writers, none whose name occurs to one at the moment, so thoroughly realise Oriental character or describe it with lighter, more vivid touches. There are many word pictures that bring to the reader afar the colour and scent of the desert, the movement of the Nile, the life and noise of Cairo. *The Weavers* is one of the best novels of the year.

A minor, but striking originality is that the *Earl of Eglinton*, a Peer of the Realm, sits on the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons, and joins in debate in the capacity of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. That would be a blunder possibly excusable in a lady novelist. It is amazing in one who has for some years sat in the House of Commons, and is familiar with an elementary condition of the Constitution.

O Taw and Tavy be rivers, they be,
Down along Dartymoor,
And many's the volk as there yew'll zee—
Varmer, and maid, and borry;
And prickety vuzz she grew all roun',
Vor roofin', and vodder, and vuel,

And JOHN TREVENA, he've written en down
In a buke called *Furze the Cruel*.

But bain't the bush as that name imply,
But the volk that lives anigh en,
Who 'm always a-prickin' ye, spiteful and sly,
Like the vuzz when ye wanders by en;
And JOHN he've seed such things as they've did
What'd give ye the creepin' shivers,
Zo he've published en all zo en shouldn' be hid,
Assisted by ALSTON RIVERS.

But brutes bain't all what he've took and drew,
Though it's them what he've wrote the buke vor;
There's a liddle love-story a-winin' through,
As purty as yew could look vor;
And the way he mixes en up and all—
Why, yew and him together.

Yew zeem to be down along
payin' a call
'Mong the granite and vuzz
and heather.

In *Laid up in Lavender* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN has collected the short stories with which he started his career. They are pleasant reading to us others, for they show that even the great men of fiction were once as we. Mr. WEYMAN did not wake up one morning to write *A Gentleman of France*, as you might suppose. No, he began modestly with that nice little tale, *The Colonel's Boy*, which shows how that villain *Farquhar* sent anonymous letters to *Kitty* (with whom he fancied himself in love. Pah!) in order to turn her affections from her fiancé, *Jim*. Then he wrote *Family Portraits*, which tells how the will came out of the secret panel, and how *Alfred Wigram* (dead, long dead) turned up again with a full beard and a nasty scar under the eye. And

so on. However, there are two stories which I commend unreservedly: *Bab*, which has a vast amount of truth in it, and *Gerald*, which is of the essence of Romance. In *Gerald*, a tale of a London Square, nothing happens, but things are on the verge of happening all the time. I fancy that it was after writing *Gerald*, and discovering that nothing ever could happen in London, that Mr. WEYMAN left for France by the night boat.

L. ALLEN HARKER (since I know you not,
Or whether you are Mr., Miss, or Mrs.),
I wondered if the puppets of your plot
Would flounder through the usual abysses,
And talk the old familiar tommy-rot.
I crave your pardon! I can do no less.
This tale of yours, of love and strength and beauty,
His First Leave (ARNOLD), is, if I must guess,
A man's for love of truth and sense of duty,
A woman's for its charm and tenderness.



THE DIABOLOPE.

A NEW SPECIES OF ANTELOPE EXPECTED SHORTLY AT
THE ZOO.

CHARIVARIA.

IN one of her letters QUEEN VICTORIA wrote of the present KING OF THE BELGIANS: "He must be a little love." This, of course, was many years ago, before he had heard of the Congo. He is quite a big boy now.

The Alexander III. Museum at St. Petersburg has received an order not to exhibit a portrait of MAXIM GORKY. Miss GERTIE MILLAR and the Misses DARE stand aghast at the barbarous rigour of this punishment, which they are happy to think would be impossible in any civilised country.

EARL CARRINGTON, Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, speaking at Hull, stated that he would see if the wish for a separate Minister of Fisheries could be met, as every member of the Cabinet was in favour of "One man one job." We are sorry to see this hint of the gradual Americanisation of our public life.

Bishop POTTER of New York is being denounced in the Southern States for entertaining at luncheon the negro Bishop FERGUSON. A yet graver scandal is that a Georgia negro has qualified for a CARNEGIE Hero Fund medal, and it has been awarded to him.

Mr. THOMAS A. EDISON announces that, as a result of an invention which he has perfected, it will be possible shortly for every one to have a motor-car. A sharp rise is expected in Necropolitans.

"The progress of automobilism," says the Paris correspondent of *The Sunday Times*, "is no doubt preparing the time when the principal use of horses will be for the dinner table." "And the same fate," says an Irishman, "will no doubt ultimately befall motor-cars when they in their turn are ousted by flying machines."

A magistrate has decided that a doctor may drive his motor-car at an excessive speed on his way to see a

patient. The medical profession is delighted at the decision, which should mean more business for them, on the snowball principle.

After all the giant liner about to be built for the Hamburg-America Line is to do no more than 18 knots. So there will be no rate-cutting in that quarter.

Is Diabolo dangerous? This is a question which is exercising the minds of many nervous persons. At least one City hawker is of the opinion that it is. "Die o'blows! A penny each. Die o'blows!" he cries.

his choice each week, so that, if he wins, the prize may be a big one.

It is wonderful how some people get on. An outfitter who arrived penniless in this country from Poland in 1896 has just failed for no less a sum than £6,000.

In consequence of Sir LAUDER BRUNTON's having declared that fleas constitute a national danger, a war of extermination is feared, and many of the poor little mites, usually so lively, are said to be hiding, panic-stricken, in out-of-the-way places.

We have received from "An Animal Lover" a long letter championing these social outcasts, in which he draws attention to the flea's love of human society, and points out that in their company one never has a single dull moment.

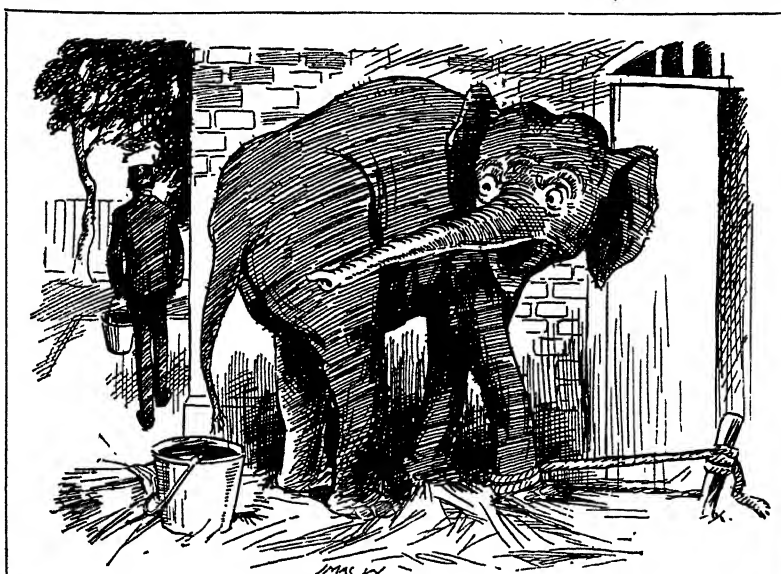
Miss GLADYS VANDERBILT, it is announced, is to be married to Count SZECHENYI by no fewer than three ceremonies, the first of which will be performed by Mayor McCLELLAN, the second at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the third at the Protestant Episcopal Church. This gives one some idea of the enormous wealth of the bride.

Sad results of the American financial crisis are reported. It is said that several multi-millionaires have been reduced to the ranks of mere millionaires, and that they are being cut by their former equals, who refuse to have anything to do with paupers.

"Mr. HARRY LAUDER, the well-known comedian, and Mr. GEORGE FOSTER, ex-member of the London County Council, sail for America by the *Lucania* to-morrow," says *The Daily Mail*. This seems a strange combination, and reminds us of a careless paragraph which appeared some little time ago:

"DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Miss Marie Lloyd are all doing well."



The Elephant (very disgrusted). "DASH THAT SHORTSIGHTED FOOL OF A KEEPER! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME HE'S PUT MY GRUB AT THE WRONG END!"

The tendency for the seasons to get mixed up nowadays is astonishing. Although the Silly Season is over, a marrow measuring 3 ft. 2 ins. has, we learn from *The Express*, been picked in the garden of Mr. SAM LINES, of Redcar.

It is rumoured that several of the unsuccessful competitors in a Limerick contest which had for its object the pushing of the sale of a certain cigarette have, since the announcement of the result, been seen smoking a rival brand of cigarette. If this be true, it is a shocking exhibition of petty spite.

One of the most interesting modern Limerick competitors is said to live at Gotham, in the shape of an old gentleman, who sends in an immense quantity of last lines (with postal orders) to the paper of

TO AN AMALGAMATED PORTER.

[The application of the following lines will not be affected by any temporary settlement that may be arranged in the present railway crisis.]

So you're of those that bow the knee to BELL,
Waiting on his command to stay or go?
And this may suit you both extremely well,
You and your god, but what I wish to know
Is—Do you really think a general strike
Is just what I should like?

When with your charming candour you admit
A taste (like *débutantes*) for "coming out,"
I may admire your independent grit,
But I must also entertain a doubt
Whether your excellent amalgam cares
A d—— for my affairs.

My stocks are falling, and their produce fails,
Drooping to practically *nil per cent.*;
And then again your attitude entails
The risk of causing further discontent.
Example:—Should a signalman desert,
I might be badly hurt!

So to my point. You've put me in the train—
A minute's task—and in the usual way
You should have touched a tanner for your pain
(That's thirty bob an hour)—but not to-day;
To-day, and henceforth, if I would be wise,
I must economise.

Mind you, I rank your service very high,
Nor grudge the payment, though you pouch it
twice;
(Being an Englishman I often buy
Civil attentions at the current price,
Because it seems that wages don't embrace
These little acts of grace);

But now, with strikes for ever in the air,
The casual sixpence must be set aside
For life-insurances, in case I'm there
When amateur-conducted trains collide;
So for the future, thanks to BELL, M.P.,
You get no tips from me.

O. S.

THE CLEGGISLATOR.

At a special meeting of the Council of the Football Association (Limited—5 per cent. discount for cash), held at High Holborn yesterday, it was decided by a large majority, including Mr. PICKLEY, the well-known triple blue, Mr. BENTFORD, the famous international, and the joint presidents Mr. J. C. KINNAIRD and Lord CLEGG, to carry on the boycott against the seceding amateurs with even greater sternness than before. In future any tradesman supplying an amateur with materials for the game without express permission from Viscount CLEGG, will be suspended indefinitely; while, if the offence be repeated, he will be severely reprimanded by his lordship. Attention having been called to the fact that a certain royal prince had, by taking up his residence at Cambridge, come under the ban of the Football Association, it was unanimously agreed that Mr. PICKLEY should write and warn him of the serious consequences that would ensue if he persisted in his defiant attitude.

The news that Earl CLEGG had offered his services as

arbitrator in the Railway dispute was received with the greatest enthusiasm in financial circles last night. It is not yet known exactly how his lordship will hold the balance between the Directors and the Railway Servants; but his preliminary announcement that both parties must first affiliate themselves to the Football Association has certainly gone a long way towards settling the unfortunate disagreement.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE will have the sympathy of all playgoers who read the announcement this morning that Marquis CLEGG had decided to withdraw the licence which he recently granted for the production of *As You Like It*. The Marquis, having studied the play carefully, has noted the passage in which *Touchstone* is credited with saying, "Trip, Audrey," and in consequence he is forced to the conclusion that, until both *Touchstone* and *Audrey* have affiliated themselves to the Football Association, it will be impossible for him to allow any further performances of the comedy to take place. This bears a little hardly upon Mr. ASCHE, but one would hesitate to say that his lordship was ill-advised. One would hesitate ever to say such a thing of Marquis CLEGG.

The recent panic in New York has been partially allayed by the high-minded conduct of a disinterested Englishman—no less a person indeed than Duke CLEGG. On receipt of the news of the disastrous rush upon the banks, his Grace immediately cabled over to America, offering to sell all the professionals belonging to the Football Association, and to put the proceeds (which are expected to amount to several millions) entirely at the disposal of the Knickerbocker Trust. The only stipulation Duke CLEGG makes is that, in accordance with the well-known rule of the Football Association, the knickerbocker must come at least below the knee.

The letter which Archbishop CLEGG has just given to the Press upon the vexed question of the Deceased Wife's Sister will be received with general satisfaction by Englishmen of all creeds. The Archbishop holds the scales evenly between the two parties of Church and State. His opinion, in fact, given after mature consideration, is that where both the man and the woman are members of the Football Association the marriage may take place with perfect propriety, but that if one of the contracting parties has neglected to be so affiliated the marriage should on no account be solemnised. Archbishop CLEGG will greatly enhance his position by this pronouncement.

The arrangements for the coming visit of His Imperial Majesty the KAISER to this country are now settled. One of the most interesting functions will take place at the well-known offices in High Holborn, where His Majesty will be presented by Mr. PICKLEY to Emperor CLEGG, after which it is said that he will have conferred upon him the freedom of the Football Association. This meeting of the two Emperors is likely to become historic.

LATER.—Constellation CLEGG has left High Holborn for the Milky Way.
A. A. M.

SCANDAL IN THE SMART SET.—All the employees on the Great Central Railway have been asked whether they are Society men or not.



THE SOAP-AND-WATER CURE.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. "AS I RECENTLY REMARKED AT NASHVILLE, TENN.: 'DURING THE NEXT SIXTEEN MONTHS OF MY TERM OF OFFICE THIS POLICY SHALL BE PERSEVERED IN UNSWERVINGLY!'"

AMERICAN EAGLE. "JE-HOSHAPHAT!"



A FIND IN THE NEW STYLE.

A SUMMONS HAS BEEN SERVED ON A WELL-KNOWN M. F. H. IN LEICESTERSHIRE FOR NOT HAVING COLLARS ON HIS PACK OF HOUNDS, WITH OWNER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ENGRAVED THEREON. WE VENTURE TO MAKE A FURTHER SUGGESTION. ALL HOUNDS MUST BE MUZZLED AND LED ON A CHAIN WHILE HUNTING.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

THE advertisement of "*The Clock that Boils Water*," wakes you, lights lamp, boils one pint of water, pours out, puts out lamp, and sounds gong when tea is ready, without human aid," is only the first announcement of the numerous useful and compendious inventions which are likely to come before the public in this age of enlightenment and Radio-activity and Sir OLIVER LODGE. In this connection we are able to mention several combinations of the same kind, which struck us as especially adapted to the public's needs.

The Bookcase that Ventilates, stops revolving when book is wanted, hands it, or if it is a volume of *The Times Encyclopædia* throws it at you, puts in paper-knife at right place, prevents snoring, marks where you leave off, replaces book, and starts revolving again without human aid; provides excellent ventilation for any room in which it is found.

The Scraper that Barks, for use outside front-door, made in shape of

housedog, retriever, setter, Newfoundland, Great St. Bernard, as per size required; barks when foot is placed on it, once for laymen, twice for clergymen, three times, with growl, for duns, shows teeth to scrape boots, wipes same with tail, lets go foot when door is answered, keeps bell ringing till then, without human aid. In ordering, average size of visitors' feet should be given.

The Egg-cup that Calls a Cab, invaluable for man of business, makes eggs fresh, boils as desired, opens, extracts chicken where necessary, savours with salt and pepper, tucks napkin under chin, feeds you, turns pages of morning paper, spreads bread and marmalade to follow, and whistles for four-wheeler, hansom, or taximo, without human aid.

The Pulpit that Intones, locks doors of church when mounted by preacher, turns down lights, starts electric shock along seats of all pews so that attention is fixed, gives note for intonation, renews note twice during sermon, induces appropriate gesticulation, announces final hymn at end of ten minutes, and dismisses preacher, without human aid.

NEEDLES AND NERVES.

["Placidity, restfulness, patience belong to the plier of the needle: there is nothing like it as a nerve-soother."—*The Lady*.]

WHEN Mother marks the haughty pose

Of MARY JANE, she simply sews;
And household hitches
Are swallowed up in satin-stitches:

When Father finds the Fates malign,
And almost is induced to dine

On prussic acid,
He crochets till his mind is placid.

When Auntie suffers from the sting
Of spinsterhood or anything

That once annoyed her,
She now commences to embroider.

And when I miss a two-inch putt,
I don't observe "Oh — it," but,

Ere I have said it,
I take a needle out and thread it.

"Books which have influenced me."

"Grandpa and the Alhambra. By A. F. Calvert."

THIS, however, is not the moral story it appears to be, but *The Daily News* version of Mr. CALVERT'S "Granada and the Alhambra."

WHITECROSS VALE.

THIS was a run I well remember
On the glorious first of a far November:
A light mist curled in the Autumn air,
And a watery sun gleamed thin and pale;
And all of us rode to our stations where
The covert nestled in Whitecross Vale.
It was "JACK, it's jolly to see you out:
Your health, old fellow! How goes the gout?"
Or "DICK, I'm dashed if it isn't DICK,
And DICK's old flea-bitten, hog-maned grey."
Or "HARRY, I hope you mean to stick
As tight to the tail of the hounds to-day
As you stuck to the brook and its bank of clay.
Oh, I had to laugh when I saw you paddle,
While your horse went on with an empty saddle."
In fact we had all the jests and greetings
That mark these first of November meetings.
Now Whitecross covert has earned a name
For holding a fox, and it's still the same.
There's a queer rough rhyme
Of the ancient time
Which the jolly old farmers shout and sing,
And it goes with a kind of hunting swing:

"Old NOAH came to land, sir,
One day in Whitecross Vale;
He'd a pigeon in his hand, sir,
With some salt upon its tail,
And the pigeon told him secrets that day in Whitecross
Vale.

He said, 'This here's as pretty
A place as any be:
It isn't near the city;
It isn't near the sea;
It's as good a place for foxes as any place can be.'

So he took them from their boxes,
And he put them in the bog—
A brace of bushy foxes,
A vixen and a dog;
And the trees began to sprout there and cover up the
bog.

They didn't get no thinner,
And reared a family.
They gave them fowls for dinner,
And ducklings for their tea.
And when they both departed they left their family.

So, since the flood declined there,
And NOAH went away,
You're always sure to find there,
And there you'll find to-day;
And won't he make you gallop when once he breaks
away!"

So much for the Ark—
But hark, hark, hark!
That's *Melody's* music, well I know.
There's a hustle and bustle through the bushes
Where the pack in its ardent thrusts and pushes
In Whitecross Vale where the bushes grow.
And now with a forty-power lung,
Listen, the pack is giving tongue.
And, yoick! he's out at the farther side!
He's out, he's out,
For I heard the shout;
So it's up with your heart, my son, and ride.

It isn't a mile
To the stiff-built stile.

Gather your horse and lift him over
To land in a field that once was clover.
And, lo, on the slope you see them streaming,
While the thin pale sun through the mist is gleaming
Here and there on the scarlet coats,
And the music floats
From the hounds' full throats
In a rattling chorus of joyous notes.
Lightly over the post and rails,
You and a dozen,—no one fails.
And see how a lady holds the lead
On a thoroughbred built for a turn of speed.
She's made for the horse, and he for her,
And there's never a touch of crop or spur.
An airy figure she sails along,
Ahead of the red-coat riding throng.
Steady, oh, steady, through the plough,
Over the bank and ditch; and now
There's a stretch of grass with a hedge that bounds it;
But you clear the fence,
Though it's high and dense;
And fast and faster
You follow the Master
As he lifts his beckoning horn and sounds it.

There's mud on the back
Of DICK, and JACK
Has managed to crumple a brand-new hat:
It had once been high, but he wears it flat.
And it's bellows to mend for more than one
Who lag in the rear of the mighty run.
But the trim-built lady is still in front
Of the eager, galloping, panting hunt.
Sixty minutes we rode and more,
And at last in the sight of a bare half-score,
The wreck of the host who had met together
In Whitecross Vale in the misty weather,
At the foot of a hill his force was spent,
And the hounds were on him and down he went.

R. C. L.

We hope our readers have not forgotten the uncom-
pleted Swanage Limerick which we printed last week.
The first four lines were:

Lady Charlotte dreaded the winter
Which in England she said was so bitter,
But her maid said, Madam, that's not so
If to Swanage you'll go . . .

Among the final lines "very highly commended" we
feel bound to call attention to—

"You will think you are wintering in Madeira,"
the author of which seems to have caught the spirit of
the thing exactly.

Our Feuilleton.

(NOTE.—You can begin this to-day.)

CH. CXXXIX. (FROM THE GAELIC.)

"(Brigid coming in. William is down in the corner with his pipe
in his mouth, trying to get smoke out of it and it fails him to do it.)

William: Bad luck to the visiting, if it wouldn't be small harm for
you to be ashamed of yourself; on your two heels visiting since
morning.

Brigid: Indeed, 'tis often it profited you for me to go there and don't
be bothering me.

William: 'Tisn't much I ever gained by your visits, and don't be it
is. (During the talk who should come in but Kate.)"—*Kildare Observer*.

(To be continued from some other paper.)

"The Peace Conference started well, and at one time it seemed
to be making satisfactory progress in different directions."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

MOSTLY backwards and sideways unfortunately.

WITH TEDDY IN TENNESSEE;

OR, THE DIARY OF A HUSTLER'S HOLIDAY.

[With acknowledgments to "The Daily Mail."]

Monday, October 14.—Aroused by the PRESIDENT at 4.30 a.m. for a bathe in Bear Lake. After bathe, Swedish gymnastics and races on the ice. Breakfast at 6.30 off squirrel, wild-cat, and hot barley-water. Bear-hunting in the cane brakes from eight to 4.30 p.m. with forty dogs, twenty negro trackers, and three Anglican bishops. Day's bag includes three bears, twelve squirrels, one wild bustard, ten prairie oysters, one Bombay duck, thirteen wild-cats, and one Anglican bishop. On the PRESIDENT's grassing his first bear a negro tracker observed, "You're no tenderfoot, Mr. PRESIDENT," and was promptly rewarded with a 20-dollar note. Great hunt dinner at 5.30 given to the PRESIDENT by the inhabitants of Bombay (Tennessee), who between the courses decide to alter the name of the town to Teddyville. At the PRESIDENT's suggestion a telegram announcing the change is dispatched to Sir GEORGE CLARKE, the new Governor of Bombay (India).

Tuesday, October 15.—Single-stick tournament in camp. President ROOSEVELT defeats all comers. Deputation from the inhabitants of Constantinople (Tennessee), asking to be allowed to change the name of this city to Presidentia. Mr. ROOSEVELT graciously acquiesces and wires the news to the SULTAN. In the afternoon the PRESIDENT goes pickerel-spearing with Anglican bishops, and brings home three pickerel, six wombats, seventeen larks, ten owls, one lizard, and three mugwumps. When the PRESIDENT shot his first owl it is said that a negro tracker observed, "You're a peach, Mr. PRESIDENT," and was promptly presented with a diamond pin. Anglican bishop asks during the courses of dinner to be allowed to change the name of his bishopric to Theodorchester. PRESIDENT graciously consents, declaring that he was the happiest man alive, and adding that he found lizard flesh the best of all dishes, excepting wild-cat's gizzard. After dinner, songs round the camp fire, the PRESIDENT leading the choruses in a rich falsetto.

Wednesday, October 16.—Wild-cat stalking with the PRESIDENT before breakfast. PRESIDENT entertained to a great hunt breakfast by the inhabitants of Edinburgh (Tennessee). During the progress of the entertain-



Jones (miscalculating length of train, and jumping off with difficulty). "SORRY—I REALLY—I BEG YOUR PARDON!"

Miss Beauchamp. "CONCEDED!"

ment the inhabitants unanimously resolve to change the name of the town to Teddyburgh. The PRESIDENT, in responding to the toast of his health, says that this is the proudest moment of his life, adding that in his opinion wild-cat's liver is the best dish in the world, always excepting curried mongoose. After breakfast Mr. ROOSEVELT, at the head of a cavalcade of fifty horsemen, gallops back to the camp and plays diabolio till sundown with Professor ORELLO CONE.

Thursday, October 17.—While bathing in Bear Lake, PRESIDENT attacked by wild-cats and rescued by a dog-fish. A quiet morning. The PRESIDENT goes squirrel-hunting in the

bent woods and shoots three squirrels, two Tammany tigers, eleven tortoises, seven bobolinks, and one robin redbreast.

Friday, October 18.—Ice polo on Bear Lake before breakfast. The PRESIDENT unhorses two Anglican Bishops. From 9 to 12 cow-punching on the prairie. During lunch deputation arrives from the inhabitants of Teddyville (formerly Bombay, Tennessee), asking permission to change the name of their town to Cortelyou, on the ground that the strain of living up to their present appellation is too great. Painful scene. The PRESIDENT speaks for three hours. Flight of Anglican bishops. Camp breaks up.

THE IMPOSTOR.

(With all deference to the popular Monthlies.)

THERE were three things about the man that made her suspect him of being an escaped convict. In the first place, keen magazine reader that she was, she knew that most men one meets in country lanes after ten o'clock P.M. are either aristocratic burglars or escaped convicts. In the second place, there was *such* a lot of arrows on his suit. In the third place, he said he was an escaped convict.

"I believe in your innocence," she said impulsively, taking his unwilling hand in hers. "But tell me your story."

For a convict he seemed strangely unwilling to talk about himself, oddly loth to talk about anything at all. If the truth must be told, he seemed almost impatient to be doing something else, to be going on escaping, perhaps. Bit by bit, however, she wormed out of him the sad tale of his suffering and injustice. Yes, he had started on the downward path by gambling. Sometimes he had won, but more often he had lost, until he had been forced, in order to recoup himself, to make a last plunge. With every prospect of success he had plumped for red. For a week the sunset had been red; his deceased mother's hair had been red; and a voice seemed to be saying to him, "Red, you fool, RED!" Nevertheless it had turned out to be black, and the result of listening to a voice which was not really there was that he owed more than he could ever hope to repay. Yes, he had then stolen from the till. NO, he had not been found out that time. NO, he had not even been sorry. In fact he was only too pleased to have discovered a way of getting money without having to work for it. But what the something was her game?

"And did your unkind employers find you out and ruthlessly dismiss you?" she asked, gazing at him with infinite pity but gently ignoring his irrelevant question. He had been found out, but had been given another chance. The money had continued to disappear, however, and he had been again suspected.

"How cruel!" she cried indignantly. "And who had really been taking it?"

"Me," answered the E.C. with engaging brevity. "But—"

"Did your brutal employers call in the police?" she interrupted.

"Look 'ere!" said the E.C., recollecting his irritation and suspicion.

"Yes, dear, I am looking. But did they?"

Oddly enough, that was exactly what had happened, and the most curious thing about it was that there was no Junior Partner who, being fonder of the Turf than of the office, had really been the culprit and, therefore, the leading spirit in securing a conviction. Foolish though it might sound, his employers were merely a Limited Company and the police had conducted the prosecution. Lastly, saddest and most unjust of all, there was not in the whole jury one reformed and humanitarian ex-murderer who had insisted on an acquittal.

"Did you never—" she began.

"Oh, chuck it!" said her victim, with a futile attempt to escape from the tyranny of this cross-examination.

"Did you never," she pursued with that patient and feminine persistence which no man has ever successfully withstood—"did you never tell the prison chaplain that you were innocent?"

Yes, he did, scores of times. And did the chaplain not believe him, did the chaplain dare to doubt his word? Yes, the chaplain had even gone as far as that.

"Harsh man!" she whispered in her softest voice, with glistening eyes. "But I believe in you, ERIC."

"Thank 'ee," he answered shortly. "My name's SAM."

"I believe in you, SAM, and I love you. I will stand by you, and in spite of the wicked world you shall become rich and famous and yourself the successful rival of that dastardly Limited Company."

So saying she took both his hands in hers.

"Oo are yer gettin' at?" said he, as, goaded at last to active resistance, he quickly removed the right hand which carried the life-preserver.

"SAM, dearest," she smiled through her tears, "I am offering you my love."

"Thank 'ee again," said he, in a voice thick with long-suppressed emotion, "but I'd sooner 'ave yer watch."

The fact that he thereupon felled her senseless to the ground and made off not only with her watch but with all her valuables can leave no doubt in the minds of diligent and sincere readers of our Monthly Illustrated Magazines that he was not a real criminal at all, but nothing better than a beastly cad.

WISDOM WHILE YOU EAT.

[A Swiss manufacturer has been advertising his wares by distributing chocolate maps and representations of historic scenes amongst schools. Let *Mr. Punch* anticipate the correspondence of a British head-master when this agreeable method of spreading information becomes common.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I take a tender, perhaps I may say peculiar, interest in your son ALBERT, perceiving as I do in him faculties which, under careful intellectual guidance, will make him a credit alike to his parents and instructors.

It is therefore with pleasure that I inform you that his progress during the past term has been most satisfactory. His capacity for assimilating knowledge in solid form is extraordinary. It may be said of him that he always aims at the bull's-eye and gets there. I have seen him devouring a (gingerbread) proposition of Euclid with an intensity amazing in one so young. The enthusiasm with which he regarded a representation of the Execution of Lady JANE GREY in butterscotch gave me one of those rare thrills of joy which compensate a pedagogue for much dreary toil. Lest you should too hastily assume that ALBERT's devotion to solid learning has damaged his health, I may say that our school motto is "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" (which, as you are doubtless aware, signifies "a sound mind in a sound body"). I might also add that during this term his weight has increased by no less than twenty-eight pounds.

I enclose the bill for the term, and beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. FLUMMERY DABBS

(Corresponding Member of the College of Preceptors).

Thomas Wilkins, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I take a tender, perhaps I may say peculiar, interest in your son WILLIAM, perceiving as I do in him faculties which, under careful intellectual guidance, will make him a credit alike to his parents and instructors. It is therefore with pain that I inform you that his progress during the past term has been most unsatisfactory. I am not one of those who depreciate healthy recreation. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" (which, as you are doubtless aware, signifies "a sound mind in a sound body") is the motto of Stuffham Academy. But an unwholesome love of sport seems to have obscured higher intellectual interests in the mind of your son. Under the



Irritated Hansom Cabby (to gentleman who for the last ten minutes has been whistling—in series of three—for a taximeter cab). "TRY FOUR WHISTLES, GUV'NOR, AND P'RAPS YOU'LL GET A AIR-SHIP."

pretence of "keeping fit" he neglects the educational advantages placed before him. He declined to partake of a map (in chocolate) of the Great Sahara, with insertions of liquorice to mark caravan routes, and peppermint drops to represent oases. And on an ingenious representation of the Gunpowder Plot (in toffee) being placed before him he expressed an aversion to "being crammed." Such gross disregard of the almost parental care of his preceptor could scarcely be overlooked. When, in addition, at our mid-day meal he asked impertinently if his portion of the succulent and nourishing dish known as hash represented anything in the history of the Ancient Britons, I was compelled to take strong measures. I used the rod with what I might describe as loving vigour.

I enclose the bill for the term, and beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. FLUMMERY DABBS
(Corresponding Member of the
College of Preceptors).
Samuel Smithers, Esq.

CONCRETE EXAMPLES.

[Mr. EDISON has re-invented an old method of building houses. Liquid cement is poured into iron moulds, and when the cement sets the moulds can be taken away, leaving a strong building. A three-storey house can be built in 24 hours at a cost of £200.]

Mr. EDISON's announcement, while paralysing the building trades, has stimulated activity in other quarters.

The more extravagant party in the London County Council talk of laying liquid-cement mains in suburban London. It would be a great boon, they argue, to the ratepayer to be able to turn on the cement, just as nowadays he turns on the water for the garden hose. If unexpected guests come for whom there is no room in the house, if a fowl-house or dog-kennel should be required, if the householder has ambitions towards a billiard-room, if a porch or conservatory, or even a summer-house, should need to be built, if the roof begins to leak in a storm, or (as in some cases it has done) becomes restless, if the garden wall must be raised to keep next-door from staring—in fifty different emergencies a

ratepayer would find an ever-ready supply of liquid cement most useful. All he would have to do would be to send down to the local ironmonger for the moulds, stick them up, and then leave the tap running into them, with perhaps the youngest boy to keep an eye on it.

We should like to suggest that the cement tap ought to be coloured red, so that it be not confused with the water tap. Cement, however liquid, is not a good thing to water the garden with or to boil the potatoes in.

A noble lord who is an intimate friend of ours informs us that peers generally welcome Mr. EDISON's invention. They feel they can now snap their fingers at Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. What if he does abolish the House of Lords, they say. With Mr. EDISON's help they can build a new one any week-end.

"The tern has deserted us as a breeding species."—*Manchester Guardian*.

THIS ungrateful bird should remember that one good tern deserves another.



JUDGMENT.

Elder (discussing the new Minister's probation discourse). "IN MY OPEENION HE WASNA JUSTIFIED IN DIVIDING FOLK INTO THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS. I WADNA JUST SAY, JAMIE, THAT I WAS AMONG THE UNCO GUID, AN' I WADNA SAY THAT YOU WERE AMONG THE UNCO BAD. SO WHAR DO WE COME IN? HE'LL NO DO FOR US, JAMIE. WE'LL NO VOTE FOR HIM."

WISE, WITTY, AND TENDER SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

WILL THERE BE A STRIKE?

If the Railway Directors persist in their uncompromising attitude, and the verdict of the men's ballot is hostile, the chances of a pacific settlement will be *pro tanto* impaired. —*Daily Query*.

THE NEED OF THE WORLD.

The world is demanding something new every minute, and it is turning to those who will supply it. It is a wise old world. —*Morning Wonder*.

MR. T. PAYSON'S DEFINITION OF AN IDIOT.

Any man who cannot afford a motor, and yet does not borrow one, must to my mind be little short of an imbecile. —MR. T. PAYSON, M.P., in *I.O.U.*

DIABOLO.

There are already indications that Diabolo has caught on. In view of the derivation of the word, this fact must be taken as conclusive evidence of the enduring vitality of the classics. —MR. LAURENCE CROOK, in *The Daily Spool*.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST MAN.

We need never despair of the republic of letters so long as the beacon fire of Mr. HALL CAINE's genius blazes from the summit of Greeba Castle. —*The Manx Advertiser*.

STATESMEN AS SMOKERS.

Mr. ASQUITH, like the LORD CHANCELLOR, smokes a pipe. Mr. JOHN MORLEY, on the other hand, consumes a great many cigarettes. He smokes them outdoors, and he smokes them at work at the India Office. Mr. BALFOUR smokes a narghilé, but the PRIME MINISTER has been obliged to give up smoking since he embarked on his crusade against the Lords. —"CALIGULA THICK," in *The British Treacly*.

OUR GIFTED GOVERNMENT.

Blood is thicker than water, but brains are, after all, better than blood in dealing with the affairs of a country and an empire. —*Lloyd-George's News*.

WHAT, NO SOAP?

The fact that Birmingham's baths have had 112,000 fewer bathers this summer, representing a loss of about £1,000 in income, must not be misinterpreted as indicating an anti-ablutionary crusade in the Midland capital. It is entirely due to the inclemency of the British climate. —SIR OLIVER LODGE, in *The Washington Post*.

HOPE FOR THE HAIRLESS.

[Music, according to the Paris *Ménestrel*, is a hair-restorer, owing to the fact that the repetition of instrumental passages has a heating and exciting effect on the human capillary apparatus. Violinists and other executants are, almost without exception, witnesses to the truth of this statement.]

Unhirsute Sufferer sings:

If music be the food of hair, play on!
(So wrote the Bard, or rather, meant to write);

Too long a regimen I've undergone
For my distressing plight.

Countless the magic nostrums that
are sold—

I've "gone bald-headed" for
them, one and all!

But still my cranium, unexcited,
cold,

Remains a billiard ball.

One final step I'll desperately take;
I'll learn the fiddle, à la *Ménestrel*!

Only, I pray the process may not
make

My ears grow long as well!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 30, 1907.



THE NEW GUY FAWKES PLOT;

OR, THE BEST ADVERTISED CONSPIRACY IN THE WORLD.

[The First Autumn Meeting of the Cabinet has been summoned for the Fifth of November, Guy Fawkes Day.]



THE STOICS OF MAYFAIR.

"NO MORE SIMPLE LIFE FOR ME, MY DEAR. I'VE BEEN ROUGHING IT IN A TINY COTTAGE FOR TWO MONTHS, AND MY SECOND FOOTMAN AWAY ILL NEARLY THE WHOLE TIME!"

FROM THE DIARY OF AN "ABLE-BODIED SHAREHOLDER."

(A more or less Intelligent Anticipation.)

"[To help the directors if a strike is declared, let all able-bodied shareholders join me in volunteering for service at their nearest railway stations. They cannot be looked upon as blacklegs, even by Mr. Bell, for they will be only doing their own work until others are found to do it for them.]—Conclusion of letter from "Shareholder" in "The Daily Mail" of October 22.]

October 23.—Have followed excellent suggestion of letter in yesterday's Mail, and written to Secretary of London and Provincial Railway, placing my services at his disposal in event of strike. In train to City told TOLLERVEY, WIBMER, and RIPPINES the step I had taken; said I thought it was the plain duty of all who, like ourselves, were able-bodied Shareholders. Directors quite right in refusing to grant recognition—intolerable that we should allow our servants to become our masters! TOLLERVEY and the others fully agreed that it was the right thing to do, if Strike declared, but confident that Board of Trade will prevent it. That is entirely my own view.

Nov. 5.—Courteous letter from Secretary of L. & P. R. Co., acknowledging mine, accepting my offer on behalf of Directors, but trusting they may not find it necessary to avail themselves of it. So I don't expect I

shall hear any more of it. Glad to see that evening papers all report "Crisis practically over."

Nov. 12.—It seems there is another hitch in the negotiations. Have again sounded TOLLERVEY, WIBMER, and RIPPINES about volunteering. They haven't done so yet, but are seriously thinking of it.

Nov. 15.—Crisis more acute than ever. Not so sure as I was that Directors are wise in refusing recognition.

Dec. 16.—Strike now inevitable. Men have declared intention to quit work on the 21st! Cannot make out whether TOLLERVEY, WIBMER, and RIPPINES have volunteered yet, or not. WIBMER seemed to think that one able-bodied shareholder would be sufficient for our small station at Nodwell. I still pin my faith to LLOYD-GEORGE.

Dec. 21.—LLOYD-GEORGE announces that all his efforts to bring about an arrangement have failed. On getting back this afternoon, found official letter instructing me to report myself to our station-master at Nodwell at 6.30 A.M. on Monday. DELIA, who thought it so splendid of me to volunteer at first, now implores me not to risk my death of cold by standing about on a draughty platform. Her mother holds that, as a married man, I have no right to neglect my business. Pointed out that, as a shareholder, I should be really attending to it, and doing my own work. Aunt JANE said that she had

always understood that railway work was dangerous as well as disagreeable. Told her, on the contrary, it was pleasant and comparatively easy. Besides, ROSHER, the stationmaster, is a very civil fellow—he will look after me.

Dec. 22.—A miserable Sunday. Unwell all day.

Dec. 23.—Turned up at Nodwell station a little after 7 A.M. ROSHER said I must be more punctual in future, as all his porters but one had struck. Rather surprised at difference in his manner—not nearly so respectful. It seems the Company have provided me with a green corduroy suit—but I need not wear any more of the uniform than the cap and a red tie. These are compulsory. And ROSHER says I shall be no manner of use at handling luggage, &c., if I keep on my heavy overcoat. TWORT, my fellow-porter, told me to look sharp and get those milkcans down to the end of the platform ready for the next up-train. Rolling milkcans not so easy as it looks. TWORT's language unnecessarily offensive—even if I did roll two of the confounded cans on to the line. He'll get no Christmas-box from me! Luckily all the trains are behind to-day. TOLLERVEY, WIBMER, and RIPPINES arrived in good time for our usual train. They seemed surprised to see me in my porter's cap. Asked them why they weren't helping Directors. TOLLERVEY explained that his doctor had forbidden all unnecessary exertion. WIBMER said he had offered to put in an hour or so on Saturdays, but on receiving no reply had written withdrawing offer. RIPPINES had sold out all his holding in the Company last month. But that no reason why he should abuse me because the train was three-quarters of an hour late. TOLLERVEY attempted to slip twopence into my hand as train started.

Not at all funny, as I told him—merely bad taste. Hate having to open doors. Handles so beastly grimy. Asked ROSHER to get me a little hot water to wash my hands, but he said shortly he'd other things to do than keep his staff clean. He has stopped my smoking, too. Might as well not be a Shareholder at all!

Some trouble with an elderly lady who drove up in a fly with some immense trunks, which I was expected to get down from the roof. Managed somehow, with flyman's assistance—the wonder was that only one of the things got smashed. People shouldn't travel with such flimsy luggage, and, as I told her, it was not as if I was a regular porter—I was simply doing my best, as an able-bodied Shareholder, to help the Directors. Old lady very angry—said she would claim heavy damages from Company. More trouble with indignant passenger who discovered I had labelled all his luggage for Birdhampton, instead of Briarhampton. Altered labels, and advised him to speak more distinctly another time, and said that, anyway, it was not of much consequence, as it is most unlikely that any train will get as far as either station to-day. Passenger threatened to report me to ROSHER for impertinence. Explained that I was an able-bodied Shareholder, &c. He said he didn't care

who I was, I'd no business to volunteer at all when I was evidently an incompetent idiot. Unfortunate that DELIA and my mother-in-law and Aunt JANE should have looked in at just that moment to see how I was getting on. All Nodwell, in fact, seemed to be on the platform. Most awkward. Had a fearful time shunting coal-trucks under TWORT's directions. Told him plainly that I had no objection to shove behind—but that, as a family man, nothing would induce me to get between the buffers. TWORT said the 4.53 up-express might be signalled from the "distant" at any moment now, and that I must do my duty or take the consequences. Fortunately the up-express failed to turn up when expected, or I don't quite know *what* would have happened. I think ROSHER said something about reporting me to the Manager for insubordination. After that, he told me I had better go into the lamp-room, where I couldn't do any mischief, and clean the lamps. More messing! I find I am looked upon as a blackleg, although I am merely doing my own work as a Shareholder. At least, I know that, on going off duty at 9.30 P.M., I was picketed all the way home by a deputation of strikers.

They only used peaceful persuasion—but it wasn't pleasant. Wonder how long this infernal strike is going to last!

Christmas Eve.—According to the best authorities, the struggle will continue for at least a month! I really can't go on being an amateur porter all that time. I might be let in for trying my hand at signalling soon—and I am almost sure to make a few mistakes at first. And I don't think I'm so able-bodied as I fancied, or I shouldn't feel so infernally stiff to-day. Then to be picketed all the way to your front-door every evening by men accusing you, with rude eloquence, of taking the bread out of the mouths of their wives and children—no, it's more than I can be expected to stand! There's a good deal to be said for their side of the question—I see that now. As a railway servant myself, I have my grievances. And my *remedy*, if it comes to that! Have made up my mind to go out on strike myself. The Directors will just have to do without me, that's all!

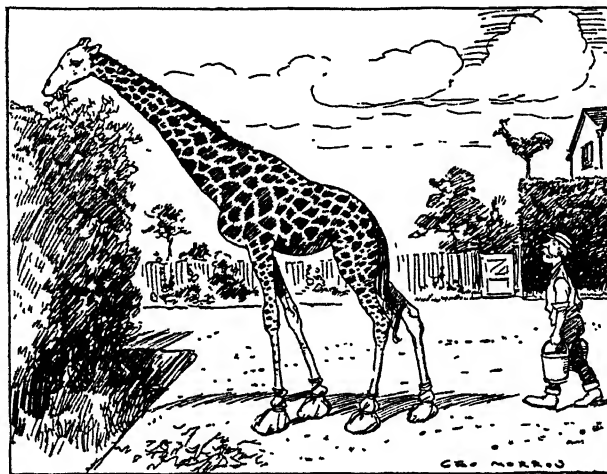
F. A.

The Spread of Esperanto.

"In the afternoon the same hall was occupied by Mlle. L—K—, a pupil of Rubinstein, who seems to possess little of the few sacré of that great player."

Westminster Gazette.

THE *Lusitania* may hold the record for swiftness, but for sheer unselfishness the *Mauretania* is certainly second to none. "For the benefit of the non-engineering reader, the fire is carried by forced draught," says the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, and we have no doubt that other classes are catered for in an equally thoughtful way. But into this matter we cannot go now. To quote the same paper—"the fiat of non possumus has been issued."



TO GARDENERS—TO LET, ON HIRE, A TAME GIRAFFE FOR TRIMMING HEDGES. DOMESTICATED.

LYM.

I FIRST saw LYM's fascinating name on an enamelled iron notice-board at a Dutch station: LYM. It attracted me at once, and I said we would go there. Surely a little Dutch watering-place: something in the manner perhaps of our own Lynmouth or Lyme Regis, although without the possession of a Cobb from which interesting heroines in Miss AUSTEN's novels might have fallen. Lym. It reminded me also of Lydd, that curious Kentish

his head. I was shocked. Fancy the ticket man at a station not knowing the watering-places advertised there! He ended a long discussion by advising me to buy a time-table, and look for Lym in its pages. I went to the bookstall and bought one, but no Lym was to be found. This, however, did not bother me, because the time-table omitted steam-trams, and Lym was obviously a small place reached by steam-tram.

From this time I began to talk about Lym a good deal. I asked

a blue background. First the name of a famous Dutch town, and then underneath it this smaller one—LYM. "There," I said. "Oh that," he said—"that is an advertisement of lime. They make lime at —"

So ended my dream. There was no Lym. Lym was lime.

Once only had I been so down-cast, and that was when, on an early visit to Paris, when my French was very shaky, I joined the gay throng which annually endeavours to book seats to see SARAH BERNHARDT in—what? In *Relâche*!

PLUMBING THE DEPTHS OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

ABOUT WHERE WE'VE GOT TO, SO FAR.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Kodak.")



A TOOTING COMPETITOR.



A BAYSWATER CANDIDATE.



AN EALING ASPIRANT.

seaside settlement with its vast sands and its seaweed deposits. Kitwyk I knew, and Noordwyk, and of course Scheveningen in all its plenitude; but Lym? That was new: that would be a surprise.

I went to the ticket office to inquire how to get there.

"Lym," I said.

The polite Dutchman, who, like all Dutchmen under thirty-five, knows English, if not perfectly, at least with a familiarity which might easily be called perfect when contrasted with the ordinary Englishman's conversance with Dutch—the polite Dutchman disclaimed all knowledge of any such place. I pronounced it in several different ways, and then wrote it down. He shook

all the Dutch people I met what they could tell me about Lym. None of them knew it. Perhaps it is in Belgium, they said: there are many odd little places there. Or in Iceland: one can't keep pace with all the villages in Iceland. Although baffled I did not despair. Lym might elude me for the moment, but not altogether. I would reach Lym yet, and bask on its sands, or shelter from the wind in one of its wicker sentry-boxes. At last I found a Dutchman who knew every inch of the country, and I asked him. "Lym?" he said, with an inflection of incredulity. "Yes, Lym—L.Y.M." There was no such place, he affirmed. I led him, therefore, to the advertisement—white letters on

According to *The British Australasian* the following conversation took place between two distinguished politicians in the Commonwealth House of Representatives the other day:—

Sir John Forrest: You are a scoundrel.

Mr. Maloney: You are a liar.

Sir John Forrest: You are a thing.

Mr. Maloney: I will not be called a "thing."

I must ask the Chairman to compel you to withdraw.

Sir John Forrest: I will make you withdraw from the House.

Mr. Maloney: You are a dirty cur.

Sir John Forrest: You are a whelp.

"The Chairman," says the account, "then intervened." The Chairman must have been no sportsman.

PERCY'S PEOPLE.

BEFORE I married PERCY I was under the impression he was a dear ordinary sort of boy, who just suited me, and that I was a nice sort of girl, as girls go. This nonsense, however, was soon knocked out of my head when the honeymoon was over, and we settled down in his native town all among his people. I had only met his mother once during our engagement, which had been short and sweet, and she had certainly cried then, but so had I, and I thought we were only mingling tears of joy. His family, however, lost no time in revealing to me that I had married a demi-god, of whom I was not worthy, nor ever could be, though, of course, I must go on trying hard all my life. His sisters received us on our return with forced gaiety, and apologised that their mother was feeling too upset to come, and while DAISY hung about him with chastened smiles and loving but wistful glances MARION drew me aside and told me so much about his beautiful babyhood, his noble boyhood, and his absolutely perfect manhood that I really had to keep looking round to reassure myself that it was my dear old stupid sitting there, and not a shining angel with a halo.

His mother came next morning in a cab, after he had gone to work, and broke down on the doorstep. I led her weeping to the couch, and every time she looked at me she shook

her head and *hoped* I might be a comfort to him, and never let him leave off his under-vests. They all hoped I should be a comfort to him, but to judge from their manner it was rather a forlorn hope; and they all told me that marriage was a lottery, though no one seemed to be in doubt who had got the prize in this case.

"And have you heard about dear PERCY's chest?" said one of his aunts on my first At Home day, and it was another one up against me when I asked if she meant the one in the hall.

The worst of it was PERCY didn't notice anything; he was evidently so used to adoration it didn't worry

him, and there seemed nothing for it but to face the situation and live down my husband's reputation by degrees; but I doubt if I should have done it if it hadn't been for my Aunt ELEANOR's pop visit and the public presentation of the tea-pot.

I knew what Auntie's *pop* visits meant—in fact, we called her Aunt EL at home, because that was her manner when you gave her an inch; but her telegram gave me no time to

out, his sisters became silent, but his mother retired with her to a cosy corner to discuss my husband's constitution. I could hear them pitting our ailments, from youth up, against each other, and before they had done with us we were nothing evidently but a pair of saintly invalids—and it was with great reluctance that they were bound to admit we ever recovered from the martyrdom of our childish sufferings. Auntie certainly got me up on a pedestal during her visit, but as she was outnumbered it was not nearly so lofty as PERCY's, and it required the tea-pot presentation to bring us level.

The tea-pot was a wedding present to PERCY from his employés, and all his friends and relatives were present, and PERCY's mother had made a great point of Auntie being there, as she said it would be so pleasant for her to be able to tell my people at home the feeling which existed between my husband and his men.

"I am his mother," she said, "and, of course, I cannot sing his praises, but I want you to see for yourselves how beloved, nay, how adored he is by his inferiors. His men simply worship the ground he walks on, and there's no sacrifice they would not make for my dear boy, so you must persuade your aunt," she added, turning to me, "to extend her visit one more day, so that she may be with us at the presentation." And I had to, though Auntie was getting on my nerves, with other things.



"WELL, GOOD-BYE. RUN DOWN TO SEE US SOME DAY AT THE GROVE. SEND A WIRE AND THE COACHMAN WILL MEET YOU. YOU CAN'T MISS HIM—HE'S LAME!"

put her off, and she arrived one night when PERCY's people were dining with me. She rushed across the drawing-room, caught me rapturously in her arms, and exclaimed in a plaintive cry that I was pale. PERCY's mother hastened to say that was only the effect of the incandescent gas; but Auntie promptly informed her that she knew the delicate transparency of my skin too well, and launched into a dissertation on the purity of the family complexion. In the ordinary way I should have snubbed her—poor Auntie was used to snubbing—but now I gave her her inch. There was no stopping her. PERCY drew her

I put on my best dress for the occasion, but everybody looked at PERCY and nobody looked at me, except Auntie and a few young ladies, who, his sisters told me, had been in love with him all his life. The workmen were all there in sheepish expectation of the refreshments to follow; the tea-pot stood on a little table by Mr. SPARROW, the foreman, who had a turn for speechifying, and behind him sat a junior clerk named Mogson, who had red hair and a merry eye.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Mr. SPARROW, "we are gathered 'ere together to-night to mark a memorable, I may almost say, unique,



Little Mollie (who often becomes reflective at bedtime, and has spent the whole day with her godmother). "Do GODPARENTS GET PUNISHED FOR THEIR GODCHILDREN'S SINS, MOTHER?"

Mother. "No, MOLLIE."

Mollie (with a profound sigh). "Oh, WHAT A PITY! I FELT SO COMFY ABOUT IT."

event in the life of our employer, and also to show 'im by our presence that in all 'is undertakings 'e will 'ave the support and sympathy of 'is men. Marriage is a lottery, and Mr. 'Obson (Percy's name, unfortunately, was Hobson) 'as brought 'ome a young bride with 'im, 'oo we all 'ope"—here I winced, for I knew what was coming—"will be a comfort to 'im."

"Shut up, and give him the tea-pot!" came an audible whisper from Mogson, who had noticed my embarrassment.

Mr. SPARROW was flurried, but not floored, by the interruption. "We will now turn to the object before us this evening," he continued, and half the people looked at me and half at the tea-pot. "It is only a trifling gift, but I must remind Mr. 'Obson

that 'e got married at a very awkward time—a time when the men could ill afford to give what they 'ave given. It is a very small present, but we all 'ope Mr. 'Obson will take it as a true measure of the esteem in which we 'old 'im!"

PERCY turned red, and there was a sensation among his relations, but the men cheered vigorously, and the reporter at the back got it all down, and it was in the local paper in the morning. Mogson and I laughed, so did PERCY, afterwards; but his mother was really upset, and, in spite of my genuine efforts to explain, Auntie would take it seriously. She said it was *very* strange, and if it was a mistake it was a deplorable one. She shook her head when she looked at PERCY, and tears filled her eyes as

she begged him to be good to me. However, after a long talk with PERCY's mother, she kissed her affectionately, and assured her, before she left, that she would say nothing about it to my people.

However, the presentation has had a good and lasting effect, and when I use the tea-pot in the presence of my relatives-in-law I notice that their conversation turns, uneasily, from PERCY's perfections to my new frocks or my latest golf score; and needless to add I have become an inveterate tea-drinker.

"Sandwich Town on Saturday beat Deal Reserves at Stonar, by 5 to 2. Mercy scored all the goals."—*Sandwich Advertiser*.

We hope Mercy is not strained after his impartial display.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ADMIRERS of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT's art must often have questioned whether he is capable of producing work that should stand on its own merits as a criticism of life, without assistance from the jargon and general apparatus of archaism, historic or imaginative. In *The Stooping Lady* (MACMILLAN) he has come a long step nearer the contemporary test—come, in fact, within just a hundred years of it, yet we are but little advanced toward the solution of our doubts. He is still incurably romantic. The white violets which the butcher-hero employs for the daily wooing of his Lady of Condescension (*belle* of St. James's), have in them the breath of those very glades in which "The Forest Lovers" roamed. It is a pretty conceit, but the author has shirked the issue. The whiff of grape-shot that accidentally cut short the butcher's career, and so ended his revolution against the *convenances*, is a transparent device for evading the almost certain bathos of the post-nuptial period.

The book is a clever impressionist sketch of Regency days, with a hint of GEORGE MEREDITH in its style (notably at the start, which is a little obscure), and in its flattering assumption of the reader's intelligence. It is a study of manners rather than of character. Apart from the two protagonists, my *Lady Morfa*, veteran champion of "Family," is perhaps the only figure of which we are permitted to view the anatomy. In her case we can at least locate the barren site where her heart had been designed to go. As for the butcher, I confess that his virtues left me cold. He had to be got into the pillory before he could raise any response from my heart-strings; and he was dead within the hour. Women may think differently, but for myself this lack of all attraction, except the clean-limbed kind, made me a little suspicious of the good taste of the lady. It amuses me to wonder whether she would have kept her pledge if the anonymous violets had turned out to be the gift of some poor sycophant—say Mr. *Aloysius Banks*. But I dare wager she knew that she was safe enough in Mr. HEWLETT's hands.

I will not presume to make conjecture of the author's political purpose in this book. It may be mere chance that its appearance should have coincided with the campaign against the House of Lords. I do trust that he meant no disrespect for the present heirs of Privilege. But you can never tell with these Radical idealists.

In writing *Our Fatal Shadows* (HURST AND BLACKETT) Mrs. ARTHUR HENNIKER reverts to the old-fashioned letter form. The correspondence is, however, all from one pen, and is practically a diary. Mrs. HENNIKER

has an excellent literary style, a beautiful (and rare) thing in women who write novels. She has a keen eye for character and a loving glance for everything that is beautiful in her surroundings—as flowers and trees and pasture land and singing birds. One wishes for space to quote even one out of half-a-dozen perfected word pictures. The gentle reader will find them in the book, and much else that is delectable. A company of people, some of whose faces seem familiar on the stage of London Society, crowds the canvas. Not least effective in the way of portraiture are the apparently unconscious confidences of Mrs. *Iredale*, the charming widow who tells to a friend the tale of her daily life, opening in quiet resting-places, moving on to what for a while threatens tragedy. Sir *Herbert Fife*, who has for her beauty married a girl without other recommendation; the vain, selfish beauty herself, who drives her soldier-husband almost into the arms of Mrs. *Iredale*; Bungay heir to a dukedom, who proposes sixteen times to the irresistible widow, and is refused fifteen; the *Duchess of Ipswich*, and others who come and go through the plot, are all excellent. The story being of modest length, the temptation to read it through at a sitting will be found irresistible. It is the best thing Mrs. HENNIKER has done, and that is high praise.

How Nell had a bright and a slow beau
(But Starr had to play second oboe)

You learn if you touch

At the Towns of the Dutch

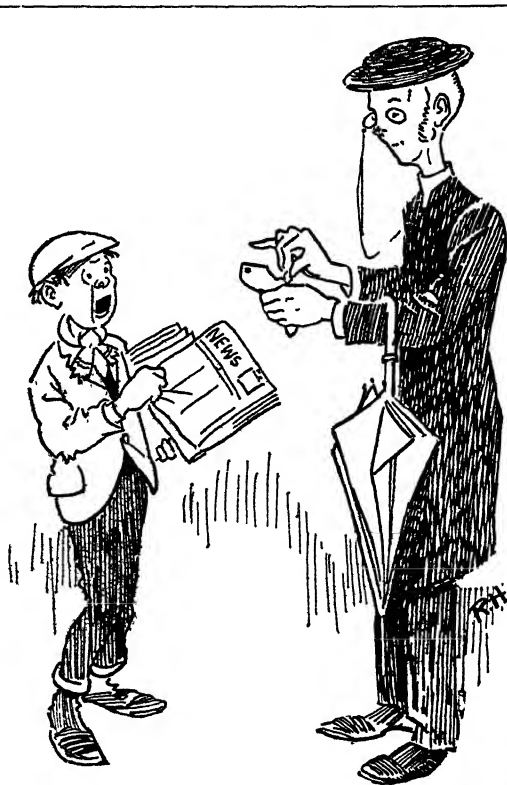
With the WILLIAMSON pair in a mo'-bo'.

This is not the revenge of a disappointed cigarette-buyer, but an attempt to give the highest literary form of the day to an appreciation of the *Botor-Chaperon* (METHUEN). Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAMSON won't let us off our history and geography lessons (I can see them investing in a *Motley* before they started out to instruct us), but they put the powder in such a lot of jam that we are always ready to

repeat the doses. I seem to remember that the idea of a hired chaperon has occurred before in Mr. LLOYD OSBORNE's *Baby Buller*, but perhaps it is part of the stock-in-trade of the auto-novelist, so to speak. Anyhow the present book is the most charming of romantic itineraries. And the chaperon is a delightful lady, with blue spectacles that come off in the end, and a bull-dog that comes off all the time because the *Hollanders* have never seen one before.

"The wonder is not that there are so few accidents, but that there are not more."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

How strange to reflect that, while we are peacefully sleeping in our beds in the morning, in journalistic offices great brains are at work thinking of things like this.



Boy. "ALL THE WINNER!"

Rev. "I—ER—I WONDER IF MY NAME IS AMONG THEM."

CHARIVARIA.

THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS is preserving a strict incognito on his visit to England, and obviously enjoys his freedom from the cares of State.

Madame SARAH GRAND, in reply to the charge that there had never been a female SHAKSPEARE, points out that there has been only one male SHAKSPEARE. "She might have gone further," writes a Stratford-on-Avon correspondent, "and asked if there had ever been a male CORELLI?"

The statement that Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON has registered a vow to write no more about whiskers is responsible for the rumour that Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON has given up literature.

In reviewing the current number of *The Burlington Magazine*, which may justly claim to be our most serious art journal, *The Tribune* says: "The illustrations are, as usual, humorous and excellent." We are left in doubt as to whether the epithet "humorous" refers to the engravings embellishing an article on "The Irish National Portrait Gallery," or whether it is a playful printer's variation of the word "numerous."

"A bottle of whisky has been taken from the foundation-stone of a house built 203 years ago near Washington, U.S.A.," says *The Express*. It seems a peculiarly mean and petty form of theft, and we trust no pains will be spared to discover the culprit.

Another triumph for the East! We learn from the column on "Dog Shows" in *The Daily Telegraph* that an Imperial Pekingese Association is about to be formed in London.

There is no doubt that dog-stealing has been on the increase lately. We therefore welcome the appearance of a book entitled, "Dogs: and how to keep them."

"Much property was stolen," says *The Daily News* in an account of a recent burglary, "and the thieves have left no trace for the police to work upon." We consider that such utter lack of consideration for the forces of law and order shows up the burglars in a very unfavourable light.

At the annual dinner of the



Stout Lady. "OH, YES, WE SAW QUITE A LOT OF HER IN HONBURG; BUT NOW SHE NEVER TAKES THE SLIGHTEST NOTICE OF ME, SO I MAKE A POINT OF ALWAYS CUTTING HER DEAD!"

ancient Corporation of Hanley the new Councillors, in accordance with custom, drank champagne from a glass a yard long, and those who did not succeed in finishing the draught had the remainder poured down their shirt fronts by two stalwart cup-bearers. While feeling that it is customs such as this which have made England what it is, one does not know which to admire the more, the wit or the poetry of the idea.

"Socialists and Nationalists," declared Mr. CHARLES M'ARTHUR, M.P., according to *The Liverpool Echo*, in an after-dinner speech, "are in the same bed—each striving to put his hand into another's pocket." The metaphors seem a little bit mixed, but we suppose the reference is to the elaborate pyjamas of the Smart Set.

Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P., in the course of a few remarks at a bazaar last week, said that, if he had his way, he would be singing in *Carmen*

instead of speaking from the Treasury Bench. The doctor's political opponents, including those who have never heard him sing, have no wish to stand in his way.

"An Irishman in the Bowery district of New York," says *The Express*, "last night killed a German for calling him a harp." We are anxiously awaiting further details. For the present we can only imagine that it was because of the nasty way in which it was said.

We would seem to live in an age of food experiments. The following is an extract from a serial which is running in *The Sphere*:—"By his side reposed an empty cup that had contained tea, an apple, and a couple of biscuits."

More Distinguished Invalids.—The L.C.C. steamboats are laid up, and it is feared it will be a considerable time before they are about again.

MR. HALDANE "TALKS THROUGH HIS HAT."

SIZE 11½.

*"Disperse ignorance, and everybody would be a Liberal."**The Secretary for War speaking at Rhyl.**"Where ignorance is bliss,**'Tis folly to be wise."**GRAY, On a distant prospect of Eton College.*

"No doubt ye are the people, and with you
Wisdom shall perish."* So the Patient Man
Replied to that Majority who knew
So vastly more about the Heavenly Plan,
Letting their knowledge out to air it,
Till even JOB himself could hardly bear it.

Numerically strong, and full of beans,
The "comforters" had marked his lonely plight—
A wreck from loss of health and friends and means—
And sat and lectured him with all their might,
Instead of offering herbs and simples
To ease his pangs and mollify his pimples.

So you, Sir, treat the Tories when they're down,
Broken in fortune, marked with many blains;
And, putting on your best pedantic frown,
Allege the thing is due to lack of brains;
Their only chance on earth, you tell 'em,
Would be to wear your style of cerebellum.

Well, I, for one, confess I can't compete
With that imposing structure, whence (I've read)
A Territorial Army sprang complete!
Even when Zeus, the Thunderer, had his head
Split open by Hephaestus' aid, he
Brought forth but one recruit—and that a lady.

We cannot all be HALDANES, no, nor take
Hats of the right Napoleonic school;
And, as it seems that knowledge doesn't make
Its owner always differ from a fool
(I cite no individual sample,
But the reports of Parliament are ample);—

Seeing, I say, that Liberal brains may teem
With facts enough to petrify the House,
Yet, in the bald result, evolve a scheme
No braver than the mountain's storied mouse—
Give me—and let who will be clever—
The motto: *Ignorance (and bliss) for ever!*

O. S.

* The Book of Job, XII. 1, 2.

THE LEAVES.

WE have been doing a good deal with Miss WILLS lately. Sometimes when the lessons are finished she goes for a walk with us. She knows a most awful lot. She can answer questions about anything. She's told us why the grass is green, and why the sky is blue, and why some birds can sing and others can't, and why men wear trousers and women have frocks, and all sorts of other things that you don't notice generally just because you always see them. It is called Nature Study. NINA asked her the other day why the leaves came off the trees in Autumn, and Miss WILLS said, "It is the beautiful law of Nature that there should be a period of rest for trees as well as for all living creatures, ourselves included." I said, "JIM says he doesn't get any rest. He thinks the hard work is killing him, and

he says he can't sleep at nights along of the dogs barking and the cocks crowing." Miss WILLS said, "You mustn't say 'along of' like that, HERBERT. It is incorrect. 'On account of' would be better." Then NINA said, "But our fingers and toes don't fall off." Miss WILLS said, "Child, I never said they did. Fingers and toes are not similar to leaves." Then she spoke of pebbles, and why they were round. She always manages to get the best of us in the end.

This talk put an idea into NINA's head. She told me she had been reading a lot of poetry about Autumn, and that Autumn was really a very beautiful person with wings, who always soared about the woods in very light gauzy dresses. I said, "What does 'gauzy' mean?" and she said gauze was a kind of muslin which was worn by fairies and Autumn and people of that kind. I said, "Nobody believes in fairies," and NINA said she did. She looked at me in a loving sort of way, and said, "HERBERT, you *shall* believe in fairies," so I said I would if she wanted me to. Then I said, "But isn't Autumn cold in her gauzy dress? She must get wet to the skin every day;" but NINA smiled, and told me when I grew older I should understand these things better. Anyhow, she was going to be Autumn, and I must get a lot of leaves together and shower them over her when the time came. I said, "What am I to be?" and she told me I was to be an attendant sprite, or something of that sort.

We settled to have it that evening in the school-room. Mrs. AUSTIN couldn't come. She said she was busy, and she didn't seem to mind a bit when NINA told her she was faithless to the solemn covenant. "I don't know anything about solemn covenants," she said, "and if I did they wouldn't help me to get your father's dinner ready." That's Mrs. AUSTIN all over. NINA said she was afraid Mrs. AUSTIN was getting very material. She said "material" was when you didn't care about poetry and art. She had read about it somewhere.

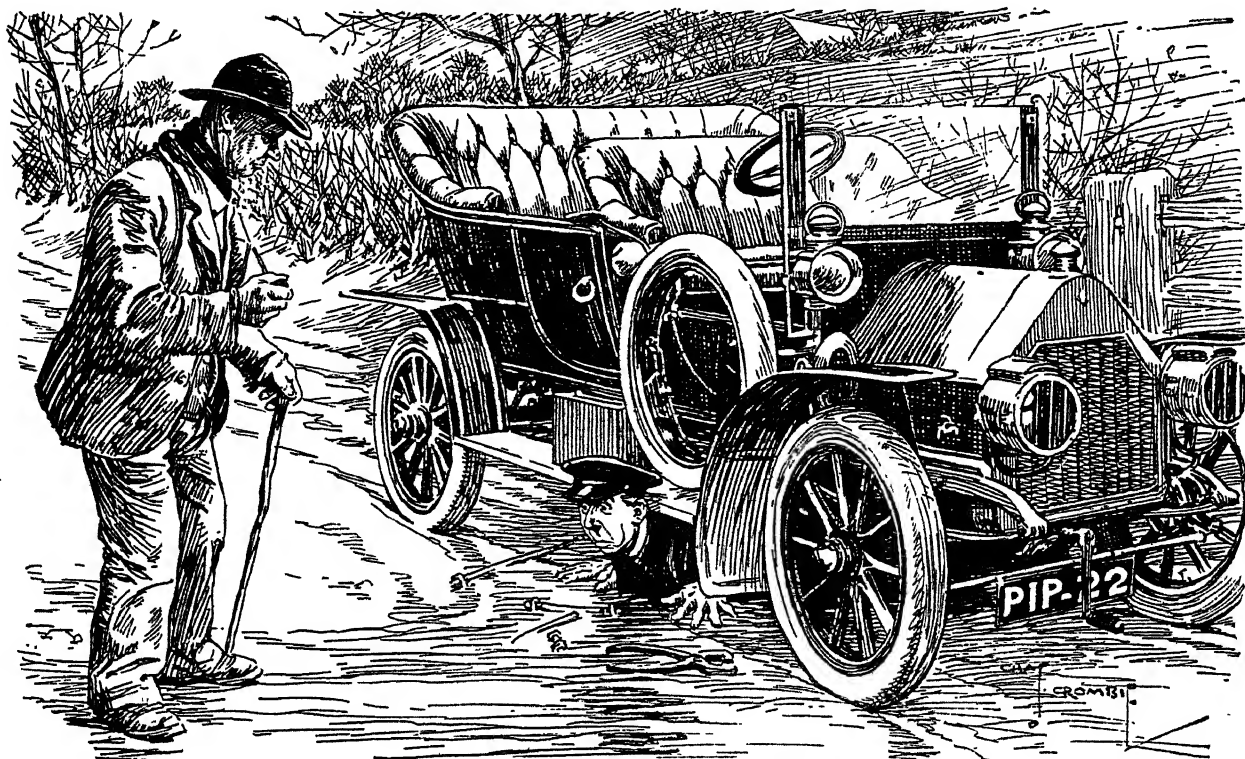
Well, we got the housemaid into the school-room, and we turned out the electric light and told her not to be afraid. NINA put on a muslin dress in which she goes to the dancing-class. She pinned a lot of dead leaves all over it, and stuck some more into her hair, and she had Dad's cane as a wand. She bound a bit of white ribbon round it, so that it mightn't look like a walking-stick. Then she tied a bit of red silk round my waist, and brushed my hair up straight, and said I was as good a sprite as she'd ever seen. I took a whole basketful of dead leaves on my arm, and then NINA opened the door and soared into the school-room—at least that was what she said she was going to do. I thought she walked in on tip-toe with her arms stretched out. As soon as we got in I switched up the light, and began pouring leaves all over NINA, and NINA started saying, "Mortals, I am the spirit of Autumn. Lo! I am come—" She didn't get any further than that because JANE shrieked out, "Stop throwing about those leaves, Master HERBERT." I didn't know what to say, but NINA got wild, and said, "It is his duty." By this time JANE had got me. She said, "Ah, and it's my work to get the room tidy, and I won't have no more of it." I'd poured them all out, and I told her it was no good going on like that. She went out in a temper, and NINA and I spent ever so much time in picking up the leaves. JANE forgave us afterwards; and I put some leaves down Mrs. AUSTIN's back. She said, "A joke's a joke, but this is too much," and she ordered me out of the kitchen. I am quite sure she really is getting material.

R. C. L.



JULIUS CENSOR.

"LET ME HAVE MEN ABOUT ME THAT ARE FAT . . .
YOND CASSIUS HAS A LEAN AND HUNGRY LOOK;
HE THINKS TOO MUCH: SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS."—*Julius Caesar*, Act I., Sc. 2.



* "IT'S STOPPED RAININ', MISTER."

SOME ROYAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I wanted to tell you a lot of things on Wednesday when I saw you, but you wouldn't keep awake.

I heard some time ago that you were born. I didn't know what kind of a relation you would be, and Mama said you were a sort of cousin. But now I have seen you I think she must be mistaken. As you are so very young I have decided that you must be my nephew, and I shall therefore expect you to call me Uncle.

As this is your first visit to England I want to give you some advice.

Let me say first of all that in England it is considered rather bad form to go to sleep when people are introduced to you, as you did last Wednesday. I could have awakened you—at least, I *think* I could—but your nurse saw me at it, and as she seemed a bit cross about it I didn't trouble any further.

Always remember to salute the sentries. They are the men with funny hats, who hold guns to their chests as you go through the gates. All you have to do is to put your hand to your cap—bonnet, as a rule, in your case. You will see it in the papers the next day.

You should have a few amusements outside the nursery, but if you take my advice you won't go in for diabolos. I have tried it, and it is a *rotten* game.

Clothes are very important. Unless you set the fashion to Englishmen of your own age, you cannot claim to have succeeded. I did that last year, and shall do so again this. Insist on having the clothes you want. I had some trouble this time, but got over it. I wanted a red coat and hat, but Mama said my other coat, with fur on it, would do quite well. I then found that this furry coat was too tight, and I said hadn't I better have a red one after all? Mama's

answer to that was to send for a tailor to alter it for me. (Perhaps you read about it in the papers. It only cost £38, not £40, as the papers said. My tailor allows five per cent., and I will give you his address if you like.) After that it fitted quite well. But I got the right side of Grandmama (by the way, you will find that useful, and rather easy, occasionally), and that is how I came to Sandringham in a red coat, after all.

Quite a large party is being invited to meet me in England. Grandpapa has invited you three, and some grown-up cousins from Germany, and several others. Could you bring some liquorice with you? (Don't forget you are to call me Uncle.)

Believe me, my dear Nephew,
Your affectionate Uncle,
OLAF.

The Bristol Times and Mirror has a boisterous sense of humour, which breaks out even on the most solemn occasions. For instance, in the matter of cheap sponge rolls—a serious question if ever there was one—we read:—

"Cheap Sponge Roll.—Take a teacupful of flour, and mix it with a teacupful of caster sugar and a teaspoonful of baking powder; break two eggs into a cup, then slide into the mixture."

The Diabolo Selling Plate.

"The winner of the handsome Cup presented by the Crystal Palace Company for annual competition was won by Master Ben Nicholson, who is not much more than twelve years of age."

He certainly seems rather young for an owner.

Commercial Candour.

FROM the menu of a West End Restaurant:

"Surrey Fowl Grand'Mère 1/9."

A MUSICAL COMEDY.

OF course I am still glad that I bought the pianola. It is, as the man said a fortnight ago, a handsome addition to any gentleman's room. And it plays—it plays beautifully; that really was why I bought it. But I hate being rushed. Though I can make up my mind as quickly as any man when it is necessary, yet I must say that I prefer time in which to weigh a matter over carefully. Let us consider both sides, I say to myself. *Pro.*: I want a pianola. *Con.*: But the man will want some money for it.

In this case I was simply rushed into it; and, though I hesitate to put the blame upon a woman, still I cannot help repeating that it was entirely MARY's fault. I depended upon her moral support to get me out of that shop, and she failed me.

The business was all over in a second. I wanted a couple of gramophone records; and MARY, being an authority on music, came to help me choose them. We stopped before an extremely harmonious-looking shop, and considered for a moment.

"I should think they'd have them here," I said. "Shall we go in and see?"

"They're sure to," said MARY; "and if they haven't we can come out again."

"That's all very well for you. Women *can* do a thing like that, but it's different with us. I've never yet been into a shop without buying something. And most men would say the same."

"Cheer up. I'll see you out all right."

That, mark you, was a promise. We went inside.

"Good afternoon," said MARY.

"Good afternoon," said a very polite man.

There was a pause, and I thought it was time I took a turn in the conversation.

"We want—that is, I want some gramophone records."

"We have no gramophone records here, sir; we only have pianolas."

Now, I ask you, what could a man say to that? It is easy to be wise after the event, but for the moment all I saw was that the conversation had to be continued somehow. I glanced at MARY. A woman's tact was wanted here; besides she had promised.

She was looking out of the window, the traitor! I waited a little longer: the polite man also

waited. I coughed nervously. The situation was getting awkward.

I coughed again. . . . and then I said, in a husky voice, really the only thing that was left to say.

"Oh, well, then," I said, "I suppose I shall have to have some pianolas."

There was a gleam of triumph in the man's eyes.

"Certainly, sir. How many would you like?"

Then MARY broke in—quite unnecessarily, because I had already determined on the number.

"We'd better have one to begin with, and then if we like it we can—"

"If you would just step upstairs, madam."

We were upstairs in no time, and the man was patting an enormous pianola on the back.

"This," he said, "is the very best quality instrument we are turning out." He put his foot on the loud pedal, and played three impressive chords. "Beautiful tone, you see, sir."

"Is that a beautiful tone?" I asked MARY.

"Beautiful," said MARY.

"I particularly wanted a beautiful tone," I said. "How much is it?"

He came up very close to us.

"I may tell you in confidence," he said, "that you have looked in at a very lucky moment. This is the last hour of our biennial sale, and we have just this one instrument over." He patted it kindly. "In the ordinary way I should charge you two thousand eight hundred and ninety-five pounds, but seeing that it is the sale and you are new customers, I will let you have it for two thousand eight hundred and ninety-four."

"Thank you," I said, "thank you, indeed."

"Net," he added.

"Net by all means," I agreed.

"Well, what do you think?" I asked MARY.

I am convinced that MARY might have explained even then that we were only asking for a friend. But not she.

"Yes, I think so," she said.

I turned again to the shopman.

"I think it is a beautiful instrument," I said, "and I particularly like the tone. May I go home now, and think it all over, and then I'll come and buy it to-morrow?"

He looked at his watch.

"There is an American colonel coming in to glance at it in five minutes. It lies between him and

another American colonel. And of course the sale price would not be available to-morrow. Still—"

(I felt in my pockets. "How much have you got?" I whispered to MARY. "Twenty-eight shillings about." "Yes, that's what I've got.")

"It's like this," I said nervously. "I've only got two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three—I mean, I've only got three pounds on me."

"That's quite all right, sir. You can, if you like, pay three pounds down, and two hundred a month for twenty years instead."

"Two hundred—now that does seem much less. Then I think—at least I'm not quite—"

"Perhaps we'd better sign before the colonel comes. He'll be here in two minutes now Just there Thank you."

"You haven't helped me a bit," I whispered to MARY, as I got up and walked round the pianola.

"Is it all mine now?" I asked. "Oh, that reminds me. They're very expensive to feed, these things, aren't they? How many rolls do they get through a day?"

"We can sell you the rolls separately, sir, or you can join a library. If you join the library you sign just there Thank you."

"Have you a music-stool?" asked the faithless MARY.

"A music-stool would be just there, sir. . . . Thank you. How about the colour, sir? We can stain it any colour you like. Walnut—mahogany?"

"What about walnut?" I said.

"Oh, mahogany," said MARY.

"Mahogany would be just there, sir. . . . Thank you. I'll send you a copy of the agreement. And now is there anything else you'd like?" I looked at MARY and rubbed my head.

"There *was* something, I know."

"Was there?"

"Of course there was. Don't you remember? Something—no—yes—wait, I've got it!"

I turned triumphantly to the man.

"We want some gramophone records," I said. A. A. M.

IF Mr. HOOPER, instead of raving about QUEEN VICTORIA's Letters, would only read his *Exchange and Mart* all might yet be well. The *Exchange and Mart*, Mr. HOOPER, sometimes contains advertisements like this:

"About 1 ton miscellaneous bound books, £2. Sample 1 cwt., packed, 3/6."

Please do not miss it.



Ghost: "O HAMLET, WHAT A FALLING OFF WAS THERE!"



Romeo: "WHAT LIGHT AT YONDER WINDOW BREAKS?"



Enar Tuck, singing 'Ho Jolly Jerkin' in 'Ivanhoe':
"THEN TROWL THE BONNY BOWL TO ME."
(Exit.)



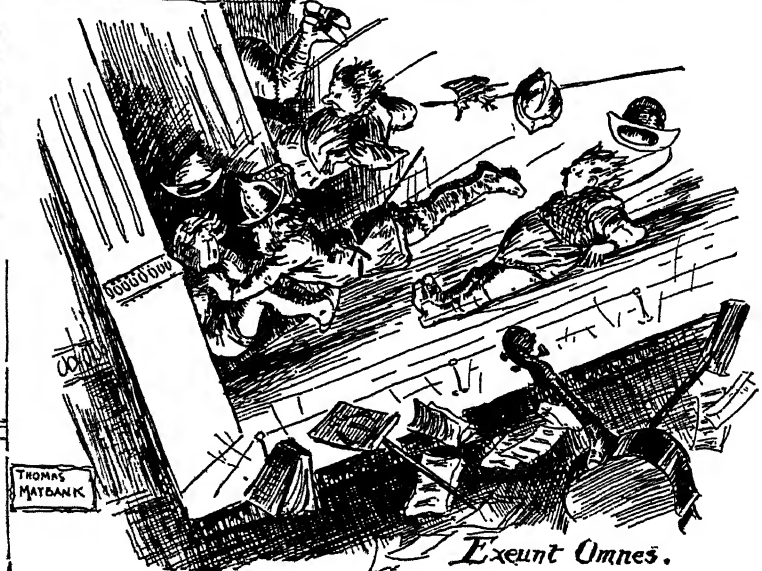
Lohengrin:
"NUN SEI BEDANKT, MEIN LIEBER SCHWAN!"



Lady Macbeth:
"THINK OF THIS, GOOD PEERS,
BUT AS A THING OF CUSTOM - 'TIS NO OTHER;
ONLY IT SPOILS THE PLEASURE OF THE TIME."



King John.
"HOW OFF THE SIGHT OF MEANS TO DO ILL DEEDS
MAKES ILL DEEDS DONE!"



Exeunt Omnes.

THE ATLANTIC STAGE.

[The newer and larger ocean liners are to be provided with theatres]

THE SMITHFIELD GRATULATORS.

A CROWDED meeting was held at Smithfield last night to decide upon some token of appreciation to be presented by the Butchers' Union of Great Britain to Mr. MAURICE

HEWLETT in return for conferring upon the Trade the choice honour of making a butcher the hero of his new and full-blooded romance. The chair was taken by the Mayor of Canterbury, and there were present also Mr. JOHN FITTER, Mr. JAMES FITTER, Mr. HENRY FITTER, Mr. THOMAS FITTER, the Agent-General for New Zealand, Mrs. STEEL, Mr. WALTER SLAUGHTER, Mr. J. G. BUTCHER, Lord KILLANIN, and Professor KNACKFUSS (of Berlin).

The Mayor of Canterbury opened proceedings by reading a number of letters from men of eminence and gentlemen well known in the Trade, who were unavoidably prevented from attending, including the Master of Leadenhall, the Archbishop of the Abattoirs, and Mr. MUIRHEAD BONE. The Master of Leadenhall said he had not had such a treat as Mr. HEWLETT's new novel gave him, not since he read the works of Mr. SHAN BULLOCK. All the book needed was a few prime cuts by Mr. REGINALD CLEAVER. No honour could be too great for such an

author. To put it succinctly, Mr. HEWLETT by his noble and unselfish action had, in the language of the moment, given the butchers "recognition." (Loud applause.) Before concluding he thought it right to mention that, since the publication of the book, seven grateful parents in the Trade had named their infants DAVID VERNOUR. Letters of protest

were then read from Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, Mrs. EABLE, and Mr. EUSTACE MILES, the audience meanwhile singing "For he [Mr. HEWLETT] 's a jolly good fellow."

The CHAIRMAN in his opening remarks said that he wished to

(Cheers.) But something more tangible was, it was felt, desirable—something that Mr. HEWLETT could treasure and show to his friends; in a word, something that he could put on his mantelpiece. (Great enthusiasm.) What should that be? He left it to the meeting to decide. (Applause.)

Mr. JOHN FITTER seconded the motion. He said that he rose from the perusal of Mr. HEWLETT's fascinating pages three inches taller and six more round the H-bone. But he wished to point out that this friendly interest in the Trade on the part of the gifted author was no new thing. Mr. HEWLETT had always been true to butchers and meat. Did he not write *The New Canterbury Lambs' Tales from Chaucer*, one of the most successful books of modern times? (Enormous sensation.)

The only criticism he (Mr. JOHN FITTER) had to make was that Mr. HEWLETT's title was derogatory by suggesting that the Lady stooped. It was no disgrace to love a butcher. Cardinal WOLSEY was the son of a butcher; Cambridge University was represented by one at this moment—to give but two examples. He had statistics in his possession proving that butchers were greatly loved. (Deafening cheers.) The question was, what to do? His own taste lay in the direction of a silver pole-axe.

That might either be hung up on the wall or repose on the sideboard. It might also come in handy for pageants, private theatricals, or fancy-dress balls.

A delegate from the North remarked that he had once seen a highly artistic watch-chain ornament in the shape of a cutlet.

Mr. JAMES FITTER suggested that



Waiter. "ARE YOU WAITING AT THE GUILD 'ALL TO-NIGHT?"
City Magnate. "No, SIR. I AM DINING AT THE GUILD 'ALL."

identify himself with the sentiments of the Master of Leadenhall. (Hear, hear.) The question before the meeting was what should be done by way of testimonial to the author of *The Stooping Lady*.

A Voice: "The freedom of Smithfield."

The CHAIRMAN said that that would follow as a matter of course.

bullocks' horns well mounted made an excellent hat-rack. He had a very good pair at home.

Mr. HENRY FITTER thought that a mummified sheep's heart in a gold casket would be tasteful.

Mr. J. G. BUTCHER, K.C., in an eloquent speech, suggested that an illuminated address should be presented to Mr. HEWLETT, conferring on him the honorary title of "Carnifex Maximus."

Mr. THOMAS FITTER, whose remarks were imperfectly heard, was understood to say that he opposed any testimonial to Mr. HEWLETT, on the ground that in his novel the butcher was placed in the pillory and shot. In these circumstances the rôle of hero was a barren honour.

The Mayor of Canterbury having cleared up the misapprehension of the last speaker by reading a passage from the final chapter of Mr. HEWLETT's novel, the various suggestions were voted upon, with the result that Mr. HENRY FITTER's proposal was practically carried unanimously. It was further decided that the task of composing a suitable inscription for the casket should be entrusted to a sub-committee, consisting of Mr. JOHN FITTER, Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE and Mr. WALTER SLAUGHTER. The meeting then broke up after singing "The Roast Beef of England."

THE SPEAKING EYE.

ONE of our scientists for the million has been drawing inferences about character from the position of the human eye in regard to the brain.

Says the Professor: "A projecting eye more readily receives impressions from surrounding objects." We presume that this must be taken as more particularly applying to bed-posts, door-handles, and other convex objects.

Says the Professor: "Persons with prominent eyes have a great command of words." Whenever we have happened to witness the sudden awakening of such persons to their peculiar disadvantage, as exemplified in the previous observation, we have been made painfully aware of the truth of this statement.

Says the Professor: "The colour of the eyes is caused by fluids." Also, in many cases, the colour of the nose.

Says the Professor: "Round-eyed people see much." Ah! yes, that's what makes their eyes so round.

Says the Professor: "Fulness



PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

under the eyes indicates large language." But how far under the eyes? If as much as 2½ feet does it not rather indicate large appetite for starchy foods?

"A lad was fined at Altrincham on a charge of stealing golf balls from the Timperley links. It was stated that he went on the course with a shire in order to prepare the way for Socialist candidates at future general elections."—*Yorkshire Herald*.

THE evidence seems a little hazy, but no doubt the lad had been carefully identified as an ex-convict, and only got his deserts.

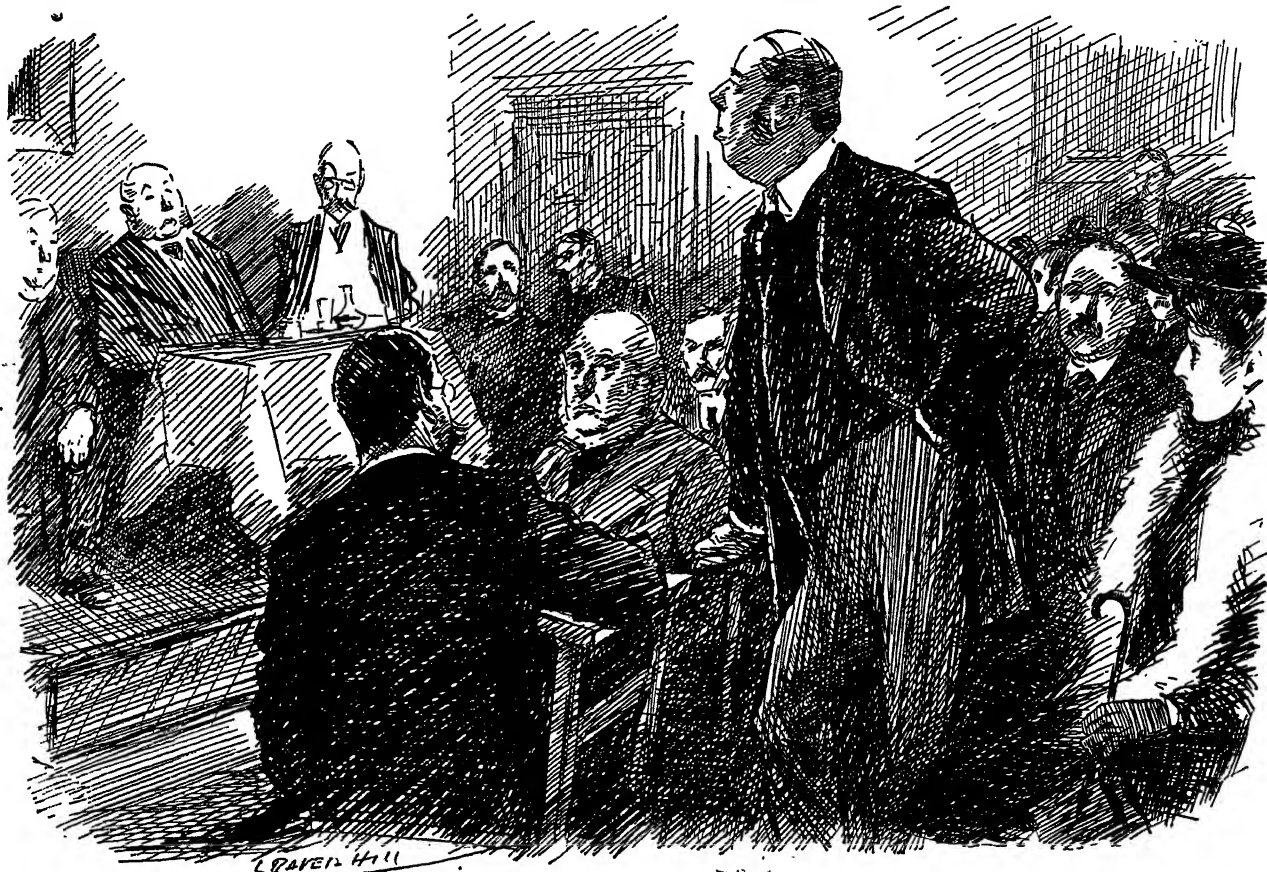
"In the winter one likes to have an arm-chair, and one's toes not too far from the fender, and some leisurely things like muffins to eat, and a fur-lined coat, so that one can throw it languidly back."—*The Bystander*.

WE are not at all sure that this means what we think it does.

WRITING of a certain millionaire who was present at the Sunday-school Convention, the *Quiver* says:

"Mr. Heinz's modesty is shown by the fact that he often sat among the reporters."

This was really very nice of him, but perhaps nobody else would listen to his speeches.



OUR MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

Enthusiastic supporter of Robinson. "GENTLEMEN, MR. JONES, THE RETIRING MEMBER, HAS BEEN A MERE CIPHER IN THE COUNCIL, AND IN MY OPINION MR. ROBINSON WILL MAKE EQUALLY AS GOOD A REPRESENTATIVE." [Loud applause.]

THE ENGLISHMAN.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—The other day I was reading my *Times* in the Tube, as is my custom, on my way to the City, when I came suddenly upon these words:

"What Englishman, for example, is there who does not thrill with a fellow feeling when he hears or remembers the lines:

*'Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
Credo equidem: vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius; caelique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
Hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos?'*"

For the moment, I must confess, the lines left me a trifle cold, but upon reading them through a second time they seemed to stir a responsive chord in my heart, while a third application convinced me that once again *The Times* had proved how fully it understood the very soul of our island race. To make assurance double sure, however, I turned to the young man next to me, a clerk in a subordinate position (as I judged), but a typical Englishman,

and said to him with considerable emotion:

*"Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
Credo equidem: vivos ducent de marmore vultus."*

He did not appear to be moved. He raised his eyebrows, and said sympathetically: "I am very sorry. Can I help you at all?"

I continued in a vibrating voice:

*"Orabunt causas melius; caelique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent."*

Here I paused for breath, and the young man, who had listened gravely, broke in.

"Ah!" he said, "I was afraid you were going to say that. And it is not for me to say that she was wrong."

I am nothing if not persevering, so I proceeded:

*"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
Hae tibi erunt——"*

"One moment," he interrupted. "What became of the will? I think that if we could find the will we should be all right. Now, supposing that—— However, please continue your narrative."

He was quite interested, yet not what I should call "thrilled." I looked at him carefully, but there was no doubt that he was really an Englishman. Accordingly I finished the quotation.

As I reached the last words we entered Chancery Lane station. The young man jumped up, and raised his hat.

"I am afraid," he said, "that I have to leave you now. The insistent call of duty—but there, you understand. I have found it a most interesting case—most interesting. Some day I shall hope to hear how it all ends up. Good-day to you."

He bowed again, and hurried out.

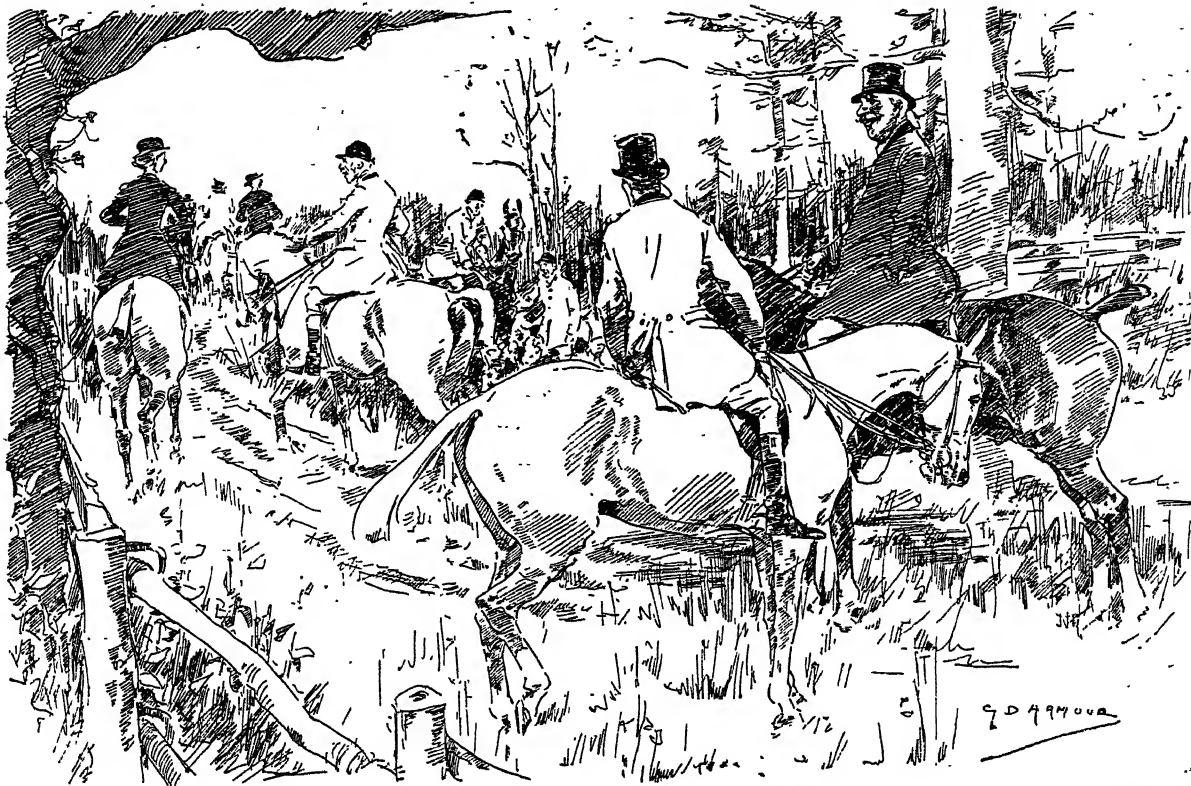
That, Mr. Punch, is an accurate relation of all that passed between us. The incident upset me considerably, and at the office I was quite incapable of attending properly to my business. Worse than that, I am now forced to the conclusion that *The Times* is not so closely in touch with the great pulse of the English people as I had been taught to believe. This is a disquieting thought to one who has before now signed himself

PATERFAMILIAS.



QUITE AT HOME.

OLAF. "COME ALONG, OLD MAN. I'LL SHOW YOU ROUND. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE."
ASTURIAS. "RIGHT! I'M WITH YOU!"



Welter Weight. "DID YOU HEAR THE DRESSING DOWN THE MASTER GAVE YOUR FRIEND CRASHER? BY JOVE, HE DID LET HIM HAVE IT!"
 Thruster. "GLAD OF THAT. WHAT DID HE SAY TO HIM?"
 W. W. "SAID HE WAS NEARLY AS BAD AS YOU!"

NEWS FROM SOCIALIST CIRCLES.

MR. CONQUEROR BRAYSON has been singularly quiet during the past week. Apart from his mordant reference on Tuesday to the House of Lords as "a set of doddering clothes-props," his witty stigmatising of the PREMIER on Wednesday as "a superannuated butter-merchant," and his Thursday's epigrammatic allusion to Mr. BALFOUR as "an indiarubber - conscienced foosler"—apart from these caustic scintillations he has shown no open sign of vitality. But to those who know him best this but indicates that the fires within are being banked up to a white heat, and that Europe will shortly stagger before his blazing denunciation of the powers that be.

Meanwhile it is highly significant that he has withdrawn his subscription from the North Hanwell Christmas Goose Club.

The Fabian Society have at last determined to show the world that they can *do* as well as dare. An active campaign is being planned to denounce all Socialists who are not Fabians, and, in addition, the following legislative reforms are to be urged vigorously before the middle-class elector:—

(1) A State pension of £300 to all who have attained discretion—i.e., joined the Fabian Society.

(2) The recognition of the principle of "one wife, one year."

(3) The abolition of the upper and working classes.

* * * * *

The Independent Labour Party have prepared a stirring programme for the winter. In the forefront is their daring mission to convert the Fabian Society from the error of their ways. Other vital points in their propaganda are:—

(1) A State pension of £500 a year to all members of trade unions approved by the I.L.P.

(2) The recognition of the principle of "one nation, one drink—and that drink beer."

(3) The abolition of the upper and middle classes.

* * * * *

An interesting item of news is that the editor of *The Cornet-a-piston* has determined to paste the Jolly Roger to the mast and to scissor free from the shackles of the I.L.P., the Fabian Society, and Socialists in general. His ideals are pitched high, but we must remember that "in great attempts it is glorious even to fail":—

(1) A State pension of £1,000 a

year to all readers of *The Cornet-a-piston*. Double to all advertisers in *The Cornet-a-piston* of whatever shade of opinion.

(2) The recognition of the principle of "one nation, one leader."

(3) The abolition of the upper, middle, and working classes.

* * * * *

[Latest news of the House of Lords.—Strength well maintained.]

WINGED WORDS.

(From the Perth Cricket Ground, West Australia.)

I HAVE no eloquence to tame
 Or rouse the passions of a nation;
 I do not seek a poet's fame,
 Nor urge my sisters on to claim
 Emancipation.

Yet have I spoken words whose
 sound
 Men heard amid surrounding
 babel;
 From mouth to mouth did they re-
 bound,
 Until at length they flashed around
 The world by cable.

It was no doctrine crafty foe
 Or foolish friend distorts and
 garbles—
 No new theology—ah, no!—
 I only bade the bowler "Go
 And play at marbles."

ILLUSTRIOUS GOLFERS.

[Dedicated with humble acknowledgments to the golfing expert of "The Throne."]

THE SHAH OF PERSIA is perhaps the most conspicuous of Oriental golfers, unless, indeed, we except the DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA, whose prowess must be chronicled in a separate paragraph. The SHAH, though his tendency to *embonpoint* obliges him to adopt a rather peculiar stance, is a decidedly impressive player, and when he strikes the ball has been known to make it travel quite a considerable distance. This illustrious potentate generally plays on the private links in the palace gardens at Teheran, and it is a remarkable fact that he has never been defeated by any of his opponents. Members of the revolutionary party have not scrupled to assert that to defeat the SHAH means instant death; but this statement is so obviously actuated by anti-dynastic animus as to merit little credence.

The DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA is probably the most remarkable of Royal female golfers east of Suez. Though no longer in her *première jeunesse* this redoubtable lady is said to be far the most original player in the Forbidden City. She holds the record for the palace links—72 strokes for the first hole. It is reported that ANDREW KIRKALDY has been engaged to go out to Peking in the spring at a princely salary, and with the promise of a mandarin's rank if he can reduce the EMPRESS's handicap to double figures.

During a round with the Chevalier HARRY DE QUEUX the other day, the PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO accomplished a very remarkable performance. While playing out of a heavy lie the PRESIDENT missed the globe completely, and drove his iron so deep into the ground as to kill a mole which was unsuspectingly burrowing some three inches below the surface. The PRESIDENT graciously presented the animal to his friend as a memento of the episode, and the Chevalier is having the skin made into ear flaps, which he intends to wear during his forthcoming trip to the Arctic regions.

KING LEOPOLD, though he only took to golf a few years ago, has made really remarkable progress. This is probably due to the fact that before beginning to play matches he practised for several months with a captive ball made of the best red rubber from the Congo. This captive ball, which was knocked completely out of shape by the Royal player, is

now preserved in the palace at Laeken amongst other trophies of KING LEOPOLD's skill and sportsmanship.

KING PETER OF SERBIA, who is probably one of the finest crowned exponents of the Royal and Ancient game to be found in the Balkans, has greatly strengthened his position by the brilliant remark he recently made to one of his *aides-de-camp* during the course of a foursome on the Slivnitsa links. The KING, in endeavouring to negotiate a bunker, took ground heavily. "See," he remarked with a merry smile, "what a devotee of the game I have become."

PRINCE CHARMING.

["Charm and beauty belong pre-eminently to youth and old age."—Mrs. Creighton.]

WHEN gay Commem. our windows dressed

With every hue
That Flora knew,
And sylphs more fair than Flora's best

Were pleased to munch
Our lunch,
Blest, blest was I beyond all men,
For I was young and charming then.

A score of maidens vied for me,
Awoke at night and sighed for me,
Occasionally died for me.

They tracked me down at college balls,
For maiden hearts will follow
A triple blue whom Oxford calls
Adonis-cum-Apollo.

What marvel life was one delight
From early dawn to latest night?
I was the beautiful and bright

Divinity
Of Trinity.

But middle-age, alas, has placed
His seal on me
For all to see,
And what was once a slender waist
Has now become

A tum.
I can no longer sprint because
My wind is not the thing it was.
No football fury presses me,
No lust to row obsesses me,
To lace my boots distresses me.
The locks that erst were Oxford's talk

No longer grace my noddle;
My whilom light and graceful walk
Is, I admit, a waddle.

No fair and inexpressive She
Now condescends to smile on me—
In short, I feel there cannot be
A doubt of it,
I'm out of it.

Yet let me not give way to tears,
Nor vainly sigh
For joys gone by;

No doubt another forty years
Will see me reign
Again.

Once more I shall be charming,
thanks
To shrivelled skin and well-shrunk shanks.

Dear white-haired girls will knit for me,

Make sleeping-sock or mit for me,
Or chest-protectors fit for me;

And when my gout becomes severe
GREY MEG and MAY and MARION
Will crowd about my couch to cheer
This charming centenarian.

Such beauties will old age unfold
That none will gaze upon me cold,
And crowds will mob me, as of old,

Adoring me
And boring me.

THE CARMELITE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

WHERE did Civilisation begin and where is it going to stop?

You don't know?

Ah! but Professor PETER FLINDERS does, and in Part 30 of *The Carmelite History of the World* he will tell you all about it.

He will draw about 33 pages of Perfect Pen Pictures of "Animal Life in the Early Sixties."

In another 25 pages he will trace for you the innumerable factors which have gone to mould the untutored savage into the modern chauffeur.

He will take you into the bowels of the *Lusitania*, by special permission of the Cunard Company.

He will explain in three or four words the reason of the failure of the *Nulli Secundus* (Second to None) to withstand the fury of the elements.

He will tell you the exact number of Parasangs there are in three miles, and why it is that skin forms on the surface of hot chocolate, and not on tea or coffee.

These contributions are but a mere fraction of the mass of print contained in Part 30, but they give you an idea of what you may expect.

MORE SURPRISING THAN PART 29! is the involuntary exclamation of the reader who has seen Part 30, with its special portraits of BART KENNEDY, CICERO, SAVONAROLA, PLATO, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Father VAUGHAN, and "The Follies."

GET IT SOMEHOW, BUT—GET IT!
The World from the Cradle of Civilisation to the Limerick Craze!

NOTE! Diabolo Supplement in Preparation.

THE B.A. AT WORK.

THE CENSOR.

Being an imaginary extension, wholly without prejudice, of the following advertisement from a morning paper:—

TWO DEBUTANTES.—Lady B.A. (London Honours) desires PUPILS in Literature; she gives instruction in all conversational topics of current interest, plays, books, poetry, &c. No lady is educated in these days unless thoroughly versed in literature, and able to apply it in conversation.—Address, B.A., &c., Bayswater.

THE B.A. *loq.*

"Ladies, before beginning my first lecture, I should like to make a few remarks on the reasons for which we have met—reasons that were briefly outlined in the advertisement which was the happy medium of bringing us together.

"Society having decided that there is no time like that in which we consume the principal meal of the day for the friendly commingling of total strangers and exchange of ideas, it follows that diners-out are under two pressing necessities—one of which is having something to say, and the other the power of saying it while eating. With the second I have nothing to do, but with the first I am intensely concerned. For, though it is certainly true that a lady who listens can yet succeed, at the same time it is more to the point that she should have opinions and express them well. A silent woman can easily be overlooked: a woman who knows her own mind and looks round intelligently on the world of art and literature must necessarily make her presence felt, and in time become a leader.

"It is in order to be assisted to such a position that you are here to-day. If you will attend to me with diligence and take full notes, I guarantee that in the course of a very few lessons you will be qualified to hold your own in any dining-table conversation, and be in the way of obtaining the reputation of women not only of wisdom but of wit.

"We will first begin with the Drama, because you will perhaps have noticed that at dinner your partner reaches the Stage almost before the fish. It is of the highest importance that you have answers

ready for him. Before looking at the advertisements of the theatres in the morning papers and taking them *seriatim*, it would be well to begin with the two more advanced subjects that are now 'up,' as we say. I mean the Censorship and SHAW.

"For some little while, at any rate, it will be important to have views on the Censorship; and SHAW, of course, is always with us, and of the greatest service. It does not matter whether you like him or dislike him—the discussion of his plays and his

a non-committal sound of acquiescence will be your best reply. Let us suppose that he then asks you if you have read *The Breaking Point*. It will be wisest perhaps to say that you have not yet had time to read the play itself, but you have read the preliminary matter.

"I may say at once that the preliminary matter consists of an attack on the Censor for first refusing to license the play and then for refusing to give his reasons, concluding with an invitation to intellectual persons

to join together in an appeal (such has since crystallised) for his suppression. Having this information at your disposal, you are fitted to continue the conversation; but it is important that you should make up your mind as to whether or not you wish the Censor to be retained.

"For those who prefer his retention a useful remark is: 'Ah! well, of course it's a great pity when a really fine work has to be stopped, but I cannot help dreading the alternative.' If the Censor goes the police remain as the only protectors of the public; and better a thousand Censors than one policeman.' This is quite a sound argument, and put in these words will impress your listeners a good deal.

"There is no need to elaborate it any farther. No matter what he says on the other side, just repeat your remark—half of conversation is the repetition of one's remarks—with some slight concessions of courtesy, such as 'I'm very sorry, but I

have always felt that police interference with art is the most serious of dangers. As I say, better a thousand Censors than one policeman.' By the way, you will find the phrase 'I have always felt' of the greatest assistance. It shows at once that you have given attention to a subject for a long time and are not a mere improviser, and this will gain you the respect and deference of your partner and increase all your chances.

"On the other hand, you may prefer to take up the more revolutionary and daring line that the Censor should go, and I respect you for doing



Old Lady (seeing a friend off). "Now, DO BE CAREFUL, DEAR, AND DON'T FORGET TO GIVE THE CAPTAIN A SHILLING TO KEEP OFF THE ROCKS."

mind will take you to the bird, when, of course, you turn to your other partner and can begin all over again.

"But first the Censorship. Here you must step warily, because the Censor's duties are concerned with the suppression of impropriety, and impropriety is not a topic with which young ladies, even to-day, should be too familiar. For this reason it will be well not to introduce it yourself, but wait for the gentleman to do so. He will probably say something to the effect that the Censor seems to be getting into hot water all round. To which



Minister. "MAC, I'M VERY SORRY TO FIND YOU IN THIS STATE!"

Mac. "ARE YE VERRA SORRY?"

Minister. "YES, MAC, I'M REALLY VERY VERY SORRY!"

Mac. "AH, WEEL, IF YE'RE REALLY VERRA VERRA SORRY, I'LL FORGIE YE!"

so, for the courageous thinker always has his admirers. What in this case ought you to say that will not subject you to the suspicion of being too much interested in morbid topics? After considerable thought I have prepared the following formula: 'Well, of course, I am not concerned for the performance of unsuitable plays anywhere, but I cannot help feeling that playgoers ought to be the best judges of what is right and what is not, and I have perfect faith in the good sense of the public.' This shows you to have a thoughtful and an open mind, and suggests generally a superiority of intellect. As in the other case, you need not extend your remarks in reply to criticism, but just repeat them.

"In both cases, whether for or against, a little playfulness may be introduced as a side issue: a light laughing expression of pity for the poor man who has to read all the plays that are accepted by managers: 'No wonder he loses his temper sometimes,' and so on. This whim can be extended as much as you like, and indeed to do so may be of great service if your partner is

too assiduous in attempting to pin you down to argument.

"For the present, dear pupils, I think this will do. All that you have to decide upon is which side you will support—the Censor or his opponent—and act accordingly. But you must bear in mind that to support him is safer. To oppose him is to run the risk of being thought advanced and having to live up to the character. But that I leave to you. And so good-bye till our next meeting."

WAKE UP, ENGLAND!

(AND SCOTLAND!)

"[I have seen a good deal in the papers about Limericks, but I don't know what on earth it all means.]—*The Prime Minister*"

We shall expect shortly to hear: That Mr. ASQUITH, addressing his constituents at Ben-y-Brawbonniebairnie, stated that his attention had been drawn to a body of wom—of females known as, he thought—er—(A Voice, "Suffragettes")—yes, Suffragettes or something of that sort—he was obliged to his friend in the gallery—although he had not the

slightest knowledge of their objects, if any.

That the Lord Chief Justice enquired "What is Diabolo?" adding that he had failed to find any reference to the word in the latest information supplied by the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, though he had carefully studied the reign of QUEEN ANNE, a sovereign who (he learned from the clerk) was *déad*. (Sensation.)

That motor-omnibus proprietors have formulated a demand for "recognition" by the railway companies, who have asked for some definite proof of their existence.

That attempts are to be made by the large liners on the Transatlantic record. The times accomplished by the late Messrs. CABOT and CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS have of course since been greatly reduced.

"When a man was arrested for being drunk and disorderly he shouted, 'Scots, wha a'e?' and appealed for help."—*Yorkshire Telegraph*.

A MAN who could say that when he might have got off with "British Constitution"—well, the charge was obviously ridiculous.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHILE Mr. MARION CRAWFORD was busy with his *Gleanings from Venetian History*, published a couple of years ago, and lingered over ancient archives, he came upon the romantic story of CARLO ZENO, a hero of Venice when the Republic was winning its way to dominion of the sea. The daring soldier and patriot is the hero of his new novel *Arethusa* (MACMILLAN). He purchases, loves, and finally marries a Greek slave of peerless beauty. To tell the truth, he casually became possessed of the treasure in performance of a commission from a friend in Venice. The friend, one *Pesaro*, "a fat little man of forty who had married a rich widow ten years older than himself," makes only one appearance on the scene. It is precious, since it takes the form of a letter of delicious humour, in which the fond husband makes out that he desires a beautiful slave solely on account of his wife, in whose behalf he urgently stipulates that the girl shall have fine natural hair, either quite black or very fair, teeth like pearls, an ankle you can span with your thumb and middle finger; "and my wife will care less about a very small waist, though if it be naturally slender it is certainly a point of beauty." *Carlo Zeno*, in good faith, ordered the merchandise with intent to have it shipped to Venice. But when he beheld the beauty of *Zoe* the fat little man of forty and his fastidious wife faded out of the story. *Zoe*, though sold as a slave, is really the daughter of a high-born Venetian. After a pretty, passionate wooing, she helps *Carlo* through some turbulent scenes, in the course of which Mr. CRAWFORD, with vivid touches, paints the Constantinople of the middle of the fourteenth century, with its glorious colours, its dark abysses, its treasons, its betrayals, and its tortures. It is a stirring story, brightly told.

"Do cats eat bats?" is an historic problem, and a no less engrossing one to us is, "Do eyes snap?" Plighted troths and the heartstrings of lovers have always been liable to compound fracture, but optics (on this side of the Atlantic) are generally safe. I want to know, because, in *The Sheep and the Goats* (METHUEN), Miss MANN's hero twice at least sustains ocular comminution whilst talking to the object of his affections. The story deals with the social squabbles of a public school town, where the cure of souls is in charge of the son of a local draper, and the magisterial staff includes an unprincipled Adonis with great talents and unconventional neck-ties, who wears white flannels in season and out because he looks best in them. There are some excellent portraits in this book, notably those of *Mrs. Algum*, the arbitress of propriety, and *Daisy Meers*, a fascinating nonentity, who bewitches her mamma's lodgers and keeps sixth-form boys walking past her window. Right triumphs in the end, the scholastic *Don Juan* is hissed at the annual concert, and the Rector of St. Luke's (thawing, no doubt, the "cold snap" in her bosom) marries the lady whom he has brought to a proper sense of the seriousness of life.

I suspect that when Mr. ROBERT BARR began *The Measure of the Rule* (CONSTABLE) he intended to give us the great work—the *David Copperfield* to which most novelists come sooner or later. But at page 290 he found that his hero was still at college, and that his publisher was already on the doorstep. Something had to be done. Mr. BARR was the man to do it. In eighteen

pages three years passed rapidly, and the hero became a famous painter. (For years he must have nursed a secret talent.) Then he married the girl—and Mr. BARR began to think of his next novel. The first 290 pages show us the hero at his extraordinary American training college. An American training college sounds dull, but Mr. BARR in some way makes it all very interesting. He has humour, of course, and a sense of character, but— Well, you must read it for yourself. That glorious Chapter Ten, which describes the hero's first attempt at teaching, I particularly recommend to all schoolmasters.

Several London journalists will recognise themselves under other names among the lesser characters in *Not George Washington* (CASSELL), though it is not to them, but to the hero, one *James Orlebar Cloyster*, that the title particularly refers. The two authors, HERBERT WESTBROOK and P. G. WODEHOUSE, have made him a not very nice young man, but he is quite entertaining to read about. He is so determined to push on, so bent on living his own life, so unscrupulous as to means—he brushes aside obstacles, including his *fiancée*, with the callousness of a cow-catcher—and so successful, that one is almost convinced that he is quite right not to be GEORGE WASHINGTON, in spite of the mess he gets himself into. And when the lady fishes him out of it, and he marries her, one is quite sure.

In *The Book of the Child* (PITMAN AND SONS) Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLAS HOW has made an attempt to set down what is in the mind of children. The result is a very charming little book, irradiated with many flashes of insight and many gleams of a peculiar tender humour. There is no formalism here. Mr. How recommends no special system—except, indeed, the old, old system of sympathy and kindness through which from the beginning of the world little children have had the best chance of growing into chivalrous men and nobly planned women. Mr. How has a light and pretty touch, and has evidently been a loving and faithful observer of the little ones about whom he here tells many delightful and some touching stories. The tale of blind *Jacob Joyce*, slight though it is, is in its way a little masterpiece. Not everybody may agree with all that Mr. How says on the subject of religion for children, but everybody must appreciate the general charm of this very pleasant booklet.

Obviously a woman ought to know all about skirts and such-like trappings, and perhaps that is why *The Skirts of the Great City* (METHUEN), by Mrs. ARTHUR G. BELL, is so much more attractive than the ordinary guide-book which is the product of the masculine brain. In fact, although the book is a *vade-mecum* without which no one ought to think of exploring the outlying towns and villages which are day by day being swallowed up by the great mother city, it is not so much a guide-book as a series of pictures—of Hampton and Hampstead, and Highgate and Hornsey, and Hendon and Harrow (before they took to dropping their "h's"), and Wimbledon and Putney, and Greenwich and Epsom, painted by one who has taken enormous pains to study their individual characteristics and life-histories, and has in so doing learnt to love them, and to pass on her love to others. And, throughout, the mass of curious information which Mrs. BELL's book contains is made into a living story of the relentless life-force with which the great city is continually absorbing into her own grey urban being these once green rustic spots.

A BOND STREET MYSTERY.

"ON Tuesday afternoon Mrs. PELHAM-POOP was seen shopping in Bond Street."

This is not, as may at first sight be assumed, the opening sentence of a detective story. No tale of sudden and mysterious disappearance follows. It is the beginning, middle, and end of the whole story. "Mrs. PELHAM-POOP was seen shopping in Bond Street. *Finis.*"

Murders are done o' nights—the Yankee Railway Market is restless, and—Mrs. PELHAM-POOP goes a-shopping. The Largest Circulation on Earth gives publicity to each of these matters. There must, therefore, be some special significance, not immediately apparent, in the meagre report of Mrs. PELHAM-POOP's afternoon activity.

Does it mean that Mrs. PELHAM-POOP's credit is notoriously exhausted (not that I have ever heard of her before), and yet, in despite of this, she was seen shopping in an expensive quarter of London? But then it should have been printed thus:—"Mrs. PELHAM-POOP was seen shopping in Bond Street!"

Or, again, if her failing is kleptomania, it might read thus:—"Mrs. PELHAM-POOP was seen shopping (?) in Bond Street."

As it stands, the sentence is unsatisfying. It is uncharacteristically reticent. There is some mystery about it.

Does it mean that Mrs. PELHAM-POOP is known, as a matter of plain fact, to be away canoeing on Lake Titicaca, and yet was seen shopping

in Bond Street—a case for the S.P.R.?

Or—stay!—is the sentence, so baffling in its lack of human interest, the first line of a Limerick that has got astray from one of the advertisement columns? Certainly it has the graceful scansion, the easy, insouciant handling of metre that distinguish



Salvation Army Lass. "GIVE IT BACK TO THE LITTLE CHAP, YOU GREAT BULLY!"

Urchin. "I WON'T. 'E'S 'AD 'ARF." S. A. L. "THAT DOESN'T MATTER. GIVE IT BACK."

Urchin. "WELL, I'LL GIVE 'IM ANUDER QUARTER."

S. A. L. "No. If it's HIS, GIVE HIM THE LOT. (To smaller boy.) WHAT IS IT HE'S GOT, SONNY?"

Small Boy. "Boo! Boo! MY CIGARETTE!"

this class of literature:—"Mrs. PELHAM-POOP was seen shopping in Bond Street."

But then there are no rhyming words.

It must, therefore, be accepted as news; and, depend upon it, there is a sensational story behind it, else why should it be offered in cold type to the million or two readers of the paper that publishes it?

We await developments.

YOUR DAILY HEALTH.

By M. A. RIDDLEMEREE (Oxon).

The Limerick Stoop.—A very prevalent curvature of the dorsal vertebrae, contracted from undue work of a sedentary nature. It is best cured by sleeping under the mattress.

The Diabolo Crick.—Use a 6-lb.

iron spindle. The effort of causing this to rotate will counteract the upward gape induced by awaiting its return from the clouds. It should on no account be applied to chilblains.

Stiffening of the Hair.—This complaint is the result either of a sudden shock or a general lowering of the vitality, and the need of a good tonic is indicated. Iron is the best, preferably a kitchen one, which should be well heated and passed several times slowly over the affected locality.

Falling Underneath a Motorbus.—The golden rule here is not to lose your head. To avoid this consider whether your neck lies in the probable route of any of the wheels, and if so, shift it slightly to one side.

The Seamy Side of the Bar.

"The policeman found him in the company of some very undesirable people in Heckfield Place, a law quarter in Fulham.—*Daily Mail.*"

Court Intelligence.

"Queen Victoria Eugénie carried an umbrella to keep off the rain."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

THE PRIVATE REFLECTIONS OF A PAGEANT KING.

(As they occurred to him in the City last Saturday.)

N.B.—Authenticity not guaranteed.

ON the move at last. Thought they'd never get us off. My white mare quieter on the whole than I expected. Nothing like so jumpy as I am. Wonder if I look "natural" and "unstilted." If so, more than I can say for my right-hand man. Now I *do* call him stilted.

Man on my right says, "Hadn't I better talk to him, considering he's my brother?" Tell him he must have mistaken me for some other fellow—haven't got a brother. He says what *he* means is that, as I'm EDWARD THE SECOND and he's the EARL OF KENT, we're supposed to be brothers. He knows, because he's taken the trouble to look it up in History.

All right—I've no objection—only, brother or no brother, he's no business to barge into me every other yard or so. He apologises. His gee is a bit out of hand just at starting. Seems to me it's under the impression it's been engaged to play a crab. And Kent's knee-cap has a jolly sharp edge to it! . . .

Kent reminds me I ought to be *doing* something. The Boss's instructions to us in Riding School were "to notice crowd." Tell Kent I *have*. They're much as usual; some of 'em would be none the worse for a wash, but nothing else to notice about 'em that I can see. He says, "Can't I try to believe myself the character I'm supposed to be?"

Fact is, I'm a bit foggy about old EDWARD THE SECOND. Wish now I'd found time to mug him up. Ask Kent what became of me. According to him, I was murdered in Berkeley Castle. Ask if any of these Baron-chaps in the procession had a hand in killing me? He says MORTIMER had for one—and probably others. Then oughtn't I to try to look gloomy and suspicious, or something? Kent says no—I'm not supposed to know yet. "Have I forgotten my orders already?" My line is to be cheery and genial—kiss my hand to any pretty girl in crowd I happen to see—and so on. All very well—and I did it right enough at rehearsal in the Riding School. Still, in the open-air—before everybody, in cold blood, so to speak—well, it's different, somehow. Don't feel up to it just yet. . . .

Kent keeps on telling me to buck up. The very next pretty girl I see, I really will . . . Now that just *shows* you! They *couldn't* be fools enough to suppose I should blow a kiss to a *bobby*! London crowd's idea of humour simply rotten! . . .

Must try some other way of bucking up. Give order to draw swords and shout, taking time from me. "Hooray—hooray—hooray!" . . . Kent nudges me, horrified. Reminds me of what the Guv'nor said in Riding School. People *didn't* hooray in our time. What I *ought* to have said was, "Hai! hai! hai!"

I know—I *know*. But it does seem such a silly remark—unless you're on a fire-engine. And they're ready enough to chip us as it is, without our *asking* for it! . . .

There is a pretty girl—a ripper—I think I'll risk it. . . . It reached her all right—and she ought to have curtsied, instead of passing a remark which proved at all events that, whatever she might be, she was no lady. Fact is, the crowd want rehearsing more than *we* do, if this sort of thing is ever to be anything like a "go." And *they* ought to be in fancy dress, too. Then they wouldn't have the unfair advantage they do over us.

Guv'nor mistaken for once in telling us to notice the people. Not good enough! . . .

Kent (who has at last got his mount to go straight) at me again! Says PARKER's orders were that we should "tell one another stories and laugh together all the time"—which we're not. Suggests that, as I'm the King, I ought to set the example. Hanged if I do! I've something else to think of just now than being amusing. Besides, it's *their* business to amuse me—if they can.

Kent says he's prepared himself—spent several hours in British Museum consulting fourteenth-century jest books on purpose to be correct. Conscientious chap, Kent. His anecdotes may be of the period, but they're not funny. Even he admits that they have more point in print. Hasn't he anything a bit more modern? He says he knows rather a good story about a 'bus-conductor who hadn't any sense of humour—but he can't tell it in chain-mail, because it would be so out of keeping. It doesn't matter, because I've heard it. Getting fed up with Kent. After all, not much point in being a King, even in a pageant, if you can't choose your own company. Tell him to fall behind and send up GAVESTON. . . .

GAVESTON very sorry, but says that, with the Headsman riding close behind him, he feels it would be hardly the thing—not quite in the character, if I see his meaning—for him to be telling me funny stories. Besides, he doesn't know any. I suppose it would be no use calling on the Headsman.

Order up a file of odd Barons. . . .

The new pair are either LANCASTER and PEMBROKE, or else WARWICK and DESPENSER—they aren't over clear about that themselves, and it wouldn't signify so long as their stories were good. But, as I can't help telling them plainly, I've come across a *few* whiskered chestnuts in my time, but compared to *theirs*—! Warwick says they're only obeying their instructions, which were "to remember all the *old* jokes and stories they could." They're doing their best—and the least I can do is to *laugh*. Explain that I'd do anything to oblige them—but as I've never been on the stage I *can't* laugh—especially when I'm riding in a procession—unless I see something to laugh at. Despenser (if it is Despenser) says in that case I've only to look in the shop windows. Don't notice this, because I can see it is merely temper on his part—he can't get over my calling his stories chestnuts. Probably thought they were the latest things out.

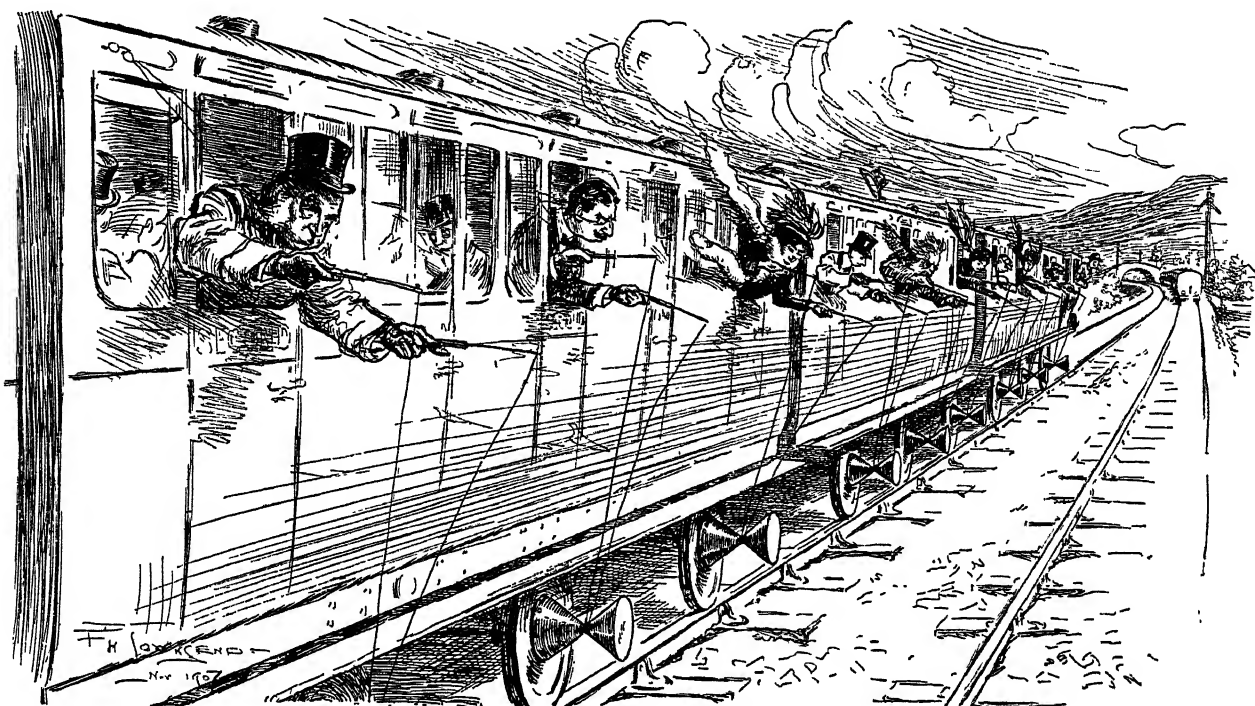
I hear a laugh from the rear-ranks, so *somebody* must be being funny. Pass the word for him to come up on my right, whoever he is. He's a Baron, of sorts, but doesn't know what of. Ask him what was the joke. He says, rather sheepishly, "Oh, nothing particular—only a story he'd heard the other day in a saloon-bar." Well, let's have it. He says, "Some people might think it a bit near the knuckle" . . . A *bit* near!! And such a devilish dull knuckle when you get to it! Baron, of sorts, says he's one or two others very nearly as smart. No, I won't trouble him. As I put it to him, it's not that I mind—but this white mare I'm on is very nearly thoroughbred. And if the crowd saw me roaring with laughter and her turning deep pink all over—well, it would rather give the show away! Rather a neat rebuke, that; quiet, but kingly—and it's shut him up. He's dropped back to the rear without another word. . . .

They've all left me to ride ahead by myself now. I don't care. I can always blow kisses. And I'm getting to blow them better now. Not to the crowd,



MERRIE ENGLAND ONCE MORE!

[In consequence of the great success of the Espérance Girls' Club in promoting the revival of English Folksongs and Morris Dances in country villages, a Conference is to be held, on November 14, at the Goupil Gallery for the purpose of furthering this admirable scheme. (See article on page 347.)]



TAKING THEIR PLEASURE SERIOUSLY.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN THAT AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE SETTLEMENT OF THE RAILWAY DISPUTE WAS THIS INGENIOUS INVENTION BY A GENTLEMAN OF SURBITON. HE SUGGESTED THAT THE PUBLIC SHOULD TAKE OVER THE RAILWAYS AND WORK THEM THEMSELVES.

though—only to people in balconies. And even they, I'm afraid, only think it beastly cheek of me. Either they glare or else look another way. They can't enter into the spirit of the thing. They haven't been educated up to it yet. Why, that girl up there actually blew a kiss back to me—nice manners, to her Sovereign! And such a downright plain girl, too! Shan't blow any more kisses—arm getting tired . . .

A block. Crowd beginning to get on mare's nerves. Steady, old girl! They'd like to see me take a toss—but we're not going to oblige 'em . . . On we go again. I'd give something for a Scotch-and-soda! . . . Law Courts in sight at last! Hooray-hooray!—I mean "Hai! hai! hai!"

F. A.

"COME, LASSES AND LADS!"

AMONG many movements that have for their excellent object a return to the land and the cultivation of old simplicities, none wears a more inviting mien than that which originated with the *Espérance Club* for Working Girls some two or three years ago, and has by this time attained to such a stature that a public Conference is to be held at the Goupil Gallery on November 14 to consider the steps by which it might be, if not exactly nationalised, at any rate organised to the full. We refer to the revival of Folksongs, Games, and Morris Dances, which, under the direction of Miss NEAL and Mr. H. C. MACILWAINE, of the *Espérance Club*, and Mr. CECIL SHARP, the musician, has led to several charming performances at the Queen's Hall, where such enthusiasm was unkindled that, through the generosity of certain of the audience, in many villages of England at this moment teachers are at work instructing the children in the steps of those delightful measures to which our

ancestors danced when England was merrie, and training their young voices to sing the old unsophisticated country songs, in which every note is as pure and clear as a drop of dew. In this way the *Espérance Club*, through the public spirit of a few individuals who love the past, has become a missionary centre to spread happiness and fun and melody east and west and north and south. But the Club is small and its exertions are limited, and hence this Conference for the search of a practical way to increase the number of teachers, and so give the songs and dances a wider and wider and wider recognition, until all England is dancing and singing once more, and once more is merrie. Mr. *Punch* wishes the Conference success with all his heart.

The down-trodden Sex.

"Evidence was given that the woman, which was attached to a mail cart at the village in question, was in a weak and exhausted condition and was lame on the near fore leg, also the near hind leg."—*Nottingham Evening News*.

The Man in the Street.

"Baroness Orczy has a new romance in hand, which will be published early next year. It is to bear the title of 'Beau Brocade,' which is the name of a 'gentleman in the road.'"—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

"I have been a lamplighter for 26 years, and I have never used any other matches than yours, as I have always found them to burn better and longer than any other matches."—*Advt.*

We should have preferred a testimonial from a man who had used some other.

CHARIVARIA.

THE value of the resolutions passed at the recent Peace Conference may be gauged by the fact that Mr. HEARST'S attack on this country was preceded by no formal declaration of war.

We understand that our new *Dreadnought*, which was only to be laid down if the Hague Conference proved a failure, will, by way of compliment, be named H.M.S. *Peace*.

THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS is said to have been much gratified at the interest shown in him, during his stay at Kensington Palace, by ladies and gentlemen of his own age. Whenever he appeared in public he was received with loud squalls.

The second trial of Mr. THAW will, it is stated, abound in sensational features. This is, of course, absolutely necessary if the trial is to be a popular success—as to which there is some doubt, rival functions of a like nature being very prevalent just now.

It is good news that the giant Cunarders *Lusitania* and *Mauretania* are henceforth to carry the bulk of the American mails. It will now be possible to send longer letters.

The fact that two ships were arrested last week at the instance of a firm of shipbuilders on account of money owing to the latter has surprised many persons, who did not think that such a proceeding was possible. As a matter of fact it is not at all an uncommon thing for a ship to find herself in the dock.

Now that the two halves of the *Suevic* have been successfully joined together it is suggested that, when she is relaunched, a wedding ceremony shall take the place of the usual christening.

Apparently our recent suggestion that theatrical entertainments might be provided in railway trains as well as on Atlantic liners is about to be adopted by one of our most enterprising companies, for *The Daily Mail* announces "Penny Stages on the Twopenny Tube."

Members of Co-operative Societies are indignant at Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN'S statement that "Socialism and Co-operation are twin-brothers." "It may be true of

Socialism," writes the angry secretary of an Irish Society, "but it certainly is not true of Co-operation."

There will be forty Princes of the blood at the wedding of PRINCESS LOUISE OF ORLEANS to PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON, and it is considered probable that, if a resolution against Socialism were proposed on this occasion, it would be carried.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are publishing next year a book on modern Egypt by the late British Agent. Suggested title:—"Egypt: a Cromergraph."

Is the manly type of burglar dying out in this effeminate age? We trust not, but we note that some house-breakers who entered a well-known confectionery establishment in the Strand the other night spent some of their time in consuming a quantity of chocolate, cream buns, and assorted cakes.

A labourer in an advanced state of intoxication was discovered last week on the steps of the Acton Police Station. This remarkable example of instinct is only equalled by the incident of the dog suffering from a broken leg who dragged himself to a hospital.

Several Suffragettes were present at the Curio dinner given by the Lyceum Club last week.

According to a Washington (U.S.A.) food expert, an egg does not turn bad until it is at least seven years old. We guess, then, that some of them, like children, are born old.

A great opportunity of raising still more money for the Cripples' Fund was let slip by the Civic Authorities. We hear that many wealthy Americans would have been willing to pay fabulous sums for 'the privilege of being allowed to impersonate a British King in the Lord Mayor's Show.

The Mayor of Wimbledon is greatly perturbed at the report that the L.C.C. contemplates the absorption of a number of boroughs at present outside its scope. "Where are they going to stop?" he asks. "Why not extend the London County Council boundaries to the sea?" Aye, why not? They have the boats.

The liner *Victoria*, which left Liverpool for New York the other

day, is taking out 3,000 canaries and other songbirds. The sight of the little mites with their heads through portholes, suffering all the horrors of *mal-de-mer*, must be a very painful one.

For the only other news of importance this week we are indebted to *The Daily Express*. Mr. JOHN WADE, of Whitby, has just picked in his garden three pounds of raspberries, which he intends to preserve until Christmas Day. May we be permitted to say that we admire Mr. JOHN WADE'S iron resolution?

THE B.A. AT WORK.

Being an imaginary extension, wholly without prejudice, of the following advertisement from a morning paper:—

TO DEBUTANTES. Lady B.A. (London Honours) desires PUPILS in Literature; she gives instruction in all conversational topics of current interest, plays, books, poetry, &c. No lady is educated in these days unless thoroughly versed in literature, and able to apply it in conversation.—Address, B.A., &c., Bayswater.

THE B.A. loq.

WE will turn this afternoon to Literature, in which, as my advertisement states, one must be thoroughly versed in order to be considered educated. We will begin with Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, whose novels are almost the only ones written by a living woman which it is absolutely necessary to read or to know something of. Of Miss CORELLI, on the contrary, it is permissible to know nothing, however much you may care for her stories in the privacy of your boudoir. Indeed, it is perhaps better that you should disclaim any knowledge of this authoress, in spite of her popularity and her remarkable gifts. Perhaps your best attitude is one of amused aloofness. "Ah, yes," you may say, when a partner is so ill-advised as to mention her latest work—"ah, yes, I have seen her name on title-pages, I think." Then add: "Was not she the favourite authoress of QUEEN VICTORIA?"—this with a merry little laugh, not in the least disloyal, but as an indication that, after all, great rulers of Empire may not necessarily be good judges of literature, and indeed are forgivable when they err in that direction.

If by any chance your partner is an enthusiast for the lady, and goes on to defend her, you may remark genially that you are always frightened of numbers, and to read in a crowd ruins all your pleasure.

Very much the same kind of temper I would recommend with re-

spect to Mr. HALL CAINE, who is of course *banal* through and through. It is now very much the thing to greet his name with a chuckle of amusement. "Ah, yes," you may say in this connection, "wasn't it he of whom someone said that he always wrote at the top of his voice?" "Someone" is wisest when speaking to the ordinary person; but if your partner seems to be more advanced say "poor OSCAR."

But to return to Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. It is well to have a few adjectives ready for reply to the question, "What do you think of her?" or "Why do you like her?" Useful phrases will be "More like GEORGE ELIOT than JANE AUSTEN, I always think;" and "Such a wonderful gift for what one might call intellectual emotion." And "Of course one could wish sometimes that her characters had a brisker pulse; but, after all, so much of life is equable, is it not?" These three sentences should carry you through safely enough.

Before I pass on to deal with other novelists—for, of course, literature in our sense of the word means little but fiction—I would point out to you how necessary it is at the outset to decide which class of literary talkers you wish to join—those who claim to have read everything, or those who tell the truth. Both are right enough; but to claim to have read all is a pose that requires rather a deal of skill to keep it up. The compensation of course is in your brilliant reputation.

To those of you who choose to affect to know all I can offer some useful advice. Take in the literary papers and those papers that have good literary pages, such as *The Telegraph* on Wednesdays and Fridays, and *The Times* and *The Post* on Thursdays. Read the reviews carefully. It will take half an hour a morning, but it will be time well spent. From each review you will take away some trifling but significant fact, which will save, if it does not increase, your reputation during the day. But if you have missed the review altogether and, having admitted that you have read a book that you have never seen, are at a loss over an allusion to it, you should hold your head for a moment in a puzzled way, and then implore your partner to remind you of the plot, as you have such a shocking memory. Most men are so keen to be listened to that he will make it very easy for you; but if he is a bad talker yet a severe cross-examiner you had better let something



Ellen (the Nurse, to little girl of six, who is supposed to have an afternoon sleep every day). "NANCY, YOU ARE A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL NOT TO HAVE GONE TO SLEEP THIS AFTERNOON!"

Nancy (reproachfully). "ELLEN! ELLEN! DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE THREE TIMES YOU LOOKED OVER THE SCREEN, AND I WAS FAST ASLEEP?"

that he says remind you of something else, and turn the subject. Of course a mischievous, suspicious man could no doubt catch you out at once; but these men are rare, and you would probably be clever enough to see a danger-signal, and act accordingly.

I may close this lecture with a few general remarks which you will find useful. Thus:

"What a pity that HARDY now writes so little."

"One could wish that CHESTERTON was not quite so brilliant. If only he were less clever he might be so good."

"A great deal of nonsense is talked about MEREDITH's obscurity."

"I wish that Mr. HEWLETT would return to his earlier manner."

"Few recent stories have so moved me as *The Garden of Allah*."

"I tried *Three Weeks*, but it was too silly."

A PLEA FOR THE CENSOR.

(Telepathically contributed.)

I DIDN'T sign the manifesto of the dramatic authors against the Censor. I had no particular objection to the manifesto. It was all right as a manifesto—beautifully written, very tender, very appealing, and all that. There was a kind of haughty resentful dignity about it that was particularly fine, but, on the whole, I couldn't put my name to it. A good many people have noticed that I didn't sign it, and they want to know the reason why. They expected me to sign it, because, as they say, my case is "one of the worst and most flagrant instances of the irresponsible and mischievous stupidity which characterises the Censor in the discharge of his ridiculous duties."

Well, the fact is I'm a family man (it isn't generally known), and, as my expenses don't get any smaller, I'm not going to quarrel with the only man who has done me a good turn on a large scale. "My father," said an aged eight-year-old boy to me once, "is about the worst man alive, but I'm going to keep friends with him, because he gives me my bones." You may call the Censor what you like, and I'll agree with you, but I won't quarrel with him in public. It's owing to him that I've got a flat in Piccadilly and a 40-h.p. motor-car.

It all happened about two years ago. I had written lots of plays before that—simple, domestic things, with a strong family interest, in which everybody was all right for morals, except the occasional bad character who forged a will or said he didn't care a d— for conventionality. However, he always repented in the end or got sent out to Australia after marrying the nurse who had brought him through the terrible wasting fever that wicked people are so liable to:—"Hush! do not wake him. He is now sleeping peacefully, for his conscience is at rest." You know the sort of thing. Two or three of these plays were accepted and acted. The Censor passed them all right—there was no reason why he shouldn't—and the critics gave them a kind word or two—all except *The Times* man, who said bread-and-butter was good enough in its way, but you could have too much of it, and for his part, after seeing one of my plays, he had an uncomfortable feeling of being plastered all over with bread-and-butter. Life as a human sandwich, he added, didn't suit him. Funny, wasn't it? The point for me, however, was that there was jolly little money in it. None of the plays had anything of a run, and at last the managers began to refuse them, and my wife said I should have to try something else, because the tradespeople were getting restive. It was just then that I got an idea. "Why shouldn't you," I said to myself, "write a real problem play, a scorcher, with some hot stuff about the relations of the sexes, and

a red-haired woman in it with violet eyes and an ivory skin who upsets everybody's apple-cart? Then you can get it taken on by the Unconventional Play Society for the Ibsen Theatre, because they know the Censor won't pass it. Then the Censor refuses it; you get it written up in the papers" (I've got plenty of friends in that line of business and I do a bit in it myself), "and then you publish the play, and it sells like hot cakes, and there you are."

I rattled it off in no time. I never knew how easy it was till I tried. I put some artists in it, with a doctor or two to set them off; there was a family solicitor who was shocked by everybody, an absurd person; there were two wives who were always in the wrong rooms with the wrong men; and there was the red-haired woman with the ivory complexion. There wasn't a hitch in the whole business from start to finish. The U.P.S. accepted the play and made "elaborate preparations for staging it as it deserved." The paragraphs got into

all the papers, and then, of course, the Censor said he wouldn't have it.

It happened two years ago, but I daresay you remember all the indignant articles and letters asking for the Censor's head. "Are we children," said one article, "that we should for ever be subject to this last relic of dramatic Bumbledom? Here is a play, not merely powerful and dramatic, but full of the most elevated lessons of true morality for all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. We defy anyone to read the scene in which *Mrs. Dashleigh*"—this was the red-haired woman—"appears in the remains of a tattered night-dress, with a crown of roses on her head, without a conviction of the essential tragedy of the most ordinary existence

and a resolve to do something to raise the tone of society from its present degraded level." There were lots of others like that. When the play was printed everybody bought it and read it. It ran into ten editions in three months, and I've never looked back since.

No, I'm for the Censor. He made me, and I'll stand by him to the very end.

(Signed) PARTINGTON MOPPS.

Journalistic Humility.

"*The Morning Leader*.—Nearly 300,000 of the intelligent readers of Great Britain would not miss its Special Articles, its News, its Sport, its Finance, its Illustrations, its Serial, and its 'Sub Rosa.'"—Advt.

The Day's Work.

Diary of a Strenuous Life.

"Miss Lena Ashwell, encouraged by the success of her flying matinée to Eastbourne, has now arranged to give similar representations of that remarkably successful play, *Irene Wycherley*, at Birmingham, Richmond, and Cardiff on Thursday."—*Daily Chronicle*.



The Bear. "ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU ONE OF MY PROSPECTUSES. NOW THAT THE SPEED OF LINERS HAS SO MUCH INCREASED, YOU WILL, PERHAPS, SEE THE ADVANTAGE OF INSURING AGAINST ACCIDENTS."



Town Visitor (to small applicant for a holiday). "WHAT IS YOUR FATHER?"

Small Applicant. "'E's ME FATHER."

T. V. "YES; BUT WHAT IS HE?"

S. A. "Oh! 'E's ME STEP-FATHER."

T. V. "YES, YES. BUT WHAT DOES HE DO? DOES HE SWEEP CHIMNEYS, OR DRIVE BUSES, OR WHAT?"

S. A. (with dawning light of comprehension). "O-O-W! No, 'E AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' SINCE WE'VE 'AD 'IM!"

WHAT IS MILK?

MILK resembles whisky and burgundy in that sometimes it is what it professes to be, and sometimes it is not.

What is one babe's food is another babe's poison. Both, more often than not, are termed milk.

When mixed with water, milk is a criminal offence; when mixed with soda-water it is an innocent refreshment costing anything from two-pence to one shilling per glass.

The milkman who brings the milk in the morning is described as early; the son or brother who arrives home contemporaneously with the milk is called late, and other things.

In colour milk is sometimes white, sometimes pale blue, and sometimes a deep yellow. White milk denotes an absence of a right proportion of cream; pale blue milk denotes the presence of an undue proportion of

water; deep yellow milk denotes the artifice of the chemist. Milk, to be properly enjoyed, should be drunk with one's eyes shut and one's mind a blank.

Milk is the principal constituent of cheese. (For cheese, see any six-penny album of comic songs.) It is also largely used in bread-and-milk.

Milk is one of the sources of inspiration of the poet and the artist. But for the custom of using milk, that classic *Where are you going to, my pretty maid?* would never have been penned; but for the custom of milk-drinking the cow would have been as extinct in our forests as are the bear and the wild boar, and SIDNEY COOPER would have been unknown.

There are other brands of milk. There is the milk of human kindness; there is also tinned milk. The former is too rare, the latter is too common.

POETS AND THE PRESS.

THE great success which has been achieved by the interesting book on *Tasso and his Times*, recently issued, has prompted the publishers to arrange for a series of companion volumes with the following arresting titles:—

Ariosto and his Answers.
Boccaccio and his British Weekly.
Chaucer and his Chums.
Goethe and his Globe.
Heine and his Home Chat.
Lucretius and his Lancet.
Petrarch and his Pall Mall.
Ronsard and his Rock.
Sappho and her Spectator.
Wordsworth and his Winning Post.

"Our Slack Youth."

"HER infant son Joseph, aged two years, was charged with wandering and not being under proper control."—*Daily Telegraph.*



A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

Sergeant (preparing squad for church parade). "RECRUITS! 'SHUN! THOSE AS CAN READ WILL FOLLOW THE REGLASHUNS. THOSE AS CAN'T READ WILL GO THROUGH THE REQUISITE MOTIONS, AS FOLLOWS:—ONE! EXTEND LEFT 'AND 'OLDING PRAYER BOOK. TWO! RAISE RIGHT 'AND TO LEVEL OF MOUTH. THREE! MOISTEN THUMB O' RIGHT 'AND. FOUR! TURN HOVER PAGE!"

DOMESTIC DIGNITY.

[MISS FRANCES LOW, in *The Daily Chronicle*, urges that men should make their own beds and perform those menial duties which no self-respecting person ought to be asked to do on their behalf.]

WHEN CHRISTABEL issues her fiat
I know it is mine to obey;
I've lived at her wish
Upon lentils and fish,
I've feasted on fourpence a day;
I've fattened on cocoa-nut diet,
I've battened on bacon and beet,
I've lunched very sparsely
On cutlets of parsley,
Though longing for hunks of red meat.

The simple life I've led,
Walked hatless down the Strand;
I've also tried to sleep outside
When far and wide the tom-cats cried;

It scarcely need be said
That baccy has been banned,
And wine taboo and whisky too
At CHRISTABEL's command.

But now my *dimidium mei*
Has hit on another new plan:
It is wrong, she explains,
That our poor MARY JANES
Should be set making beds for a man.

In future my darling will see I
Each morning do out my own room,
And as soon as I've taken
My morsel of bacon
She'll pack me upstairs with a broom.

The towels I must change,
Mop up the wash-hand stand;
I must prepare the bed to air,
And dust with care each bedroom chair;
The quilt I must arrange
With light and loving hand,
And tuck the sheet so smooth and neat
At CHRISTABEL's command.

What though with my dust-pan and duster
The minutes fly swifter than thought?

What though I've a shock
When I glance at the clock
And I see that my train can't be caught?

What though I arrive in a fluster
To find that my chief's looking black?

What though courage fails me
And terror assails me
At thought of the possible sack?

What though my life be wrecked
By ruin's ruthless hand?
What though I'm led with halting tread

And humbled head to beg my bread,

If noble self-respect,
And dignity as grand,
Our MARY JANE may still retain
At CHRISTABEL's command.

The Handyman Again.

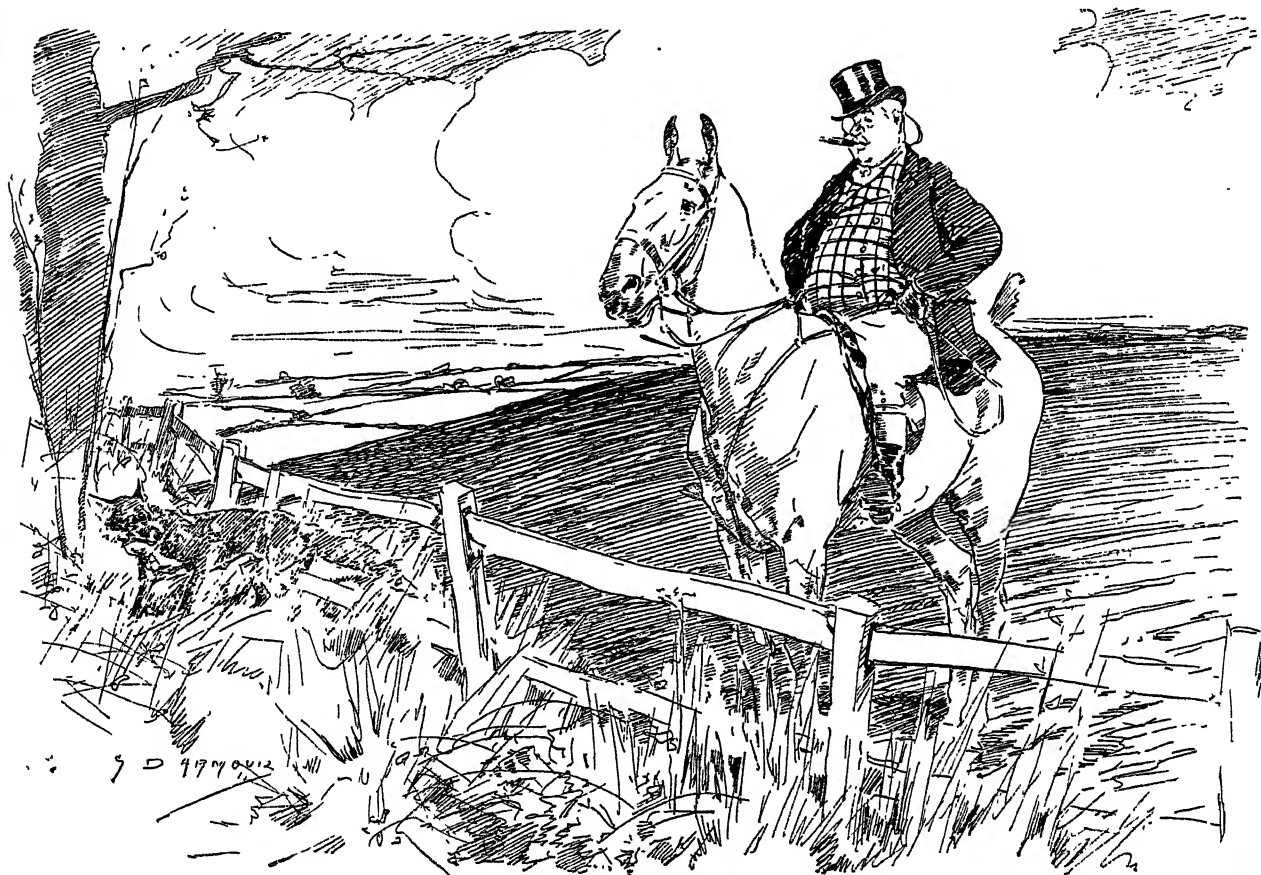
"WANTED, smart 6 o'clock man, as Foreman, Moulder, with about 20 hands."—Advt. in *The Mechanical World*.



LLOYD THE LUBRICATOR.

THERE'S A SWEET LITTLE CHERUB THAT FLOATS UP ALOFT
TO WATCH O'ER THE LIFE OF JOHN BULL.

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE on his successful intervention in the late Railway Dispute.]



"AS OTHERS SEE US."

Sportsman from the Metropolis (who has just headed a fox). "I WONDER NOT FRIGHTENED 'IM?"

THE FOOTBALL STRIKE OF 1908.

[Professional football players are at present organising a Trade Union.]

SEPT. 1ST, 1908.—A representative meeting of professional players was held last night at the Aston Villa ground. Mr. STEVE BLOOMER, who presided, related harrowing stories of the hardships suffered by players. He had known men compelled to work as much as 4½ hours a week. (Cries of "Shame.") He had known a hard-working player deprived of his income for a month, merely because he had absent-mindedly kicked a referee instead of the ball. (Loud groans.) The grievance of having to play extra half-hours in undecided Cup ties without additional remuneration was intolerable. He trusted they would adhere to the Programme of the Players' Union, even if they closed every ground in England.

The meeting voted unanimously for the Society's Programme of:—

(1) A maximum of an hour and a half's work per week.

(2) A minimum wage of £10 per

match—pay at double rates for extra time in Cup ties.

(3) Restriction of the power of referees.

(4) The abolition of the "blackleg."

(5) Recognition of the Union by Football Club Directors.

(6) Provision of Public Houses for veteran players.

In an interview with a Press representative, a leading member of the F.A. declared that under no circumstances would the rulers of football recognise the Players' Union. The Association was prepared for any emergency. The clubs had on their books the names of thousands of players who would do the work for nothing. He appealed specially to old players, whose benefits were nearly due, not to risk their future welfare at the bidding of Socialistic agitators, who would melt down the English Cup itself if they got hold of it.

The President of the Board of Trade, when interviewed, declined to express any opinion on the merits of the controversy. He said, however, that the Department was watching

the progress of events with keen attention. The public might take it for granted that the dislocation of public pleasure consequent on the cessation of League Football would be prevented.

SEPT. 8.—Sensation at Birmingham.

The 45,000 spectators at the Aston Villa and Sheffield United match had an unpleasant surprise yesterday. The teams before going on the field sent an ultimatum to their directors demanding recognition of the Society. On this request being refused they declined to play. In the emergency scratch teams of directors and managers were made up. Their appearance on the ground was greeted with cries of "Blacklegs" and hoots of execration. The reporters, led by that doyen of the Press box, "Linesman," solemnly tore up their pads and declined to report the match.

Under the circumstances the crowd behaved with remarkable moderation. The grand stand that was burnt down was fully covered by insurance, and the lynched directors were cut down in time and are expected to recover.

The crowd dispersed quite peaceably when charged by two hundred mounted police.

Sept. 15.—Blackleg Football.

Every First League player having joined the strike the teams yesterday were composed of blacklegs. Their colour was betrayed by their bare knees.

A new record was set up for the Chelsea ground. Two spectators only paid to see the match between Chelsea and Woolwich Arsenal.

At Everton the contesting teams were driven from the ground by showers of broken bottles. Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON was an interested spectator.

The Blackburn Rovers' executive protected their blacklegs by providing two policemen to escort each player during the match. No goals were scored, as the custodians of the goal-keepers were selected from the most bulky members of the force.

A tremendous sensation was created at Middlesboro'. The blackleg team put in the field not only received nothing for their services, but were all actually natives of Middlesboro'. This shows the sad straits the employers are put to in order to get players. Hitherto it has been unusual for any League team to play more than one local man.

Sept. 22.—The Crisis: Special Session of Parliament.

A thrill ran through London this morning when it was announced that "Linesman," "Rover," and "Corinthian" are going out on strike sympathetically till the just claims of the players are allowed. It is not expected that the directors can bear up against this crushing blow. Directly the news was communicated to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, he said, "The gaiety of nations must not be diminished in this manner," and instantly called on the Premier in Downing Street. It is understood that a special meeting of Parliament will be summoned. It is believed that the President of the Board of Trade has framed a Bill for the compulsory acquisition of all football grounds by the State. Other clauses in the measure provide that there shall be a minimum wage of £10 per match, that the working week shall not consist of more than two hours, that all refreshment bars be run on undenominational lines, and that Old-Age Public Houses should be given to all football professionals who attain the age of thirty.

A RETREAT FOR DIABOLISTS.—Coney Hatch,

THE CYNOSURE.

WHEN the train left the Temple there were five of us standing. At Charing Cross four of the blessed, sympathising perhaps with the suffering humanity standing before them, or bored possibly with the bare idea of trains, left their seats to be taken by four of the said suffering humanity. I was one of the one that was left standing.

Conceit is a loathsome and abominable thing, but there is something attractive about my personal appearance. Editors themselves have often said to me, "Contributor, old man, I wish I had your looks." "Eddy, old son," I have answered, "I wish I had your brains." Then we have shaken hands cordially, and they have said to me, "Are you dining anywhere to-night?" "No, I have answered, fixing my absent gaze upon anything but them. "Indeed?" they have rejoined, incredulous; "how hungry you will be by breakfast-time!"

This flattering opinion is not confined to editors, for I cannot think that the twenty-odd passengers in that third-class smoking car were all editors. There I stood in solitary majesty, the object of the critical inspection of twenty pairs of seated eyes. I was not a little pleased to notice the casual glances cast at me; but, when mere interest changed into restless admiration, I was almost proud. I noticed, however, that the enthusiasm seemed keenest at the far end of the car, where men craned forward from their seats to look at me, catch my eye, and smile their approval at me. But gradually their interest spread to the rest of the compartment, and, when I bowed my acknowledgments, they inclined their heads and moved their eyebrows in the direction of the opposite end of the car, a method of expressing enthusiasm not usual among civilised peoples, but perhaps to be expected in an Ealing train.

As these signs of appreciation continued, I was, I confess, a little embarrassed, the more so as they seemed to be expecting something from me. So clear did it at last become that they were anything but satisfied by my modest attitude of inactive deprecation, that I felt bound to take off my hat and endeavour by suitable gesture to convey my hearty gratitude for their flattering regard. Even then they were far from satisfied, so I saw that there was nothing for it but a speech.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I thank you. Unaccustomed as I am . . ."

No, that was not it, and their disappointment was now almost acute. The man nearest me, clearly representative of the general feeling, prodded me with his thumb, and, regardless of the elementary principles of his nursery education, pointed therewith to the same far end of the car. Following that direction, my eyes alighted upon the Guard standing there ready, aye ready, to open the doors when the proper time should arrive for the open-door policy. I took his meaning at once. Quick of perception, as only Ealing people can be, those passengers had seen that my rare beauty was not skin-deep, but was the outward and visible sign of an inward and invisible intellect. Their continued nodding and pointing were now explained. They were calling my attention to the Guard and were indicating to me a subject for my oration. They wanted, in short, a final and authoritative opinion from me on the late Railway Crisis, and I was ready to gratify them.

"Yes, my masters," I said, "observe that unhappy and downtrodden official, type of a system which drains the life-blood of the poor employé to put money into the pocket of the wealthy employer. Had it not been for the splendid BELL . . ."

It was no good trying to deceive myself. They were not enjoying this because it was not what they wanted. I had probably taken the unpopular view.

"Need I say," I continued hurriedly, "need I say that this is only my sarcasm? Need I assure you that I should be the last to support a movement of idlers and malcontents, a movement devised solely to upset the comfort of the community? Had it not been for the dastardly BELL . . ."

It was not to be done. It was impossible to satisfy those Ealing men, and at this point I was unmistakably interrupted by the Quiet Man in the Corner (how do the Quiet Men always manage to get the corners?) who had hitherto sat aloof. At the sacrifice of all the prejudices and traditions which have made the Anglo-Saxon race what it is, at the cost of his British manhood and independence, in violation of all those unwritten laws which forbid Englishmen under what circumstances soever to speak to a stranger in a railway carriage, he brought himself to address me. "Excuse me, Sir," he said, "but I think that they are trying to point out to you that there is a seat unoccupied at the other end of the compartment."



HARD TIMES FOR DOCTORS.

THIS IS NOT A POLICE TRAP, BUT ONLY UNEMPLOYED MEDICAL MEN WAITING ALONG THE BRIGHTON ROAD ON THE OFF-CHANCE OF A MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT.

HYMN TO A HACK.

[Encouraging him with the reflection that even the motor-bus will one day in turn be supplanted.]

Bus horse! you have a faint and weary eye,
As if the pomp of Regent Street's apparel
Fatigued the heart of one who has to ply
From Maida Vale upon an empty barrel;
I think you deprecate our modern show,
And muse, perhaps, on old familiar faces,
The partners of that pole, who long ago
Went to the dogs, but left behind their traces.

At times a cynic laughter curls your lip;
Of frantic hurry no profound adorer,
It must be that you mock the mad pip-pip,
And spurn the mo-bus for a spavined roarer;
Often, I think, at home (your final cruise
Completed), ere you sate a well-earned hunger,
The Pegasus of some suburban mews,
You harp on happy days when you were younger.

"No 'Arrow' cleft the unpolluted air,"
I hear you say, "before these brows were furrowed;
No Tube detached the all too faithless fare,
The Piccadilly blowpipe was unburrowed;
A thing of beauty then, a barb sublime,
With 'Angels' white and blue I bowled to Fulham,
And when I slithered on the Chelsea slime
What crowds would quarrel for my reins and pull 'em.

"Where are they now—the boys that hauled my head?
The timid maids that diagnosed my cut knees?
Gone to behold a coarser liquid shed
And stanch the wounds of petrol-driven 'Putneys'!"
Thus, or in some such wise, I think you mourn;
But, if the case be so, forbear to dodder;
Remember "Kismet," my Arabian-born,
Cheer up, and put away your unchumped fodder.

Bethink you every pageant has its day;
Unknown conductors weekly come to work us;
The panting "Pioneers" shall pass away
And cease to square the edge of Oxford Circus;
Soon shall our high mid-heaven cabs come on;
Soon on an unsuspecting City's toppers
Celestial "Pilots," with their gear-chains gone,
From cloudy heights shall come explosive coppers.

More Commercial Candour.

"Previous to our annual fire . . . 10,000 imported Turkish cigarettes,
21s. 1,000; 7 gross briar pipes, 6d. line, 35s. gross," &c., &c.

Advt. in "Tobacco Journal."

This seems fair notice for the Insurance Companies.

Headlines from "The Daily Express."

"18 MONTHS AMONG CROCODILES."

PROF. KOCH'S CURE FOR SLEEPING-SICKNESS."

Surely there is nothing new in this. Travellers have often told us that people who make a habit of going to bed in a nest of crocodiles never oversleep themselves.

THE NEW BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

A PUBLIC meeting, convened under the joint auspices of the United Irish League, the Gaelic League, and the Sinn Fein, was held in the Rotunda, Dublin, on Saturday last, to protest against the disproportionate attention paid to a frivolous form of verse connected with one Irish town, and to promote the substitution of better forms associated with other Irish towns of equal if not superior importance. The chair was taken by Mr. W. B. YEATS, and amongst those present were Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. TIM HEALY, M.P., Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND, M.P., Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, Mr. DEVILIN, M.P., Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN, M.P., Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P., Mr. GINNELL, M.P., Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Bart., and the Playboy of the West.

Mr. YEATS opened the proceedings by reading letters and telegrams from several distinguished persons who were unable to be present.

Mr. ABRAHAM STOKER, author of *The Water's Mou*, and other Hibernian hieroglyphs, telegraphed: "Regret extremely — engaged on finishing new Vampire romance—unable to attend—have never won a Limerick prize."

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., wrote: "Why only Limericks? Why not a Galway or a T.P.-rary?"

Mr. GEORGE MOORE telegraphed: "Quite impossible to sing Limericks to the music of PALESTRINA."

Letters of regret were also received from the Hon. CHARLES PARSONS (inventor of the marine turbine), Cardinal LOGUE, Professor MAHAFFY, and Mr. BIRRELL, M.P.

Mr. YEATS, in his opening remarks, observed that there was nothing inherently wrong with the Limerick, except that it rhymed and occasionally scanned. Rather than substitute exotic forms, of which they knew nothing, thus providing a remedy worse than the disease, he would suggest a drastic revision of the Limerick. (Cries of Hurroo! from Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND.) Resuming, Mr. YEATS said that perhaps the most deadly criticism that could be brought against Limericks was

that Saxons could and did write them. (Profound and sympathetic sensation.) For his part, he wondered that, this being the case, the people of Limerick could sleep in their beds or rest in their graves. (Renewed sensation.) Speaking for himself, he could not bear to think that an Irish name should be applied to a form of verse within the capacity of a foreign rhymmer. Irish verse should be so steeped in Celtic glamour that only a Gael could write or understand it. With the meeting's kind indulgence he would proceed to read to them his idea of what a Limerick should be:—

"It was an old grey fellow of Innisfree,
Who built him a cabin of wattles and clay,
And so long did he sleep

meeting protected by a bodyguard of leprechauns.

What remained of the chair was then taken by Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, who proceeded to address the meeting in High Erse, which was interpreted (no one knows whether accurately or not) by Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN. He concluded by reciting with terrible gusto a brief but sufficient effort of his own, in, so to speak, its native pewter. This effusion, to which Dr. HYDE has given the name of a "Connacht," Mr. GWYNN Englished amid loud catcalls of artistic appreciation.

Mr. GINNELL, M.P., the famous cow-puncher, condemned in passionate terms the preferential treatment accorded to the Limerick. Cattle-driving demanded a lyrical ecstasy never found in the form associated with that decayed city. What they wanted was a "Kilkenny" (more catcalls from the gallery) or a "Cork." He appealed to the poets and poetesses of Ireland to supply this crying need.

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P., rising from the body of the hall, was understood to say that, while he agreed in the main with Mr. GINNELL, he considered Ireland's prime need to be not Corks, but bottles.

Mr. TIM HEALY's rising was the signal for reloading. The labourers who brought the bricks having all left the hall, the witty and amiable

Member for North Louth let down a portable steel grille and began his remarks. Looking round this huge gathering, he said, packed as it was with "statesmen" and poets and professional patriots, the conviction was forced upon him that what his poor country most conspicuously lacked was intelligence.

Ten explosive minutes having passed, Mr. HEALY resumed. It was not the metre of the Limerick, he said, that was at fault; it was its essentially English dress. The addition of a few Irish words, or the use of a little Irish spelling, would, he thought, meet the case. In order to illustrate his meaning he had, during one of his more genial intervals, prepared an example, which, with the kind permission of the leading marksmen present, he would proceed to read, although he must admit that



FANCY PICTURE AT THE COOKERY EXHIBITION, ROYAL HORTICULTURAL HALL, WESTMINSTER.

AWAITING THE VERDICT OF THE MASTER.

In the bee-loud glade
That the owls had builded their nest in his
locks,
Filling the fibrous dimness with long genera-
tions of eyes."

Upon the restoration of something approximating to order, Mr. SHAW rose. Was it not time, he asked, that this kind of mystical bunkum was stamped out? Nothing had done so much harm to Ireland and its great cause as the Celtic glamour and all its attendant discomforts. The Irish mind was naturally shrewd and healthy, and he for one protested against the balderdash which a little knot of idlers put forth as its typical products. (Howls of indignation.) For his part, he hoped that the good Limericks would continue to be attributed to Irish writers, no matter who wrote them.

At this point Mr. YEATS left the

if his own comfort was consulted he should entrust the trifle to the custody of a phonograph. He then began to read the following lines.—

"There was a stout chief named O'Conchobar,
Who in Galway was held in small honchobar,
Now he lives in the Strand
On the fat of the land,

And——"

The last line was lost for ever owing to external causes. Several minutes elapsed before the furniture was replaced.

Silence having been again secured, an inspector of the Royal Humane Society was flung on the platform, and presented Mr. HEALY with a medal for valour, shortly after which the meeting broke up with the tactful assistance of the splendid hose of the Dublin Fire Brigade.

THE BETTER WAY.

MR. CHARLES MANNERS contributed a luminous and pathetic letter to the *Sunday Times* of November 3, pointing out what incalculable benefits would have accrued to the cause of high Art if the money wasted on the L.C.C. steamboats had been devoted to Grand Opera in English.

Various gentlemen, while supporting Mr. CHARLES MANNERS'S view that the money spent on the Thames steamboats has been wasted, differ widely as to the way in which it ought to have been laid out.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER is of the opinion that had the steamboat money been available for the support of a Free Theatre, it would enable the promoters of that scheme to retain the services of such expensive artists as Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, LITTLE TICH, and (for incidental music) Madame MELBA, M. PADEREWSKI, and Signor CARUSO.

MR. A. C. BENSON suggests that if only the money had been placed at his disposal he could be assured of enough, or nearly enough, paper and ink to transmit *all* his thoughts to posterity.

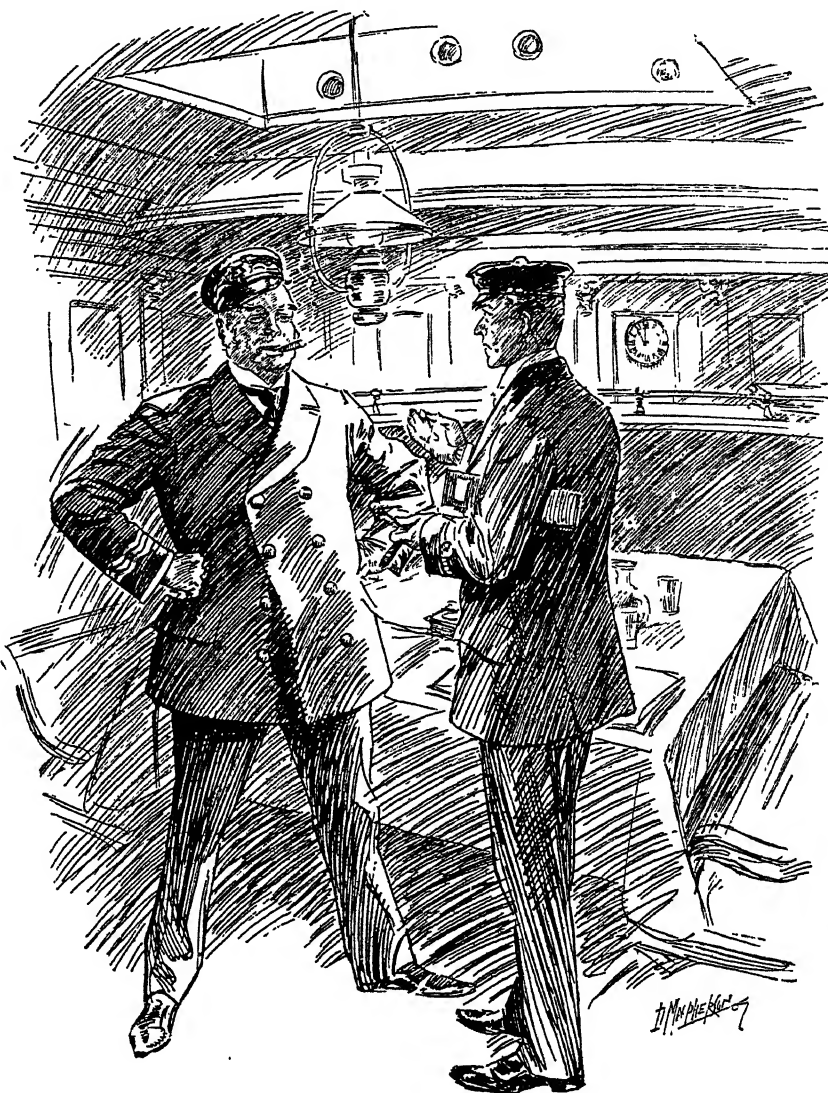
From the Limerick Coupon of an advertising Jewellery Co.

"There was a Nigger named Sam Lee,
Who lived in Gold Coast near Sham Zee,
He said, though I am old
I can dig Gold Coast Gold.

(Fill last line upon back.)"

We have tried this supine position, which certainly ought to assist the imagination, and we have worked hard to catch the rhythmic movement of that first line:—

"There was a Nigger named Sam Lee";
but we can do nothing with it.



Revenue Officer (to Captain, just arrived). "IS YOUR SHIP'S CARGO MIXED?"
Irish Captain (very cheery). "IT IS, SORR, IVERY BIT OF IT!"

FIRST PRIZE.

(An Islington Idyll.)

DAME with the eyes of Zeus's queen,
A silken trophy on your brow,
With what humility of mien
Among your conquered peers, oh
cow,

You stand and suck
Enormous mouthfuls from a pail of
muck!

Yours was a triumph most supreme:
The Paris who acclaimed you first,
Disdaining divers fairs that seem
As lovely and as like to burst,

Unswayed by greed,
From sheer conviction handed you
the swede.

And yet that overweening air
Which marks a champion's fame
in man—

You have it not, nor seem to care
(Your muzzle being merged in
bran)

When yokels come
And prod you rather rudely in the
tum.

Nor yours to squander time and ink
On callisthenics, nor to bruit
What diet turned your nose so pink,
Nor how that under-rated fruit
Of Mother Earth,
The mangold wurzel, swelled your
monstrous girth.

Here is a parable for pride!
Oh would that other cracks who
bear
The burden of a bulging side
Would cultivate your modest air,
And count it rot
To look so big about a champion pot!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. G. S. STREET was born out of due time. His baffled Genius designed him for a Regency exquisite, and his own trained habits have but emphasised the uncongeniality of an age on which his finer qualities are wasted. GEORGE by name and Georgian by nature, his body may wander forlornly amid a motor-bus environment, but his spirit is away there in the 18th and early 19th centuries, moving among *The Ghosts of Piccadilly*, as he calls the fascinating book that Messrs. CONSTABLE have published in a form worthy of its matter. There is surely no living writer more fitted to perform this act of piety to the memory of that other GEORGE (BRUMMEL), of "MONK" LEWIS, of the Great Duke, or of "Old Q." Like the good artist he is, Mr. STREET does his work cleanly and easily, without insistence, without needless sacrifice of energy. The thin vein of cynicism which may be traced in his modern social studies is wanting here. His satire is of the most humane; all other being forbidden by loyalty to a period with which his temper is so closely in touch. Mr. STREET has essayed and accomplished more difficult tasks, but none better suited to a style in which the personal note is always dominant. Long may it be before he joins the company of his beloved ghosts; long ere he becomes transparent, and ceases to throw a shadow from that corporeal form which is among the most alluring features of the Piccadilly of to-day.

The cover of Mr. OLDMEADOW his book, *The Scoundrel* (G. RICHARDS), deceives by its look, For under the title's bright gold upon red Is framed a delightfully feminine head, And "A scoundrel!" you cry in bewilderment. "No! It cannot, it cannot, it cannot be so!"

Your fears are unfounded: you turn to the plot, And quickly discover that scoundrel she's not, But a charmingly guileless young person instead, Who turns the young hero's romantic young head, And he woos, having fallen in love with her face, And he does it with delicate humour and grace.

And the Scoundrel—the real one—won't leave 'em alone; He's the cleverest scoundrel that ever was known; Original, cultured in word and in act, Distinctly a lovable scoundrel—in fact, If I were desirous of being one, he Is exactly the sort I'd endeavour to be.

That a young girl should conceive a sudden and relentless passion for the father of her *fiancé* is a situation that, whether in fact or fiction, is fortunately as rare as it is repellent. This is what happens to *Lady Brigit Mead* in the Baroness VON HUTTEN's new novel *The Halo* (METHUEN). To escape from her mother, whom she loathes, and her other suitors, who either bore or disgust her, she allows herself to be engaged, without conviction, to the rather colourless son of a famous fiddler, a man of Norman blood, who, however, had no more claim to association with the Conqueror than was to be found in the fact that his parents, plain peasant folk, lived in Falaise, the Conqueror's birthplace. We are asked to believe that the fastidious girl is immediately prostrated by the attractions of this maestro, loud of dress, florid of manners and appearance. It may have been his genius as a musician that had made previous ladies respond to

the appeal of his susceptible heart. But we are expressly informed that it was his personality rather than his music that overwhelmed the *Lady Brigit*. Here is the slipshod sentence that tells us so:—"As she listened, her love for music quite subordinated to her strange interest in the mere man." The fiddler's distraction between loyalty to his son and passion for his lover is admirably presented. Passion is about to prevail, but a sudden revulsion of feeling is caused by the death of his peasant wife, a type of woman, well portrayed, who to the virtues of domesticity adds an amiable tolerance of the foibles of her exalted husband. But this ending has a false air of finality. We know well that there can be no finality of sentiment with this middle-aged flatterer.

In spite of its morbidity and the unlovableness of most of its chief characters, it must be admitted that the book holds our attention. The author has an understanding eye, and a hand whose touch is light; but she lacks self-criticism; she writes with perhaps too much ease and confidence, as if her early successes had a little spoiled her. I could have wished too that she had given more play to that pretty gift of humour which shows so pleasantly in her picture of the golden wedding at Falaise.

Born in Waterloo year, SHIRLEY BROOKS was articled to his uncle, a solicitor at Oswestry. It was one of his flashes of humour that, being christened CHARLES WILLIAM, he, when he came of full age, called himself SHIRLEY, and is so known in history. Though bound to the law, his bent was for journalism. Among miscellaneous engagements he became the principal contributor to one of the long list of weekly comic papers which under various names pursued the common object of "wiping out" the amiable, harmless—and after these more than sixty years of public approval one may perhaps add—necessary *Punch*. The "Man in the Moon" went the way of other aspirants on this pathway, and in course of time SHIRLEY BROOKS, who had distinguished himself by a particularly venomous attack on *Mr. Punch*, was gathered to that magnanimous person's fold. Mr. G. S. LAYARD edits *The Life, Letters and Diaries of Shirley Brooks* (PITMAN). To quote one of his own characteristic remarks, otherwise addressed, Mr. LAYARD's commentaries on passing events in the life of his hero "read rather jejune." Happily he came into possession of some diaries written by BROOKS with the avowed intention of compiling his autobiography. Also there are batches of letters, some, it is true, a little trivial and commonplace for the fierce light that beats on the printed page. On the whole, the portly volume presents a fair portrait of the broad-minded, large-hearted man whose self-sacrificing domesticity did not wholly suppress a tendency to Bohemianism, who toiled terribly in the service of the paper with which his name will ever be associated, who, loving work and also play, burnt the candle at both ends, its light being suddenly blown out before he reached his 60th year. On the morning of February 23, 1874, the printer's boy from Bouverie Street was waiting in the hall at 6, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park. Beside him, silent, unseen, was another messenger. The boy got his "copy," and as SHIRLEY BROOKS laid down the pen, Death called him, and he quietly fared forth.

An unfortunate façon de parler.

"Mr. Macara had no difficulty in expressing the opinion that, as he saw them, there is nothing in the Chicago warehouses to prevent the meat supply arriving in this country from being viewed as otherwise than pure and wholesome."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

As the greater includes the less so the TETRAZZINI boom threatens to eclipse and obliterate all other topics and personalities in the musical world. Only a little ago musical critics confidently pronounced the reign of the Italian *prima donna* to be as dead as a door-nail. In view of the distressing news that reaches us from different quarters it becomes imperatively necessary for these hasty and prejudiced writers to revise their partial and ill-founded verdict.

Advices from Podolia state that M. PADEREWSKI has now definitely resigned virtuosity for vegetables. His addiction to agriculture was hitherto regarded merely in the light of a *parergon*, but now, in view of the revived cult of the *prima donna*, it has become an absorbing obsession, even involving the neglect of his chevelure. M. PACHMANN, as is well known, is engaged on an exhaustive treatise on the Marmoset, which it may be necessary to remind some readers is not a musical instrument, but a small South American midoid monkey, having a non-prehensile tail and soft woolly hair. M. GODOWSKY, who has long devoted his leisure to economics, is at work on a History of Bimetallism, and MISCHA ELMAN will shortly issue the first volume of his History of the Hospodars of Wallachia.

We may note in this connection a very illuminating paper by Mr. HAROLD COX, M.P., in the current number of the *Individualist*, "The Finance of Divadom." In a deeply interesting historical survey Mr. HAROLD COX compares the earnings of CATALANI, MALIBRAN, PASTA, PATTI, PICCOLOMINI, and Madame TETRAZZINI. Especially fascinating is the passage in which he shows the curious ratio that exists between the number of syllables in a *prima donna's* name and the quantitative theory of gold held by orthodox writers on economics. The amount of money invested by *prima donnas* in jewels, and its bearing on the late Lord GOSCHEN's conversion scheme, is another point of vivid interest in Mr. Cox's illuminative essay. As an instance of the steady development of expenditure amongst great singers—which increases in a harmonic rather than arithmetical progression—Mr. Cox notes that whereas CATALANI possessed only a silver bath, that of PICCOLOMINI was parcel-gilt, while Madame PATTI's is of 22-carat gold with a platinum waste



Patient (to Dentist). "EXCUSE MY TAKING MY COAT OFF. PAIN MAKES ME SO IRRITABLE, I'M SURE TO STRUGGLE A BIT."

pipe. But the whole article will repay attentive perusal by all who are interested in the cost of municipal opera.

Mr. BEN DAVIES has fortunately not abandoned the concert platform, but his continued devotion to Diabolo, already noticed by us at the time of the Leeds Festival, is causing his admirers considerable anxiety. In a fit of abstraction the other day he actually came on to the platform twirling the cone, and his latest achievement is a transcription of the Spinning Chorus from the *Flying Dutchman* for twelve Diabolists. As Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS pertinently remarks, "How can a singer be on the side of the angels if he is always playing Diabolo?"

A charming interview article on

the new *diva*, from the pen of Mrs. CLARA DOOLEY, appears in the current number of *The Woman at Sea*. We must not discount the pleasures of perusal by taking too liberal toll of its contents, but may note that Mme. TETRAZZINI takes an eminently sane and judicial view of such burning questions as the distribution of limelight between the *prima donna* and the *primo tenore*, the employment of aeroplanes for flying *matinées*, and the correct method of eating macaroni. Humanitarians will rejoice to hear that there is absolutely no foundation for the rumour that Mme. TETRAZZINI, on the termination of her engagement at Covent Garden, is going to shoot lions in Somaliland with Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

"THE THIEF."

M. HENRI BERNSTEIN would probably be the last to want to be suspected of a moral purpose in his plays. Yet the audience that assisted at the Final Rehearsal of *The Thief* (adapted by Mr. GORDON-LENNOX) were able to take away with them two Great Thoughts:—(1) If a woman only loves her husband enough she will be capable of almost any infamy. (2) If a youth only loves somebody else's wife enough he will be capable of almost any heroism. It doesn't sound quite right, does it? Still, if you drew these conclusions at first sight I shall excuse you, for you were certainly suffering from the strain of a night's sitting at a play which hadn't, even in its gayest moments, the very ghost of a smile in it—at least not for our side of the footlights, though some of the actors seemed amused with themselves. But having thought it over and discarded your earlier deductions, I hope that you have discovered the point where the only real psychological interest of the play lies. The secret has not yet been confided to author or adapter. They are apparently content (I cannot apportion credit or blame, as the original is unknown to me) in the belief that they have produced a villain and a hero who do not correspond to the perfect types of stage convention; who might have been melodramatic, but are saved from that reproach by redeeming traits of virtue and vice respectively. But as a matter of fact the thief (who does not interest me) is a perfect stage villain. What is set down to her for virtue is an accident. She is chaste only because she happens to love her husband better than any other man. And the half-baked French hero (the only English sign about him is his devotion to the works of ROSSETTI, who does not lend himself to translation) is no hero at all. The end, with him, vitiates the virtue of the means. He takes upon him the thief's guilt, because he wants her to be his mistress, and this seems the nearest way to her obdurate heart. It is not as if he suddenly despised her for her crime, yet resolved to be loyal to her. There is no intimation that her offence repels him. And when he ultimately breaks down in tears it is not at the thought of the sorrow and shame he is bringing on his home by his assumption of guilt, but because he is to be separated from the woman by half a hemisphere.

No, the most suggestive feature of

the play is to be found in the weak character of the husband, *Richard Chelford*. This fact seems to have escaped the authors' notice. They appear to regard him simply as a useful puppet for the purposes of stage mechanism. But he is something more than this. He is a precious example of the immorality that



THE PERPETUAL HONEYMOON.

I.—Its Lighter Side.



II.—Its Darker Side.

Malise Chelford . . Miss Irene Vanbrugh.
Richard Chelford . . Mr. George Alexander.

underlies certain forms of virtue; a type of those men, for instance, who have a code of ethics adaptable to crises in which their uxorious passions are engaged. Theoretically, being a man, he must have placed honesty, as a woman places chastity, above all other virtues. This preference would even hold good with him in a general way for the other sex. He would prefer that just any woman of his acquaintance should be proved un-

chaste than that she should be proved a thief. Yet the discovery that his wife has stolen her host's money, and—worse offence—has allowed the son of their host to bear her guilt, only creates in him a temporary repulsion. He is about, under the influence of a physical appeal, to condone her crime, when he suddenly suspects her of unfaithfulness to himself. Then only does she become a thing to be finally loathed and spurned. And when, in the end, she convinces him of her innocence of all direct offence against himself, he easily pardons the other thing, and even pleads her motive—namely, the desire to retain his love by wearing pretty gowns—as an argument in extenuation of her thefts. A weak and flabby character, and recognised as such by his wife when she thinks to keep his affection through the medium of millinery. But the authors nowhere give any sign that they regard him as anything but a fine fellow, with a tender and feeling heart for the lapses of a weaker vessel.

In the part of *Malise Chelford* (I shall call her *Malise* because her husband and her friends called her that, and they ought to know better than the printer, who called her *Marise* on my programme) Miss IRENE VANBRUGH had a great chance, and let none of it go. Her versatility was absolutely bewildering. Falsehood and truth streamed from her lips with the same torrential fluency. Cajolery, terror, protestation of innocence, confession of guilt, remorse, fascination, suicidal despair—nothing came to her amiss in the great bedroom scene. You remember her in *The Gay Lord Quex*? It was a bedroom there, too, that witnessed her dramatic triumph. What is there in the atmosphere of a stage bedroom that Miss VANBRUGH finds so bracing?

Mr. ALEXANDER's *Richard Chelford*, if a little stiff at the dress rehearsal, was a very sound piece of acting; but, like the authors, he did not seem to be aware that there was anything the matter with his own character.

There were signs of great promise in the *début* of young Mr. REGINALD OWEN. He played the boy-lover with a natural *gaucherie* very proper to the part—if only it had been an English boy; a French mannikin would have carried the situation with perfect aplomb. I think, however, that in the scene where he is confronted by the detective, his air of candour, his shocked surprise when charged with the theft, his confession, and his prostration beneath the shame of his assumed guilt, were



THE IMPLACABLES.

MR. BIRRELL (*damaged by charge of Amazons*). "WE'RE ALL ON THEIR SIDE, *REALLY*, AREN'T WE?"
MR. "LULU" HARCOURT. "WELL, YOU'D BETTER MAKE THAT QUITE CLEAR TO THEM. THEY'LL BE BACK DIRECTLY!"



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Genial Sportsman (to New Master). "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE OF THE OLDEST MEMBERS OF THE HUNT."

rather too clever and studied, when one considers how rapid and breathless must have been the instructions he had received from *Malise*.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE, as the boy's father, was extraordinarily human, and Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE (step-mother) played with a nice round-eyed sincerity. It was rather sad to see that excellent comedy craftsman, Mr. LYALL SWETE, in the part of a commonplace detective, the cocksure bully of latter-day fiction, as usual on the wrong scent. That is, if he really *was* on the wrong scent; for I begin to renew my doubts. What if the boy, and not *Malise*, was the thief after all? They both confessed their guilt, and in neither case was the confession withdrawn. Incriminating bank-notes were found in the possession of both. So far their claims are equal; but then there is the detective's evidence to turn the scale in favour of the boy's guilt. There were several items in that evidence—his heavy losses on the Turf, his entertainment of an actress in town, notably an expensive form of distraction—which were never properly explained, and could not be accounted for by a paternal allow-

ance of £20 a month. What if the authors themselves have been deceived? I should rather like to think that they had. After their cruel attempt to mystify the audience in the First Act, it would serve them thoroughly right! O. S.

THE LAST WASP.

POOR wasp, my bitter and elusive foe
(What frights and fights those
gaudy stripings rake up!),
Your trailing thighs and groping
movements show
A final physical and mental break-
up.

I must not hit an insect when it's
down;
The day is past for rancorous
requitals;
Your friends are dead, your fruit-
trees bare and brown,
And early frost has got you in the
vitals.

I can but pity such a wreck as you,
And as humaner feelings intervene,
I'll
Reflect that even man, ay, woman
too,
In time grow feeble, impotent and
senile.

Perchance for summer dainties still
you sigh

Which you annexed with savage
predilection?

You *shall* have one more feast before
you die;

I'll guide you to this apricot con-
fection.

How now! A spasm at my finger
tip!

A sudden twinge, pulsating, vivid,
prickly!

You scorpion! Well, I've floored
you with that flip;

You're done for now. MARY, the
blue-bag quickly!

SPORTING prophecy is a dangerous
game, as "Linesman" could tell
you; yet there are moments when
one must take one's courage in both
hands and dash at it. Such a
moment occurred recently to the
expert on the *Grimsby Daily Tele-
graph*, with this result:—

"As things turned out neither side could
claim an advantage at half-time, for the score
sheet was still blank when the interval was
called, and if things went on the same way on
resuming there was every reason to expect a
goalless draw as the result."

CHARIVARIA.

THERE seems to be a difference of opinion between the PRINCE OF WALES and Sir JOHN FISHER. Some little time ago His Royal Highness, speaking at the Guildhall, cried, "Wake up, England!" Sir JOHN, speaking in the same place, has now issued the advice: "Sleep quietly in your beds."

Meanwhile it is good to know that "our Navy is second to none." But—so was our war air-ship.

There is no ground for the report that Sir RICHARD SOLOMON bitterly resented the air of suspicion assumed by a number of detectives who shadowed him while the Cullinan diamond was in his custody.

The fact that the recent Birthday Honours comprised no new peerages has had the effect, we hear, of making the last batch of Liberal peers exceedingly nervous, as they are now convinced that they will be abolished.

"Dr. KENNY," says *Truth*, "is an advanced Liberal, and he sat for some time in the House of Commons, but he is clever, and useful, and popular." The italics are ours.

At a meeting addressed by Mr. McKENNA at Brighton last week a number of Suffragettes were put out. So was Mr. McKENNA.

It is said that certain Ministers are jealous of the success achieved by Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE in the Railway dispute, and a strange rumour now reaches us to the effect that Mr. BIRRELL, whose literary tastes are well known, is about to attempt to make peace between *The Times* and the publishers.

We are surprised and slightly pained that *The Daily News*, which, we have always understood, had set its face against gambling in any form, should have given publicity to the following announcement:—"Mr. JAMES WILSON, Town Clerk of Marylebone, was on Saturday presented by Sir T. H. BROOKE-HITCHING, on his retirement from the office of Mayor, with a handsome silver casket for playing cards." We imagine this to be the first testimonial which has ever been given for card-playing.

Finger-prints which a police inspector found on a gate, and described as "smelling as if someone

had been using lime," led, we read, to the arrest last week at Fakenham of a bricklayer on a charge of burglary. For the moment we can imagine no more unpleasant profession than that of a smeller of finger-prints, and the thoroughness of modern police methods is worthy of all praise.

"What becomes of the 100,000 pictures which are painted and exhibited every year?" asks Mr. KONOY in *The Daily Mail*. "Recently Married" writes to us to complain that too many of them are given away as wedding presents.

A new pattern of cap with a shiny peak and a brass rim has been served out to the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards. This headgear has the effect of making the men look even more beautiful than before, and they are shortly to hold a meeting to consider whether they should not now raise the fee for walking out with cooks.

In American religious circles Mr. ROOSEVELT is being hauled over the coals because on the new gold coin which has just been issued the words "In God we trust" have been omitted. For ourselves we are inclined to believe that the omission is not due so much to lack of religious feeling on the PRESIDENT's part as to his well-known dislike of the word "trust."

An increasing lack of respect for authority is, we fear, a sign of the times. It is even spreading to our housebreakers. In the course of a recent police-court case it transpired that a burglar who was found under a table in the parlour refused to come out when called upon by the householder to do so.

We are pleased to be able to report a signal victory for the sex to which we have the honour to belong. The part of Robin Hood in a forthcoming pantomime is to be played by a gentleman, instead of by a lady, as heretofore.

According to a correspondent in *Country Life* many posters were destroyed in a Lincolnshire railway station during the summer by wasps. If only these insects would take this up as a hobby, and would exercise a certain amount of discretion in it, we should be prepared to drop calling them pests.

Says *The Daily Chronicle* of the 13th inst.:—"An error crept into

our account of the fog yesterday, when it was stated that the atmosphere at Catford was clear. As a matter of fact the fog was heavy in the Catford district." One can just imagine the indignation that was felt locally when it was insinuated that the district was not in the fashion.

To Bristol Socialists and Others.—"Clarions" can now be obtained at —, in addition to the old shop at —; also tobacco and cigarettes." "Clarions," we gather from the context, are a brand of explosive cigar.

England epitomised by a newspaper poster:—

DEATH
OF
CELEBRATED POET
AND
FAMOUS
FOOTBALL
CAPTAIN.

The inmates of the Fulham Road Workhouse are to receive a supply of day-old newspapers from the Westminster public libraries. They are said to be looking forward to checking the weather forecasts.

LETTERS TO AUBREY.

In the *Children's Realm*, a paper whose purpose is to "teach the higher way of living to the young," the following letter is printed, in which we have altered only the name and address of the young hero:—

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Some of your readers might be interested in a little boy named Aubrey Mackintosh, who is a very earnest Vegetarian.

"He came to stay with me two years ago for a fortnight, but has not gone home yet.

"He had been suffering from very severe bilious attacks, which came on regularly every three weeks or so; he had severe feverish attacks also. He had one very bad attack of each after being with me about a week, but for nearly two years he has been quite free from both complaints.

"He understands why I abstain from flesh—all who live with me have to be non-meat eaters, whether boy, girl, cat, or dog—and he has become greatly interested in the rights of animals.

"He has challenged all the boys of my school to a race for endurance, and although he is only a slim little fellow, decidedly beats all rivals.

"His parents wish him to go home, but do not enforce it on account of his health.

"He wishes to finish his education with me, so that he can go to work when he leaves and buy his own food.

"It is quite his own thinking out of things. He has not been talked into it in any way.

"I have been in the habit of eating baker's cake, but for some time Aubrey has refused it, and a fortnight ago interviewed the baker about



Doctor. "Now, MY BOY, SHOW ME YOUR TONGUE. THAT'S NOT ENOUGH. PUT IT RIGHT OUT."
Small Boy. "I CAN'T—'COS IT'S FASTENED AT THE BACK!"

the contents of his cakes, which led to the discovery that pigs' lard was used. Of course, I had to refuse to take any more cakes. The baker was at first greatly put out, and some very heated discussions took place between Aubrey and the baker.

"However, the baker at last promised to make us a special batch with our own nut suet. Last week we received five cakes, and the little lad, by way of reward, had a whole one for himself.

"If any little boys who are lovers of, and champions of, the helpless animals around care to write to Aubrey, I shall be delighted, and therefore give his address:—

"Master AUBREY MACKINTOSH,
"The Schoolhouse, Peasend,
"West Boreham, Suffolk.

"I should like him to have some friends who are Vegetarians, for he gets rather a severe time among the boys here.

"Yours truly,
"E. W."

A prophetic glimpse into AUBREY'S letter-box is now respectfully offered:

AUBREY SONNY,—Give it up. I know what it means. We had a visitor here the other day who was a vegetarian, and it spoils everything. He wanted special cooking and special food, and the cook gave notice twice the first day and three

times the next, and now she is really going. Then, they finish before anyone else, and look round as if we were all cannibals, so what I say is, AUBREY, give it up while there is time.

Your true Friend,
A. B.

P.S.—That nut suet sounds rotten.

DEAR AUBREY,—I think you will like to know that I am a vegetarian too, except for a few things. I am very strict about it, and never touch meat that I don't like. That letter about you has encouraged me tremendously, and I have now added hash and mince to the list of meat I will never eat.

Your grateful Friend,
C. D.

DEAR AUBREY,—It is impossible not to admire your courage and sincerity even when one is (as I am as I write) full of roast beef; but at the same time I am constrained to wonder how you do about life generally. Boots, for instance—what are your boots made of? Brown paper, I

hope and pray; or anything but leather, because leather, you know, is made of the hide of animals which were killed in order that their bodies might be eaten. That's a little bit awkward, isn't it? And be sure you never use tallow candles. As you grow older you will find that the pursuit of consistency will take you all your time; but perhaps you will like that.

Yours sympathetically,

ONE WHO HAS TRIED TOO.

DEAR AUBREY,—I like to think of you in your fight with the baker and the boys very much. We have lately become to some extent vegetarians too, for father has bought a motor-car, and now we no longer sit idly behind a poor horse while it toils uphill.

Your loving little Friend,
K. L.

DEAR AUBREY,—The next time the baker goes for you, hit him in the bread-basket.

Yours truly,
M. W.

THE SOUL OF A SNAIL.

I MAY be only a snail, it is true, but at least I have the whip hand over man, who from the days of the Garden has tilled the ground for the delectation of my species. I sub-let my premises to a human tenant of the female gender, who wears short skirts and gardening gloves, fair curls, and a sun-bonnet. Every night I collect my rent in kind, and every day I lie in dreamy repletion in a drain-pipe, my ancestral home, and watch her efforts at gardening. Her failures are full of humour to me. She always waters before rain, dibs out before frost, and hasn't the initiative of a chrysalis. Still we have many tastes in common, including salad and strawberries, and I appreciate her feminine reluctance to take life in any form.

The party the other side of the wall, however, is not nearly so liveable with, being a bushy-browed brute of a bachelor who has a grand show of flowers and fruit, a special pickle for slugs, a ruthless thumb and forefinger for green-fly, and a sole stained with the blood of a hundred snails.

One morning as I lay half across the largest

strawberry of our patch I heard my tenant coming down the path. She was pale, having just had a desperate battle with a slug, which had won by coming up the other side of her gardening boot every time. As a pick-me-up she stopped to smell a blighted rose, and shook her head helplessly at the green-fly that encased the stem. But at the sight of the big strawberry her eyes brightened and her mouth watered, and stooping to pick it she found me underneath. The expression on her face alarmed me, and thrice she raised her foot, and finally, her heart failing, picked me up delicately by the shell. I bubbled and retired indoors with a hiss, and she promptly dropped me on the path; then, seized with a sudden inspiration, she shovelled me up in a trowel, stood on tip-toe on the drain-pipe, and dropped

me over the wall, breathing short and fast with emotion. Before she could move, a head popped up like a Jack-in-the-box, two fierce brown eyes glared into her blue ones, a finger and thumb held me towards her, and an ironical voice remarked—

"Your snail, I believe."

I thought she would have fainted, but she held out her hand like a whipped child, and took me back.

"I—I beg your pardon," she faltered. "I didn't know you were there."

"So I gathered."

"I—I don't like to kill them myself."

"My difficulty exactly. Try stamping."

"They squelch so."

"Salt and water."



MISS —, THE VERSATILE AND CHARMING ACTRESS, IN SOME OF HER FAVOURITE RÔLES.

"Oh! that's cruel; and they can't help liking strawberries."

"So you wanted them to try mine."

"I thought you might have some way of getting rid of them."

"A lethal chamber?"

She shook her head.

"No," he said, "as a matter of fact you wanted me to murder the innocent, instead of you. However, I am as soft-hearted as yourself. Good morning."

I returned to my drain-pipe at record speed, and I cracked my shell with laughing as I saw her hurry back to the house with her eyes full of tears. Next morning, however, he looked over again.

"Those lettuces won't grow," he announced; "they're too close together."

She looked up with a blush.

"Oh, won't they?" she said dejectedly. "Thank you very much." In the afternoon he resumed the conversation.

"What's been at your spinach?" he said.

"I don't know," she replied. "I think it's the east wind."

I chuckled, and he gave a wry smile, and next morning there was a brick taken out of the wall and a notice written above it—

"SNAILS MAY BE SHOT HERE."

My tenant smiled when she saw it, but said nothing, and went on digging.

"Well, aren't you going to?" said a masterful voice.

"No," she replied. "I haven't got a gun, besides I might shoot you by mistake."

He laughed outright, but he seemed sorry all the same. He had, said rumour, been disappointed with life, and retired to his garden to take it out of the slugs and snails, and I expect his supply was getting low.

Next day a basket of strawberries found its way over the wall and, after that, frequent conversations followed, first on vegetables, then on flowers, and after that on subjects that

didn't interest me. One night, however, he asked for the loan of my person.

"But I don't want him killed now," she said. "I'm fond of him; and he's a very nice-looking snail;" —in fact, I may here mention that for length of horn, glossiness of shell, and sinuosity of figure I have no peer.

"I don't want to kill him," he said; "I've a tender feeling towards him myself; besides, I'm lonely, and I want something to pet and take care of."

When my tenant stooped down to take me from the drain-pipe her cheeks were as red as the sunset, and in another moment I had changed hands. All my past rose up before me as I felt the thrill of his fingers. The fact that I was champion seedling eater of my year availed little,

for next instant I fully expected to be spread on the gravel beneath his treacherous heel. Instead, however, I found myself tenderly deposited on a patch of juicy tops, and from that day forward I lived like a lord.

But my dream of succulence was of short duration, for one evening, after a murmured conversation which had lasted for hours, I heard him say in a tone of triumph—

"And I'll have his shell set with gold, and stuffed, and wear it for a tie pin at the ceremony."

"Will you, though!" said I. "It is excellently well stuffed as it is, I thank you!" and that night I climbed three sheds and five fences, and am at the present time employed in founding a new dynasty at No. 11, where the cauliflowers are captivating and the seakale quite good.

DIRGE.

(Lines written, in a fit of acute depression, upon a popular waltz.)

I too have known the ball-room's gay romance;

Upon the more or less fantastic toe I too have circled in the dreamy dance,

Have let myself, in homely language, go;

I too did welcome as a novel thing That strain which now Humanity must sing,

Must whistle, hum, or otherwise repeat

("Did welcome," mark, but never called it "sweet").

"The widow," yes. When with that tune she racked

His ears and killed their domesticity,

A widow by her husband's frenzied act

She must have been, or else a widower he. . .

Ye gods! Next-door with measured beat and stout

The maudlin thing is being hammered out. . .

"Widow," I grant. "Widow," of course, and very

Much of a widow. But why, oh why "The merry"?"

Theatrical Note.

After *The Barrier*, by Mr. SUTRO, has run its course at the Comedy, it will be succeeded by *The Sutroer*, by Mr. BARRIE.

Musical Tragedy.

"Rooms are provided on the fifth floor for instruction in operatic surgery."—*The London Graduate*.



Teacher (after explaining the character of the Pharisee). "AND NOW, WHAT DO WE MEAN BY A 'HYPOCRITE'?"

Pupil. "PLEASE, MISS, A MAN WOT SAYS HE IS WOT HE ISN'T, BUT HE AIN'T!"

"Statistics compiled by a New York hair-dressers' society show that 56 per cent. of the adult male population of America wear beards, 25 per cent. wear moustaches and 20 per cent. are clean-shaven."—*Daily Express*.

Once more America has gone one better than any other country, for the arithmetic of *The Express* is by this time above suspicion.

From an advt. of the V Car in *The Daily Chronicle*:

"Specially designed to take elaborate bodies. Look at the side entrance."

A special "side" entrance would be just the thing for some of our town councils.

Enterprise.

"Milk Business Wanted (without cows); young man giving up the sea would like to purchase a genuine one."—*Lancashire Daily Press*.

A pity to give up the sea if he has no cows. He will need something of the kind to mix with the chalk.

Bright Bits from Birmingham.

DURING his speech Mr. BALFOUR had on a collar, and it was noticed with interest that this was worn in accordance with current fashion, round his neck.

The hall in which Mr. BALFOUR spoke is capable of holding 5,000 people, and it is calculated that if it was only twice as big it would probably hold 10,000.

It would surprise many people—even those, indeed, who are most familiar with political life—to learn that nearly all the Conservative agents at Birmingham this week were retired Moujik dentists.

The letter from the Conservative leader, read at the afternoon meeting, was written on a sheet of newspaper. Those who saw the communication believe that ink was used.



Charitably-disposed Spinster. "AH, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY! MUSTN'T BARK LIKE THAT!"

Undeserving Object. "YOUR DOG EVIDENTLY AIN'T USED TO 'AVING GENTLEMEN ABOUT THE 'OUSE, LADY!"

PARENTAL PEDAGOGY.

["Many fathers and mothers are furbishing up their studies in order that they may help their children in their home-work."—*Daily Mirror*.]

Not for me *The Times* or *Standard*,
Not for me with practised art
To extract the newsy kernel
From the journal
Of my heart.
Weeks have passed since I meandered
Through *The D.T.*'s classic vale;
Energy-absorbing duties
Bar the beauties
Of *The Mail*.

Precious now is every minute
I can snatch from office cares;
More than golden may be reckoned
Every second
Mammon spares.

When the foggy dawn comes in, it
Finds me conning *ὁ, ἡ, τό*;
Evening, thick as soup and yellow,
Brings *De Bello Gallico*.

Whilst upon my strap I dangle,
Every morning, as I sway,
Diligently do I hammer
At my grammar

On the way.
All the old forgotten jangle
I am learning up once more;
Soon I'll say my *orbis, ensis*,
Lapis, mensis,
As of yore.

At the hour when folk are lunching,
Me, a bent old man, you'll see
Mid an A.B.C. aroma
Grinding *σῶμα*,
ἄλς, γύμη.

There again you'll find me munching
Buttered toast when five draws
near,
With the aid of helpful baccy
Learning *μάχη*,
οἶς and *θήρ*.

Thus with weary toil I'm creeping
λίσσ-wards with many tears,
While unending *οἶδε, αἶδε*
Worry my de-
clining years.

Yet my zeal must be unsleeping,
Else will dawn a day to rue,
When Augustus brings me proses
Which he knows his
Dad can't do.

A Fretty Compliment.

"Lord Desborough is the name which has been given, by way of compliment to the chairman of the Thames Conservancy, to the big twin-screw sand pump hopper dredger which has just been built at Port Glasgow for use on the Thames."—*Daily Telegraph*.

This is just one of those delicate courtesies that go to sweeten the rough labours of public life.

Over-Dressed.

"Miss Irene Vanbrugh wears two dresses and a dressing-gown throughout the three acts of 'The Thief,' a modest enough allowance for a lady who confesses to her reckless expenditure on frocks."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Even though the weather may have turned colder recently, we think she might at least take off the dressing gown for a part of the time.



A SIGNAL INDISCRETION.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "NOW THEN, CHARLES, MY BOY, IF YOU MUST BOX PERCY'S EARS, YOU MIGHT WAIT TILL MY VISITOR'S GONE."

WINSTON DAY BY DAY.

Nov. 11.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL to-day visited Mount Moru, where he had an appointment with the friendly vulture whose assistance was so timely some years ago in connection with the Rt. Hon. gentleman's escape from captivity. The Colonial Under-Secretary and the bird were closeted together in a cranny among the rocks for some time. No lions were bagged.

Nov. 12.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL to-day visited Port Elgin, when he had an interview with the chiefs of the Salibi, who were accompanied by 4,000 Hookiwalka. MR. CHURCHILL expressed his pleasure at seeing them, and trusted they were all Liberals and Free Traders. Before returning to Georobi he promised them the earth. Much to MR. CHURCHILL's disappointment no lions have been bagged.

Nov. 13.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, speaking at a lunch held to-day in his honour at Georobi, said that Africa doubtless was not England, but that kindred questions prevailed. (Hear, hear.) He had never before addressed so intelligent and enthusiastic a gathering. He had every confidence in the future of Africa: nothing would prevent it going on. After lunch the whole party went out lion shooting, but no lions were bagged.

Nov. 14.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL to-day received a deputation of 10,000 Intrudi, the most pushing tribe in East Africa. Referring to their present of fatted missionary the Rt. Hon. gentleman said that his religion forbade him to accept it, but he appreciated the spirit in which the offer was made. At the word "spirit" the Intrudi broke out into yells of delight, in the midst of which the missionary escaped and took refuge with Father BANTING, the Roman Catholic priest who accompanied the expedition. According to latest advices no lions have been bagged.

Nov. 15.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL received in audience to-day TWYSTA, the chief of the Pozas, a very intelligent tribe. In the course of the conversation TWYSTA asked the Rt. Hon. gentleman a number of difficult questions, which he only contrived to answer with the assistance of terminological latitude. Among the chief's queries were these: What is the difference between a little pigmy and a whole hogger? Who rules England in your absence? When do you mean to give Lord ELGIN an old-age



First Farmer. "AND WOT DO 'EE GIVE YUR PIGS?"

Second F. "OH, I GIES 'EM PLENTY O' STRAW."

First F. "AH, BUT 'OW DO 'EE GOO ON WHEN IT'S A BAD YEAR FOR STRAW?"

Second F. "WELL, WHEN IT'S A BAD YEAR FOR STRAW, AND THERE AIN'T MUCH STRAW ABOUT, WELL, THERE YE BE!"

First F. "AY, THAT'S RIGHT ENOUGH."

Second F. "BUT WHEN IT'S A GOOD YEAR FOR STRAW, AND THERE'S PLENTY O' STRAW ABOUT, WELL, THERE YE BE AGEN!"

First F. "AY, THAT'S RIGHT ENOUGH, THAT IS!"

pension?" No lions were, we grieve to say, bagged.

Nov. 16.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL to-day paid a surprise visit to Birmi Ngamo, the chief town of the Rorintori tribe, and presented photographs of himself to the leading chiefs. Open-air meetings having been broken up by a raid of Amazons mounted on okapis, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL escaped into the bush, was wounded by a Leo Maxim, and nearly absorbed by a lion. Eventually he took refuge with a friendly gorilla. No lions were bagged.

Nov. 17.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, escorted by a bevy of gorillas, arrived to-day at Tutulu, to the consternation of the inhabitants. Great lion drive, in which the last ten in Central Africa broke through the cordon and made their way to the Mountains of the Moon. Hence, once again, none were bagged.

Another Injustice to the Horse.

"And, finally, came the new Lord Mayor, Sir John Bell, in the huge State coach, drawn by the huge coachman. And, of the two, as is usually the case in these occasions, the coachman looked the happier man."—*Westminster Gazette*.

The Journalistic Touch.

I.

"This made the rapid run of the Imperial yacht all the more remarkable, for she had to pick her way carefully along Southsea Beach, which was black with spectators."

Evening News.

II.

"A car was proceeding from Aldwych Theatre to Mr. Hicks's residence at Merstham, when it collided violently with a lamppost, and received a bad gash on the forehead."

The Northern Whig.

This and a slight pain in the carburettor were the only injuries.

BANG!

(THE LEGEND OF A MOTOR-CAR.)

THE Car! The Car! We were going fast,
As fast as the law permits a car.
The milestones met us and glittered past;
And we drove her fair and we drove her far,
The wonderful 28 h.p.,
Which was specially built, I may add, for me.

The air blew fresh and the air blew keen,
And the fields went by in a flash of green;
And the urchins cheered, and the bright sun shone,
And the car went joyously bowling on
To the tune of the delicate rhythmic purr
Of the beautiful engine driving her.

"Oh, this is the way," I remarked, "to go";
And the man who was with me said, "Just so."

I thought of my home, and with some relief
I thought of the succulent joint of beef,
The brown potatoes, the Brussels-sprouts,
The apple-tart, and the joyous shouts
Of the children waiting at home to greet
The arrival of me in my motor fleet.
And the road spun back as we rolled along
With our hearts in time to the engine's song.

But just as the car went faster still,
As we neared the foot of a soaring hill
In the car, the wonderful car;
While everything seemed as right as rain,
And she pulled as hard as a North-bound train,
The car that had travelled far—

BANG!

A sudden explosion rent the air,
And the man who was with me said, "Take care."

OH, HANG!

And, spiting our hopes and our lunch-desire,
We stopped, for the car had burst a tire.

We both got down, and we didn't shirk,
But we jacked her up and we set to work.
And the loafers gathered, as loafers do,
While I looked blue and my man looked blue,
And they passed remarks which were trite and true,
And everyone did his little bit
To ease our toil with a play of wit.

Then a fellow came by who drove a pig,
And "Blow me tight," he observed, "I'll rig
The pig to the car, and you'll both get there,
Yourselves and the pig, with time to spare."

And next a man with a snorting cow
Turned up, and he said, "If you'll allow,
I'll hitch the beast to the car: she'll pull
As if she was chased by a blooming bull

Whenever you blow your horn."
They were tattered and dirty and most unkempt,
So we went on working in calm contempt,
And withered the men with scorn.

But at last we had the recompense for all our sweat and
care

When we got the back-rim fitted, duly fitted, with the
spare,

And we mounted, and we started, and away we swiftly
flew,

In a cloud of lubrication leaving all the loafer crew,

When "BANG!"**OH, HANG!**

With a sound of 4'7, when they load it and they fire,
We had doubled our misfortune and had burst another
tire.

And, just as we stopped, it began to rain,
So I left the car and went home by train.

And I think in dreams of a country where nothing ever
goes wrong,

Where you never stop

At a motor shop,

But always hurry along;

Where you needn't repair,

Or fit a spare,

But the faster you make her go

The better in trim you keep your car,

Though you travel free like a headlong star

For a million of miles or so.

R. C. L.**THE SHORTNESS OF MONEY.**

THE *National Review* is the first periodical to recognise openly the financial stringency. Copies of the next issue will have printed on them in bold type "Price—twelve German Sausages."

Great consternation was occasioned at the Ritz yesterday afternoon by one of the waiters falling in a swoon. Under careful treatment he soon recovered, and explained that a famous African millionaire, who had lunched at the hotel, had presented him with a current copper coin of the realm. Two commissioners escorted the fortunate waiter to the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit.

The bold Governmental measure of seizing all the coppers in the railway station automatic machines has done much to restore public confidence. Loaded pan-technicians were instantly sent off to each Cabinet Minister's residence with his salary for the present quarter.

The enterprise of the Covent Garden Management in offering to accept goods instead of cash has been amply rewarded. Occupants of boxes in the grand tier were charged one tiara per box. Humbler lovers of music, desiring seats in the gallery, readily responded to the managerial request to leave their boots at the pay-box.

Mr. BALFOUR is facing the new condition of things with philosophic equanimity. He tendered his work, "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," in payment of his fare on the Twopenny Tube, and, on receiving as his change two apples and an onion, remarked to the booking-clerk, "We must take these things as they come."

Overheard on Clapham Common.

Socialist Orator: "The same false charges are brought against us that were brought against the pioneers of Co-operation. Word for word, the same false charges. Those who bring them—the capitalists and the penny-aliners—are like the Bourbon Kings: they forget nothing and they remember nothing!"

Commercial Candour.

[From an Oxford Street shop.]

RHEUMATICS MADE EASY.**TRY —'S WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR.**

THERE have recently been three Kings and five Queens at Windsor. Problem: Would this justify a No Trump declaration?



A SERIOUS OMISSION FROM THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA. THE PEDESTRIANS' RESTORATION DEPARTMENT. They might at least devise some pneumatic arrangement for restoring us, more or less, to our original shape after they have rolled us out flat on the King's highway.

Why the Kaiser Came.

It is, of course, a well-known fact that the GERMAN EMPEROR has always a reason for the things he does.

It is believed among many in the Navy that he came to see our paint. Another view is that he came to witness our gunnery.

In literary circles it is thought that the near approach of the year 1910, when the great German invasion is to take place, has something to do with the visit. Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has been in close consultation with the authorities, who have entrusted to him the work of seeing that the EMPEROR shall not learn too much of our defences. Observant spectators who lined the EMPEROR's route to the City last week probably noticed that the soldiers were placed farther apart than usual. This was a ruse to give the idea of a scarcity of men. As a matter of fact, there were hundreds of soldiers in other parts of the country, of whom the EMPEROR knew nothing.

The PRINCE OF ASTURIAS, while reluctant to express an opinion as to the reason for the KAISER's coming, has been heard to say emphatically

that it was not in order to see PRINCE OLAF.

PRINCE OLAF, exhibiting no such reluctance, knows very well that it was.

The Fight for the Ashes.

WE offer no apology for referring to the Limerick competition of the *Volksrust and District Recorder*, seeing that it is but another link which binds the distant parts of the Empire to the Motherland. The first four lines were:

"When the moon shines bright in Summer,
Sang a Volksrust Town newcomer.
'He's a quaint old bird,'
His hearers declared—"

We do not quite catch the *motif*, but we have nothing but admiration for one of the winning lines:

"Was it for this he'd to quit his last place,
I wonder?"

Once more the Old Country would seem to have met its match. England looks to you, Swanage!

Our Coast Defences.

"WANTED for Sussex Coast, a tall, strong, reliable Young Woman, aged 25 to 30."—*Morning Post*.

Airs and Graces.

No one, we think, can have failed to notice the striking success of the band in quelling the noise of the female disturbers at Mr. BIRRELL'S Southampton meeting. The method is worthy of all encouragement, and, as a step in this direction, we beg to offer the following scheme of incidental music.

At the first female outbreak:—
Strings and reeds only (soothingly).
Sigh no more, ladies!

As the noise increases and the ejecting-stewards advance:—

Solo cornet (persuasively)—*Come into the Garden, Maud, or Turn again, Thou Fair Eliza.*

Quickstep during the transportation of MAUD and ELIZA to the street—*Where are you going to, my pretty maid?*

When all the disturbers have been ejected:—

Baritone solo (the Chairman)—*Get up and bar the door.*

Finale:—
Chorus of husbands (heard off)—*Have—you—seen (have—you—seen) my Flora pass this way?*

JAMES SMIJTH'S PRESENT.

HIS name, as you see, was SMIJTH—JAMES SMIJTH; from which it may reasonably be inferred that, at an early period of our rough island story, his ancestors kept a smijthy; or perhaps the smijthy kept them—I really don't know. What I do know is that this story has a moral. So many stories nowadays have no moral, and no morals. That is all wrong. I am convinced that this story of JAMES SMIJTH has a moral.

JAMES lived—lodged—no, lived—well, lodged and lived in a house called Etheldene. Why was it called Etheldene? That, again, I don't know. Why should a ten-roomed house, with bath h. & c., and a tennis-lawn and bicycle-shed, be called Etheldene?

Well, JAMES occupied two rooms—nice rooms—at Etheldene, and went up to the City every day, where he wore cuff-protectors from ten till five, excepting during an interval of two hours devoted to lunch and dominoes; and the odd thing about it is that somebody paid him quite a comfortable salary for doing this.

So JAMES SMIJTH was very passably contented. It was an old friend of his father's who gave him the clock. Oh! didn't you know this story was all about a clock? It was a French clock, and very, very old and curious. It had no pendulum, in the ordinary sense of the word, but a thing that went round. Now I'm afraid I haven't made myself quite clear; I really don't see how I can put it more plainly, though, and you wouldn't understand me if I tried. There was a thing that went round, and that kept the clock going. But JAMES had to wind the clock every twenty-four hours or it would stop.

He stood it on the mantelpiece in his sitting-room, on a site occupied up till then by a stuffed parrot belonging to his landlady, and—

On the first night he wound it up at eleven p.m.

On the second, ditto.

On the third, ditto.

But on the third night, at 12 p.m., he sprang suddenly out of a deck-

chair in Hyde Park, where he had been shelling peas, found himself in bed, and said in the darkness, "I don't believe I have wound the clock."

Now he knew that if a clock is allowed to run down or become irregular in its habits, it is soon fit for nothing but a church-bazaar raffle. JAMES SMIJTH was very methodical and conscientious, and duty always stood first with him.

So he got out of bed and went downstairs in the dark. It was not his house, as has been indicated; so he disturbed his landlady, and a lady

about his amusing mistake with regard to the clock. Of course she did not reproach him. Would any landlady reproach a well-conducted lodger who had been with her for four years? But JAMES understood, and he had a kindly nature; he resolved to wind his clock henceforth in the morning—at 8.30 a.m. on week-days, and 9 on Sundays.

Every week-day morning, then, before putting on his boots, he wound the clock and hid the key under it. But on the thirteenth morning, when on the way to the station, he remembered that he had forgotten to wind

it. There was still time to get home and do it, and return and catch the train—or there would have been time, if an old lady had not got into the return bus under the impression that it was going to Tooting Rise. Of course it was going to Walham Green. It was labelled Walham Green. She ought to have known it was going to Walham Green. But it took the conductor a minute to convince her of this, and that delayed JAMES SMIJTH, and he was twenty minutes late at the office.

It didn't matter in the least. The Bank Rate remained unchanged; but JAMES was ruffled and uncomfortable all day.

Then there was that Sunday morning, when he suddenly turned hot all over during the first hymn, and kept asking himself whether the clock would hold on until he got home. JAMES SMIJTH had always had a very poor opinion of people who go out before the sermon. But he went

out before the sermon. He went home and wound his clock, and in the afternoon some very objectionable neighbours called, most officiously, to ask if he was any better.

And now we come to Bank Holiday—August Bank Holiday. JAMES SMIJTH liked to stay at home on Bank Holidays, and pull down the blinds. So do I. So do all refined people. But he had promised to go up the river with the JAWKINSes—including LAURA JAWKINS. Ah!

Even then I don't believe he would have accepted the invitation if he hadn't heard that PARKER was going—GEORGE PARKER. JAMES SMIJTH felt that he had a rival in GEORGE



Mr. Carper (a trifle short-sighted). "DON'T YOU SEE HOW RIDICULOUS THESE GREAT HATS BECOME NOW THAT THEY ARE VULGARISED BY THE LOWER CLASSES?"

lodger with a weak heart, who both heard the stairs creak, and kept awake all the remainder of that night in a cold agony of apprehension.

As for JAMES, he hurt one of his toes very badly against the dining-room fender, and then remembered that he *had* wound the clock after all.

So he went back to bed again, and heard the clock strike one, and two, before he was able to embark on a pirate junk, and escape from the volcano in Cornhill. Oh! how dull you are! I mean that JAMES SMIJTH, like most of us, had dreams—strange, inconsequent dreams.

Next morning his landlady told him all about the burglars, and he told her



Traveller (after waiting patiently for train for four hours). "SHE'LL NO BE COMIN' THE DAY, I DOOT?"
Porter. "HOOTS, MON, HAE YE NO PATIENCE? YE'LL JUST BIDE A WEE WHILIE, AN' SHE'LL BE BY!"

PARKER. (You see this story is going to be more exciting than you had supposed.)

JAMES SMITH looked nice in flannels. As he set out for Clapham Junction, where he was to meet the JAWKINSES, he looked every inch a clean-limbed, athletic young Englishman. That was quite as well, because, when he reached the oil-shop at the corner, he remembered something, and had to sprint home again. He had forgotten, in his pre-occupation about his soft flannel collar that made him look like GEORGE ALEXANDER,—he had forgotten, I say, to wind his clock. (You had guessed as much? Good!)

As a natural consequence he reached Clapham Junction three minutes after the train and the JAWKINSES and GEORGE PARKER had left that miracle of perverted engineering ingenuity.

And he said—

And he said—

And he said—

I have tried three times to get it out. But I mustn't. We all lose trains sometimes, so perhaps it is better we should not know what he did say.

After that, SMITH did what you, or

I, or any other slipshod, easy-going person would have done long before. He let his clock run down. He never wound it, night or morning, and he was just as happy as before. He had never consulted it when he wanted to know the time. What mattered it to him if it always stood thenceforth at noon or midnight?

Now I think—I am not sure—I think this story is a plea for the Simple Life. We all forge for ourselves a chain of petty habits which we call duties. But then, contrariwise, as an early-Victorian aunt once said to me, "Neglect the little piffing duties, and you will soon neglect the great ones." But early-Victorian morality is rather *vieux jeu* to-day. And so it is all a puzzle, and—

(Yes, but how about the clock?—ED.)

Oh! the clock?

Extract from *The West Kensington Examiner and Brook Green Excogitator*: "... and the bride's travelling dress was of brown taffeta with blue satin revers, and brown picture-hat." (Nothing is said about the bridegroom's travelling dress, but JAMES says that GEORGE PARKER would look a brute in anything.) "The wedding presents, which were

costly and numerous, included:—Lady POPPLETON, a butter-cooler; Captain and Mrs. PELHAM-POOP, a butter-cooler; Rev. Canon GOOGLEY, a butter-cooler; Mr. HILDEBRAND BROWNE-BROWN, a butter-cooler; Mr. JAMES SMITH, antique French clock. . ."

Nothing Wanting.

"Round about him [the Kaiser, at the Guildhall] were gathered the wealth, the intellect, the beauty, and the aldermen and common councillors of London."—*Daily Express*.

Our Wonderful World.

"FIVE QUEENS AT LUNCH.

REMARKABLE EVENT AT WINDSOR TO-MORROW."
Daily Express (Nov. 14).

Mr. Punch fails to see anything remarkable in the inability of these ladies, or any other mortals, to resist the attractions of one of the most welcome meals of the day.

Overdoing It.

"The German Emperor is heartily welcome to Great Britain."—Opening words of leading article in *Glasgow Herald*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If the Duke of ARGYLL were not influenced by constitutional and preponderating habit of modesty he might have taken for motto of his book—*Passages from the Past* (HUTCHINSON)—those lines which the friend of his youth put in the mouth of Ulysses, "Much have I seen and known; cities of men, and manners, climates, councils, governments." In the public eye the Duke has lived, as did the Marquis of LORNE, the quiet life of a looker-on, whether in the House of Commons, House of Lords or some gathering of royal state. His book reveals a man of high culture, business acumen, indomitable energy, and the personal courage hereditary to a CAMPBELL. There are few living men who have travelled so far and wide, or have come in contact with so many memorable people. As a boy he knew the Duke of WELLINGTON and the French Marshal who proved most nearly his equal in a campaign. He tells how both were guests at Stafford House, where were hung some of the finest pictures of MURILLO, loot taken by SOULT from Madrid, after the Peace sold in Paris and purchased by the Duke of SUTHERLAND. WELLINGTON, not being disposed that his ancient foe should miss any of the sights of London, genially took him by the arm, and led him to the room where the spoils of war hung in the home of peace. Mr. GLADSTONE was an intimate friend, a welcome guest at any of the stately homes of the ARGYLLS. Others of whom the Duke discourses were General LEE, PRESIDENT JOHNSON, SEWARD (who gave him a graphic account of the murderous attack on his life), LONGFELLOW (who committed to his charge for the acceptance of TENNYSON a precious Indian pipe of peace), WORDSWORTH, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, SWINBURNE, Lord HOUGHTON (still MONCKTON MILNES), Lord DUFFERIN, General GRANT, SHERMAN, MACAULAY, DISRAELI, and not least lofty among giants, GARIBALDI. The Duke's account of his hunt for GARIBALDI when he left Caprera for Rome, with intent to place his sword at the disposal of the Liberator, is second in graphic force only to his pictures of Berlin after the Austrian campaign that ended at Königgrätz. The young traveller's power of observation and insight into character are strikingly illustrated by his note written at the time of a visit to the Crown Prince of Germany. "Little Prince WILHELM," he wrote, "if he lives, is likely to be the cleverest king that Prussia has had since FREDERICK THE GREAT. He is now only eight years of age. He certainly has good brains." The only fault the reader is likely to find with the book is a more than ducal indifference to sequence. The absence of orderly arrangement is sometimes bewildering. After a chapter devoted to the Alps we are swished off to Inveraray. Next, without a word of preface, we find ourselves in Jamaica. The succeeding chapter lands us in the United States, followed by a stray chapter about Rosneath, on the

Clyde; and, hey presto! we are back in the United States, which happily stood where it did.

The Square Peg (CONSTABLE), by W. E. NORRIS, is a nice friendly book, excellently written. The people in it are all real, and, if never very exciting, they are always interesting. Cyril Hadlow, artist and Socialist, who has been adopted by Sir Martin Hadlow, D.L., J.P., is the square peg in the round hole, and after a vain attempt to adapt himself to his new position, he retires in favour of his younger brother Hubert, sportsman and Conservative. I may say, for the benefit of newspaper politicians, that Cyril, though a Socialist, is also a gentleman: readers of *The Daily Express* may take the book safely. I could wish that the last chapter had been different. This gives us the usual "two years after" business; six months' baby on his grandmother's knee—enter Hubert and his wife—embrace their child. "Have you heard what's happened to So-and-so?" "No." Explanations—explanations about all the characters in the book. . . Where's Cyril? Cyril will be down by the four train. Hallo, here he is. Cyril, Mabel is still waiting for you—Ah!



PORTRAIT OF MR. TIMMINS, WHO RECENTLY WON A FIVE-POUND-A-WEEK-FOR-LIFE-LIMERICK IN SNIPPETY SNIPS, AND WHO IS FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT THE PROPRIETOR IS ANXIOUSLY WAITING TO OUT HIS LIABILITY (AND TIMMINS' LIFE) SHORT AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT.

At a time when all the world seems to be busy with two sticks and a spool—when the universal motto is "Aut Diabolo aut nullus"—it is perhaps well to be reminded that there were English games before M. PHILLIPART and Mr. C. B. FRY laid their heads together and devised the new terror. This reminder comes in very handsome form from Mr. FREDERICK W. HACKWOOD in his compendious volume on *Old English Sports* (FISHER UNWIN), wherein not only are such popular pastimes as hunting and racing and shooting and boxing and football run to earth, but we are told the sources also of cock-fighting, and jousting, and tilting with the quintain. After perusing Mr. HACKWOOD's pages with some care one finds oneself hovering between the two feelings—whether it would not be well to revive everything, or whether it might not be a good thing for England if a close time were fixed now and then for every kind of game. Except, of course, Diabolo; no free people would stand that!

Dear Sir, or Madam, there are times—

At least, it's possible there may be—
When you stand awestruck at the crimes
Of ARTHUR, DULCIE, or the baby;
When, lacking humour's saving sense,
You are, to put it bluntly, surly;
'Tis so? Then get for reference
This charming book by Mr. TURLEY.

The Playmate (HEINEMANN) provides
In chief six children for your pleasure,
And one, their godfather, who guides
The devious mazes of their leisure;
So well it's done, so well it's told,
That you will long, as he, to be a
Godparent half-a-dozenfold,
To teach, as he, the young idea:

A FORECAST.

(IN TWO SENSES.)

"JABBLER" (as the street boys call it) is on the wane. When an appellation becomes thus corrupted and degraded, what else could one expect? Also, to play it properly requires more *leger-de-main* than the average Britisher is capable of, while the mere spinning and tossing the thing is a futile amusement which is best relegated to girl-school play-grounds. The French champions, too, have mostly gone home to their *crèches* and *lycées*. *Exeat*, therefore, "jabbler."

A more diabolical and strenuous craze is threatening to take its place and obsess us.

The Boomerang has already broken out in spots, having, for instance, nearly knocked some of them off the sacrosanct *Henry VI.* at Eton.

England is daily expecting a team of Wagga-Wagga blacks to indoctrinate her in this deadly sport under the direction of Mr. C. B. Fry. Shortly, also, there will appear at the Palace Theatre a native exponent from Woolloomooloo, who will cast his throw-stick upon the auditorium, whence no doubt it will return after not many seconds. We advise the audience to take it lying down, which appears to be the only safe position.

The One and Only Aboriginal Inventor will then pay us a visit, and lay claim to his share of the profits, going to law in due course in defence of his particular swan-necked or sickle-shaped weapon. Mr. Justice DARLING, before whom the case will be tried, will wear a meat-cover or a fencing-mask as a protection during the proceedings.

The County Council will pass stringent by-laws against the decapitation of foot passengers in the streets or public parks, unless the cry of "Fore" has been audibly raised by the thrower. After about three months the next furore will become due, but the prophets are divided in opinion as to whether it will be the Chinese game of fan-tan, or quail-fighting derived from the Greeks. Other authorities will have it that "Scottish-hop" and "Leaping-frog"—both refinements of ancient English pastimes—will claim the favour of the Smart Set.

Meanwhile I have become possessed of a boomerang (while the accent is still on the first syllable), and am in mortal dread of the thing going off of its own accord.

ZIGZAG.



"MAIS VOUS M'AVEZ ASSURÉ QUE VOUS N'AVIEZ QUE DES HABILLEMENTS PERSONNELS. QU'EST QUE VOUS APPELEZ ÇA?"

"OH—ÇA—C'EST LE BONNET DE NUIT DE MON MARI."

A VERSATILE CHEMIST.

The Evening News, in printing some of the letters sent to Madame TETRAZZINI, gives the following:—

"A CHEMIST WRITES:—

I have, as a result of many years' experiments, invented an elixir which will render any woman's voice beautiful, almost divine, giving it strength and durability.

I am a flute-player, and can accompany any singer. If I get no engagement here soon I am off to Japan.

I want £18 to publish a book entitled 'Tales and Sketches of Bristol.' I have received orders from the King of England, King of Italy, and other Royalties, and all that stands between me and fame is £18. Will you send it to me? (Postal orders preferred.)

I have a guitar 200 years old. Would you buy it? You could easily learn, and accompany yourself on the stage with it."

• It is a serious reflection on our country, that a chemist of these

accomplishments should be driven to Japan. We commend his case to Mr. HENRY WOOD, Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, and *The Times* Book Club, to say nothing of our greatest Cash Chemists, in the hope that something may be done for him.

ON THE RAG.

A RAG is a schoolboy's clean handkerchief, and a baby's new frock, after half an hour's use.

A rag is a fifty-guinea dinner gown after it has been worn three times.

A rag is, at Cambridge, the undergraduates' way of welcoming a Spanish monarch; in Spain, the matador's medium for annoying a bull.

A rag is the other paper.

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE;

OR, THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

["If we have to choose between the expert bureaucratic judgment and the instinctive popular judgment in foreign affairs, we unhesitatingly choose the latter. It is the latter, and not the former, which has made the British Empire."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

I WANDERED, off my usual routes,
Down Clapham Common way,
And saw the crowd, in Sunday suits,
Improve the holy day;
And there, established on a stump,
I heard a Socialist declaim,
And dreadful truths, that made me jump,
Swept from his lips like flame.

His tie was red, his gestures large;
I watched him once or twice
Upraise a clenched fist and charge
The upper class with vice;
At this, among that honest folk,
Each pricked aloft an angered ear,
And their "instinctive judgment" spoke
As follows:—*Shame!* or *Hear!*

I scanned their features o'er, and read
The true Imperial signs—
The piercing orb, the massive head;
The chin's determined lines;
I scanned the broad judicial brow,
The mastering mouth, the nervous nose,
And saw at once exactly how
Our glorious Empire rose.

I was convinced that there must be
Under so fair a hide
Great intuitions, good to see,
If one could look inside;
Something that had its mental eye
Pinned to the path of Honour's goal,
Much like a compass working by
Collusion with the Pole.

How quaint the force tradition wields,
Fanning the foolish craze
For CLIVES and PITTS and BEACONSFIELDS,
CURZONS and EDWARD GREYS!
To-day we must unlearn a lot;
The crowd's "instinctive judgment"—that's
Where we should fix our faith and not
On stuffy "bureaucrats."

You may have read—the tale is rife,
And history so misleads—
Of men who left the easeful life
To serve their country's needs;
Who spent themselves, heart, hand and brain,
Over the long and lonely fight—
Mere "bureaucrats," and all in vain,
If my *Gazette* is right.

I too confess that I had thought
These had a place apart,
By nature dowered, by training fraught,
With diplomatic art;
So delicate the game they played,
I stupidly supposed the mob
Might find its hands perhaps a shade
Too horny for the job.

Lingered a doubt? My fancy sailed
To India's coral strand;
I felt how "bureaucrats" had failed
In that benighted land,
Until the People's Champion threw
Across the dark a blaze of light;—
I thought of KEIR! and then I knew
My *Westminster* was right.

O. S.

THE TANGLE.

AUNT HARRIET came to stay with us last Thursday. She's really Mum's aunt. She's quite old—more than fifty, Mrs. AUSTIN thinks; but she's very nice, and we like her very much. She always has chocolates or something in a little silver box, which she carries about with her in a black velvet bag with her work. She wears a lot of lace, some of it on her head and some on the rest of her. When she comes into a room she makes it smell of lavender. She does a lot of sewing and knitting and embroidery. Her husband was Uncle JOHN, who was a soldier. He was killed in India. She showed me his Victoria Cross, and sometimes she tells beautiful stories about his battles and all the men he killed with his own sword.

NINA settled that we must give Aunt HARRIET an entertainment. It was to be *Camaralzaman and Badoura*, from the *Arabian Nights*. NINA wrote it herself and I put in a few bits. I was to be *Prince Camaralzaman*, and NINA was to be the *Princess Badoura*, the Diamond of Beauty and the Pearl of Wisdom. I tried to make jokes with her about it. I said, "You will have to buck up with your geography if you are to be a Pearl of Wisdom." She had told Miss WILLS that morning that Berlin was situated on the river Tigris, and Miss WILLS had laughed. NINA didn't like my jokes. She never does. She said "HERBERT, you are too literal," so I said, "Never mind, you're quite beautiful enough," and that smoothed her down. Mrs. AUSTIN didn't act this time. NINA said she could make a part for her. She might be a tiring woman; but Mrs. AUSTIN said she was quite tired enough thinking of dinner, so NINA said she would do without her. She was over at the stables in the afternoon, and she told JIM there wouldn't be anything for him to act. JIM said, "Ain't there a coachman or a jockey in it? Couldn't I hold your pony for a bit while you're having your tea?" But NINA said there was nothing about tea. She was sorry, because she said she could have put in an Arab steed easily if she'd thought about it, but she hadn't. JIM didn't seem to mind much.

Well, we got it all arranged for Friday after tea. Mum and Dad were there, and Aunt HARRIET and Miss WILLS and Mrs. WILLOUGHBY, the wife of the Vicar, and they were all talking away like mad—all except Dad, who was dashing about with tea and buttered toast. Dad says he doesn't care for teas, but they'd fetched him out of his smoking-room when Mrs. WILLOUGHBY turned up. They were in the front drawing-room, and NINA and I were in the little room at the back. We'd rigged up two curtains between, and I was looking through the chink of the curtains. I was going to draw the curtains open at five o'clock exactly, when the clock on the mantelpiece struck.

When it got to about three or four minutes to five they were still talking about people they didn't like. Aunt HARRIET had finished her tea and had opened her little bag and fished out her work. It was a bit of embroidery, and when she looked at it she saw that



Bernard Partridge.

THE OLD REPROBATE.

POLICEMAN X. (to FATHER CHRISTMAS). "COME ALONG O' ME, MY MAN. YOUR GREY HAIRS WON'T PROTECT YOU."

[Sir EDWARD FRY has reminded the public that Christmas-boxes given by tradesmen to the servants of their clients are liable to be regarded as secret commissions, and therefore illegal under the new Prevention of Corruption Act.]



Lady of uncertain age (to horrid child). "AND HOW OLD ARE YOU?"
Lady of uncertain age. "OH, I DON'T REMEMBER THE YEAR I WAS BORN."

Horrid Child. "FIVE. HOW OLD ARE YOU?"
Horrid Child. "WELL, THEN, TELL ME THE CENTURY."

her silk threads had all got into a tangle. There was some red silk and some green silk and some white silk, and they were all mixed up together. She began to pick at them to undo them. Well, first Mrs. WILLOUGHBY stopped talking because Aunt HARRIET wasn't answering her, and she began to look at the tangle, and her fingers began to move just as if she was trying to undo one herself. She said, "Can I help you, Mrs. BAIRD?" but Aunt HARRIET said, No thank you, she could do it herself. Mrs. WILLOUGHBY went on looking and twitching her fingers. Then Miss WILLS saw what was going on, and she stopped talking because Mrs. WILLOUGHBY wasn't listening, and she shifted her chair, and her fingers began to move too. Aunt HARRIET wouldn't let Miss WILLS help her either. Next, Mum saw Auntie working away, and Mum half opened her mouth and her teeth showed, and she bent forward as if she wanted to get hold of the silk and have a shot at it, and her fingers worked like anything. Last of all Dad sat down right in front of Auntie. He said he thought he could do it, but Auntie shook her head and said she'd do it herself or die, and Dad kept sitting there and his fingers played about worse than anybody's.

Then five o'clock struck, and I pulled open the curtains, but they just looked round and then they

looked back again at Auntie, and Auntie kept at it, and I saw Dad pull out his handkerchief and wipe his forehead.

Of course NINA didn't know what had been going on. She had been lying on the sofa in her Eastern dress (mostly silk), waiting to begin. When I pulled back the curtains she started:—

"Oh, I am lonely, lonely! Will he never return? 'Twas but yesterday evening we held sweet converse together, while the moon shone through the casement. In truth no nobler Prince —"

They hadn't moved an inch, and Auntie was still at it, so I dashed up to NINA, and whispered, "Auntie's got her silks in a tangle. It's no good our going on till she's undone them;" and then NINA and I crept into the other room and looked on, and our fingers got moving like Auntie's, and nobody said a word. At last Auntie got angry. She said, "Oh, bother the knot!" and she tugged with both hands as hard as she could and broke the silk snap in two. Mum fell back in her chair, and Dad jumped up and said, "Thank the Lord," and Mrs. WILLOUGHBY and Miss WILLS both said, "Ah," as if they were blowing something away. Then Dad laughed very loud and told us to start the play over again. It went very well, and Auntie gave us a couple of chocolates each at the end.

R. C. L.

PYTHONS' MEALS.

A MEETING was held last week in the Royal Humane Society's rooms on the banks of the Serpentine, to give wide discussion to Mr. ROWLAND HUNT's suggestion that the snakes at the Zoo should henceforth not be allowed to eat their food alive, but have it served to them dead—a proposition which he has just laid before the members of the Zoological Society.

The chair was taken by that master of tact of wild animals, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE SANGER, and there were also present Mr. JAMRACH, Miss LOIE FULLER, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, Lieutenant-Colonel NEWNHAM DAVIS, MESSRS.

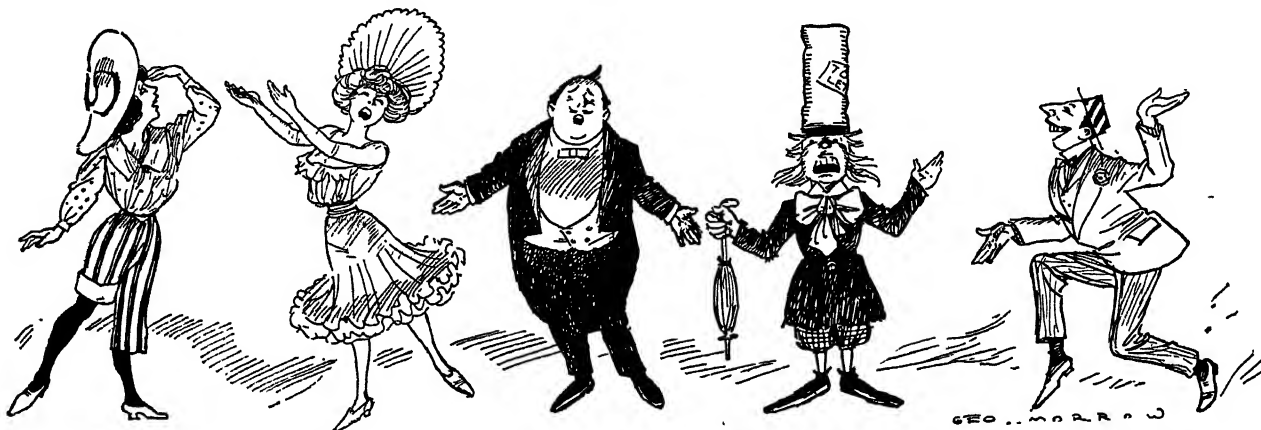
come to some conclusion as to the best food for snakes, and whether or not it should be given to them alive or dead. Hitherto it has for the most part been given to them alive, except in the case of blankets and other inanimate objects, to which all the large snakes are partial. Mr. HUNT wished it all to be killed first; others took an opposite view.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW understood that under the new system as proposed by Mr. HUNT the stigma of assassinating the rabbits necessary for the nourishment of the snakes would attach to the keeper rather than to the reptile. The idea filled him with loathing and abhorrence. He had a feeling of immense sympathy with all keepers, being sadly in need of one

SHAW!") serpents had a tooth sharper than a thankless child. It was obvious that a reptile thus thoughtfully endowed by nature needed what he ventured to call a pabulum proportioned to its dental equipment. (Loud cheers and swan songs.) Averse as he was from the infliction of pain, he ventured to recommend a diet of condemned Army boots, as he had long understood that what to do with these discarded articles of footwear had seriously exercised the anxious consideration of the Army, from Mr. HALDANE himself down to Lieutenant WOODS.

Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE said that he stood there as the friend of the rabbit. (Sensation.) He did not

THE LANGUAGE OF THE MUSIC-HALL.



Moonlight.
Distant Voices.

Navigation. Travel.
Departing or Returning
Lover (Soldier or Sailor).

Affair of the Heart.
Patriotic Fervour.

Lodgers. Mothers-in-law.
Drink. Kippers.

Any reference to Paris,
Ostend, the Continent.

SALMON and GLUCKSTEIN, Mr. EUSTACE MILES, the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, Mr. RICHARD BELL, M.P., and the Manager of *The Times* Book Club.

After the reading of a cable from Signor CARUSO, advocating the closing of all Zoological gardens for evermore, and three letters from manufacturers of beef-tea offering to feed the snakes entirely on their products in exchange for a free advertisement, the CHAIRMAN said that before proceeding to the discussion he had a proposition to make, which he felt sure all present would support with cordiality; and this was that Mr. HUNT, who had hitherto been known as "Boadicea" HUNT, should, by virtue of his strong ophidian sympathies, henceforth be known as "Boa-constrictor" HUNT. (Prolonged cheers.)

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE SANGER then briefly outlined the object for which the meeting was called—namely to

himself, and he could not bear to think of such a fine body of men having their nobler aspirations blunted by the imposition of this nauseous task. Let reptiles work out their own condemnation. Speaking for himself, he would let every wild animal free, and if they would take a hint and cared to come to him when in need of a tit-bit, he would gladly guide them to Mr. REDFORD's lair. But let there be an end of this odious cant as to the mode of murdering a rabbit. If middle-class sightseers were dependent for their low pleasure on the spectacle of incarcerated ophidians, it mattered little whether their prey were swallowed alive or dead.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE, who was greeted on rising with prolonged cheers, ventured to ask the question, Why rabbits? He would remind the meeting that on the authority of the illustrious master, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (A voice: "What price

see why snakes, which were highly intelligent and cultivated animals, should be degraded to the level of vivisectionists, as they had been too long under the present régime. He therefore welcomed the proposal of Mr. HUNT, who, he might add, was the only Hunt of whom he had ever approved.

At this point Messrs. SALMON and GLUCKSTEIN, rising simultaneously from opposite sides of the hall, voiced their protest against Mr. HUNT's suggestion. Mr. SALMON, speaking first, said that he had always harboured a fellow-feeling for sea-serpents, owing—if they would pardon his humour—to his affinity to the finny tribe. (Prolonged laughter and applause.) It was the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that snakes were naturally carnivorous, any more than men. Readers of *Westward Ho!* would recall the test case of SALVATION YEO, who on one occasion lived

for three days on tobacco. At this point Mr. GLUCKSTEIN was overcome by his emotion, and recovered only after a few vigorous puffs at a Mrs. Wiggs, the latest creation of a rival firm. Resuming, Mr. SALMON paid a glowing tribute to the sensitive appreciation of his partner, and proceeded to enlarge upon his affection for the Zoo and all its occupants, which dated from his entering into the Lyons' den. It was nothing but his deep devotion to the whole tribe of ophidians which had induced him to name his most celebrated brand of cigarettes by the convincing title of Worm-Beguilers. (Loud cheers, during which Mr. GLUCKSTEIN was removed.)

Mr. EUSTACE MILES was understood to say that the whole principle of animal nutrition was grossly misunderstood by the authorities in Regent's Park. As a matter of fact, all animals in a natural state were vegetarians. Everyone knew that the favourite food of the sea-serpent was the giant gooseberry. Similarly snakes in captivity infinitely preferred ordinary radishes to rabbits, and horse-radishes to hares. He was delivering at the present moment a course of lectures at his restaurant on "Vipers and Veg., or, How to make Adders active."

Lieutenant - Colonel NEWNHAM-DAVIS said he would not detain the meeting long, having engagements to eat specimen dinners in most of the capitals of Europe in the course of the next ten days. He was, however, strongly of opinion that snakes should not be stinted, and on the last occasion when he had entertained a python—a delightful personality with a very intelligent palate—he had given him a few oysters, a *bisque*, a sole Caruso, *noisettes de pré salé*, a woodcock *en papillotes*, and *pêches* Tetrizzini. All this was washed down with a magnum of Pommery *cum grano* 1889, followed by some 1815 brandy at 10s. a *petit verre*, for which welcome addendum the python forked out. (Universal and mouth-watering sensation.)

Mr. RICHARD BELL, M.P., rose to put the case for the keepers, who, it seems, are against Mr. HUNT's suggested innovations, holding not unnaturally that if they are called upon to do this extra duty of slaughtering the snakes' breakfasts, they should receive extra pay, to which, however, the Zoological Society objects. The working hours of a keeper at the Zoo were, he might say, already very long, and it



THE TROUBLES OF A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

Chorus of very wicked boys. "YAH-OO!! BLUEBEARD!!!"

was doubtful if the addition of such nervous duties as the killing of rabbits and rats, and occasionally goats, for the pythons, would not be fraught with danger to the public, since a man who was over-taxed with harassing and, he might add, sanguinary duties, would be far less able to see that visitors kept off the grass than one whose working hours were short and his leisure long; and at this time of year to walk on the grass involved wet feet and double pneumonia. The speaker therefore declared himself in favour of allowing the snakes to take their food as heretofore — unless, of

course, the Zoological Society would recognise the keepers' claims for an extra wage and behave accordingly.

The Manager of *The Times* Library said that he had it on the best authority that snakes would eat books. This being so, he could offer the Zoological Society lashings of fodder for them at a far lower rate than rabbits. (Sensation, during which the meeting broke up.)

"The attendance was estimated at 32,000." *Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

A very happy compromise between meticulous accuracy and a vague round shot,

CHARIVARIA.

FEARS are now entertained that our energetic guest is not taking that repose at Highcliffe which is necessary for his rest cure. His MAJESTY ought really to play the game. If we supply the climate, he should do the rest.

Why a ship should be a female is a problem which puzzles many people, but there can, we suppose, be no doubt that it is due to this fact that the paint and powder trouble has arisen in the Royal Navy.

From the United States comes the news that, as a result of President ROOSEVELT's urgent appeal to his people to circulate the money which they were hoarding, and so relieve the financial crisis, there was quite a rush on the part of loyal little boys and girls to force open their money-boxes, and the candy trade, at any rate, is booming.

The other day we drew attention to a large cargo of canaries which was taken across the Atlantic. Last week the *Mauretania* carried a still more remarkable freight in the form of 282,000 American eagles.

Mlle. JEANNE SAULIER, a Parisian actress, has ordered a submarine, to cost £40,000, and will use it to make excursions round the French coast. This is supposed to be the first instance of an actress wishing to keep out of the public eye even for a moment.

One hundred-and-thirty supporters of the Government have signed a memorial to the PRIME MINISTER asking for a reduction of expenditure on the Army and Navy. The memorialists assert that England stands in less danger from any Power now than she has for twenty-five years. This certainly ought to be put a stop to.

"A difficulty," says *The Daily News*, "has arisen in the election of a Mayor for Woodstock. The Duke of MARLBOROUGH was invited to fill the office yesterday, and he intimated his willingness to accept the position." Surely it is a pity that the purity of the campaign against the House of Lords should be blemished by personal animosity.

"A high tribute," says *The Irish Independent*, "has been paid by all shades of politics to Mr. BALFOUR's

ingenuity as a dialectician." We agree with our contemporary that there ought to be such a word, for it is a very pretty word, and we admire the independence of the *Independent* in using it.

"I don't read contemporary English novels," said Mr. A. B. WALKLEY to a representative of the Press. "There are so few good ones." We are left wondering how it is that Mr. WALKLEY knows that there are so few good novels. But Mr. WALKLEY is, of course, no ordinary man.

Two men named DAY and NIGHT were charged at the Old Street Police Court last week with house-breaking. Contrary to general expectation, no application was made to have the matter referred to Mr. PLOWDEN, the only magistrate who could do justice to such a case.

Failing to get five months' rent, a Pennsylvania landlord has kidnapped the tenant's child, and intends to keep the infant until the money is paid. This would be illegal in England.

The gentlemen who are responsible for the forthcoming pantomime at Drury Lane, it is announced, conceived the artistic and beautiful idea of rolling three fairy tales into one. The prices will nevertheless remain the same as in previous years, and a great incursion of bargain-hunters is expected.

Two centenarians, aged 101 and 102, have, *The Express* informs us, been arrested at New Orleans for fighting in a restaurant. This bears out the contention of the Peace optimists that another Hundred Years' War is impossible nowadays. It wouldn't be thought long enough.

The Zoo is to be enlarged. The new Giraffe is getting such a big girl now.

From Potchefstroom comes the news that a Kaffir who had been chastised by a Dutchman has been sentenced to a month's hard labour for seizing the Dutchman's beard and pulling most of it out. We understand that Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON is interesting himself in the case with a view to rectifying what he considers a shocking miscarriage of justice.

Twenty policemen were engaged in an exciting hunt for two suspects on County Council land in Kingsway

last week. This should serve to emphasise the danger of these vast uninhabited tracts of land which are bound in time to become the retreat of outlaws and the lurking place for highwaymen.

We are promised an exceptionally severe December. We trust, however, that it is not too late to express a hope that the rivalry between this month and August will not be carried to absurd extremes.

THE FIGHT FOR THE ASHES.

Two sportsmen have come forward on behalf of the Old Country since our last issue, and it looks as if Swanage had lost her opportunity. First of all, we have this:

The price of coals is rising fast,
The Summer is already past,
Then what should we do
The long winter through?
Buy from the Mart, for their coals last.

A second competitor missed the point altogether with:

"Just do as we did in the past,"

while the writer of "Buy wood, and the coal-merchants we'll blast" simply courted disaster. The feature, however, of the competition is the note at the end:

"Several pretty good lines had to be rejected as they had not the proper number of syllables."

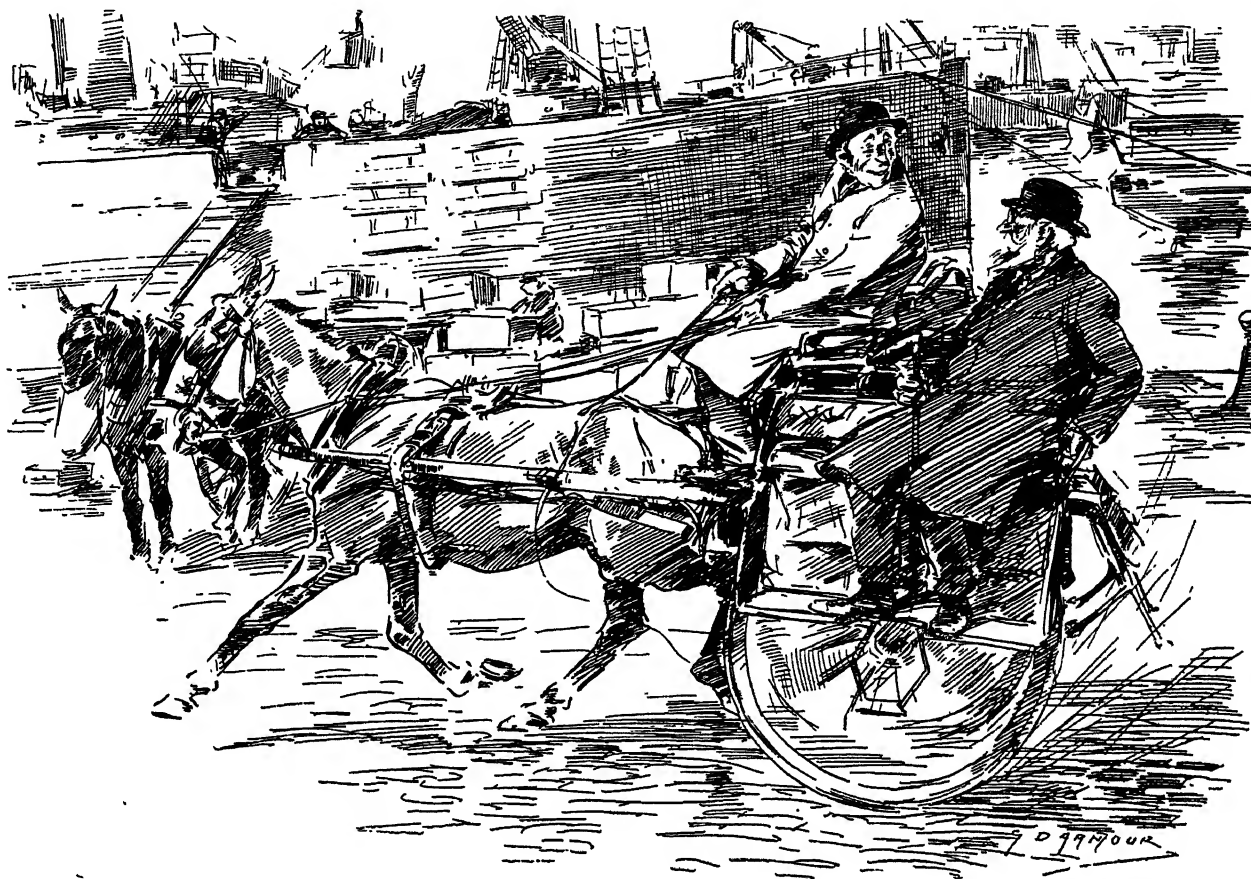
The other Limerick comes from Plymouth, and is at present unfinished. But the beginning is as follows:

"Then he called out 'My dear, I'm so hungry,
Let's have tea, and then where shall we go?'
'Oh! dear hubby if you really would please
me,'"

Competitors may apparently rhyme with anything they like. It is now Australia's turn.

FIGURES IN LITERATURE.

IN referring to Lord AVEBURY, a writer in *The Bystander* gives the interesting information that "Some of his many books ran into hundreds of thousands of editions." This is a fact, we believe, not generally known, and we congratulate our contemporary on its achievement. Our pet statistician has been at work, and calculates that at the most moderate estimate an average of 5,000 editions of each of the books referred to has been published every year; that is, something like eighteen editions a day, allowing for a half-day each Saturday, and not counting Sundays or Bank Holidays. He further calculates (and we must take his word for it) that if the paper used for all these editions were spread



Visitor to Dublin. "WHAT IS THE POPULATION HERE?"

Jarvey (somewhat out of his depth). "WELL, SOR—YE NIVER CAN TELL; IT'S NIVER TWICE THE SAME. THERE'S ALWAYS MORE ON A MARKET DAY."

out in sheets, it would cover Hampstead Heath to a depth of seven-and-a-half inches; and that the cloth used in binding would be sufficient to provide suits of the latest pattern for all the bank-clerks in the United Kingdom (allowing frock-coats to managers and cashiers). If, however, the present fashion compelled full trousers, after the American style, Scotland would have to be excluded from this estimate, though there would even then be enough to provide kilts for that section of the banking world.

Should any financial crisis occur in this country, the depositors in the bank with which Lord AVEBURY is chiefly identified, will feel happy in the knowledge that in his lordship's books there is a property adequate to give them full security.

"To-morrow the people of Canada will rest from their labours on one of three hundred odd days devoted to business."

Victoria Daily Times, B.C.

We need hardly point out to our readers that this affects only the Irish population of the Dominion.

FOG FANCIES.

[The more obvious of the following pithy items "culled from all sources" are placed at the service of those contemporaries who have furnished us with the original matter.]

A FEATURE of the fog was the extreme difficulty of distinguishing one star from another.

Policemen were not infrequently asked the way by people who had no idea of their whereabouts.

While the Metropolis was enveloped in its murky pall it is interesting to note that Madeira was enjoying several hours of bright sunshine.

At midday it was like midnight; the Temple pigeons were deceived into going to roost, and the Inner Temple clock was heard to strike twelve.

Fog is a great leveller. At Buckingham Palace it was just as thick as at Bethnal Green.

In the restaurants in Fleet Street and elsewhere people ordered suppers

instead of lunches, and at Somerset House the officials were just beginning to wake up at the time when they should have been asleep at their duties.

It is estimated that Fog costs London 3s. 10d. per minute. This is for the best quality; we have, however, a cheaper line at 2s. 5d.

Prebendary CARLILE's topic next Sunday at St. Mary-at-Hill will be the "Fog Fiend."

It is not generally known—
[Then let's keep it dark.—ED.]

Secular Education.

"It was not the man who said in effect that with so little as ten talents he could not do anything, but he who did the best he could with one talent, who received commendation as a faithful servant, and had greater means entrusted to him."—*The Times* Leading Article.

The Times Book Club should keep for reference a copy of the Book from which the parable in question comes.



Local Magnate (about to try his hand with a pick on occasion of first visit to coal-mine). "I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T MAKE MUCH OF A JOB OF IT."
Miner. "BUT THA'LL BE ABLE TO SAY THA'S TRIED TO DO AN HONEST BIT O' WORK FOR ONCE IN THA LIFE!"

LES MALADES IMAGINAIRES.

(Provoked by a recent visit to a hydropa'lic establishment.)

A MONTH ago the image
Of manly strength was I;
I feared no Rugby scrimmage,
I feared no Soccer tie;
My muscles were of iron,
My nerves I did not know—
I matched the types of MYRON
A little month ago.

But gone are all my glories,
For in the hydro JONES
Began to tell me stories
Of feelings in his bones;
In damp autumnal weather
They shake with all their might,
And clatter so together
He cannot sleep at night.

Then Mrs. J. was yearning
To tell me of her woe;
One foot is always burning,
The other cold as snow;
Her nights are long, long annals
Of pain, despite her care

To swathe the one in flannels
And leave the other bare.

BROWN'S symptoms too were horrid;
He has a crinkly pain
That scarifies his forehead
And corrugates his brain;
Then suddenly—poor fellow!—
It shoots right down his back,
While all his ribs feel yellow
And all his backbone black.

His wife was much afflicted
With cardiac complaints;
At midnight she's addicted
To giddiness and faints;
And when the troubles seize her
She scarce can get relief;
The only thing to ease her
Is rounds of hot roast beef.

The wretched GREEN (confound him!)
Sat in the snuggest chair,
An eider-down strapped round him
And ulsters everywhere;
The poker he kept plying,
Yet now and then he'd start
And vow that he was dying
Of draughts about his heart.

SMITH had his finger glued to
His pulse, while bilious YOUNG
Did nothing but allude to
The colour of his tongue.
Poor WHITE'S aorta bubbles,
BLACK'S clavicle feels hot—
Each one has got his troubles,
And I have caught the lot.

MR. MACARTNEY, the surveyor to
St. Paul's Cathedral, is reported in
The Daily Mail as saying:

"The two towers are out of the perpendicular,
the one to the north and the other to the south;
and the portico has followed the direction of
the towers, and in addition has moved west-
wards."

This is too much. We strongly
advise the Dean and Chapter to get
rid of it, and advertise for a steady
young portico to take its place.

"As a result of a terrific storm which has
raged in the Black Sea Vincent Corbett
K.C.V.O., to be His Majesty's Minister Resident
at Caracas."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Surely this is explicit enough to
satisfy even Mr. H. C. LEA, M.P.



DEPRESSION IN THE CITY.

OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET (to Shade of SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN). "WELL, SIR, I HOPE YOUR MASTERPIECE ISN'T GOING TO FALL ON ME. I'M FEELING FLAT ENOUGH AS IT IS!"

[St. Paul's Cathedral is said to be in a sinking condition.]



Nimrod (having stuck to the highway all day). "LITTLE HORSE NOT DONE BADLY, Y'KNOW. BUT IN LEICESTERSHIRE, NOW, I USE QUITE ANOTHER SORT OF MOUNT."
Diana. "OH, REALLY? ARE THE ROADS DIFFERENT THERE?"

AN OLD PARISH CLERK.

"WANT to git inter the Chutch, do ye? If ye wait 'ere a minute I'll go fetch the key." . . . [Interval, at the end of which the speaker returns bearing a key of Pantomimic proportions.] "Can't carry 'im about in my weskit pocket, can I? Ah, I knowed the man as made en, too. MELLOWS, 'is name wur—blacksmith 'ere forty year ago. Ain't bin no MELLOWSSES 'bout 'ere fur many a year now. I bin 'ere over sixty year. Gardener I wur at fust, till they put me inter the Chutch. Thowt I wur gittin' old—an' I be older now, by a long way. 'Ow old d'ye take me fur? . . . Past that. Gittin' on fur eighty-three I am! I've a-lasted out two Rectors a'ready, an' this un I expect 'll last me out. Though theer's niver no tellin'—'e's bin failin' o' late, 'e 'as. It's common tark. An' me as 'ale's iver I wur . . . What d'ye think o' that fur a bolt, eh? A 'ome-made un, 'e is! . . ." [The Church is entered.]

"Theer's a arch—bin 'ere more 'n a day or two, that arch have. Theer's bin a deal o' notice took o' that theer old arch . . . Norman? Ah, I dessay 'tis—I dessay 'tis. It's old, anyway.

"These 'ere pews wur put in in the last Rector's time. Afore that they wur all 'ighbacked. Th'ole Squire, 'e wouldn't hev his cleared away—set theer till the last, 'e did, all by 'isself, and folks did say as 'e looked like a ass in a 'orsebox in it—but niver in his 'earin'.

"See that theer door on the north, in a line with the font? That's the Devil's door, that is, an' I'll tell ye fur why it wur called. When ther wur a christenin'

that door used to be left open, so's when the Devil flew outer th' child, 'e could go out by the door, 'stead o' enterin' inter anybody present. They don't leave it open no moor—found out it wurn't o' no use, I s'pose. Ye may christen a child black in the face, but ye can't git the Devil out of en. Leastwise, not in this parish! . . .

"This is a wunnerful old figger—a warrior 'e wur. Went out to them Crusades, as ye can see by 'is legs bein' crossed. 'Oo was he? Ah, that's moor nor I can tell ye—bin dead a goodish while now. Niver 'ad no nose long as I can remember—whether doo to Time or knocked off as Popery by the Reformation I won't take it on myself to say. An' carved all over with initials like that—it's to be 'oped, I'm sure, as 'e can't come back an' see the liberties as hev bin took with 'im. An' doorin' service too, like as not! Young Reskils! . . .

"Mind 'ow ye tread on that theer brass. That's wunnerful old, too—what's left on it—one o' the figgers is gone, likewise the 'ead o' the other—a female she wur, if ye can judge by the costoom, but nothing to show. 'oo they wur nor what they wur—though trouble enough to clean up. . . .

"That tablet up on the wall theer built the alms-'ouses. I dessay ye seed 'em as ye come through the village? . . . Nothin' partickler 'bout 'em as I knows on—but that tablet, 'e built 'em, 'e did . . .

"This alabarster moniment wur put up in memory of Sir NIC'LAS DIMES an' Dame MARGERY his wife, repper-sented, as ye can see for yerself, kneelin' oppersite one another. Beneath is their fam'ly, five sons an' seven daughters, all done kneelin' similar, though small.

Fam'lies were fam'lies in them days. I'm the youngest o' fifteen myself—an' my eldest brother, if 'e wur livin' now, 'ud be a 'underd-an'-five. That's a good ole age, eh? But he didn't live ter grow up—none of 'em didn't, 'ceptin' me. . . .

"A fine East winder, ain't it?—put in over fifty year ago. Theer's colours, now!—they don't make sech vi'lets an' greens an' horiges no more—seem to ha' lost the art on it, like.

"Know what this 'ere slit by the Chancel arch wur for? . . . A squint-ole, that is, fur the lepers to stand outside an' look through, when service was going on. Lepers is gone out long ago—but theer's the old 'ole, as good 's iver it wur!

"Maybe you'll 'ave 'eard o' the late Admir'l BOWATER? . . . Ah well, many a time he's read the first lesson outter this very book. It wur 'im 'oo give that curtain as 'angs in front o' the organ. A barril-organ it wur then; played with a winch. I used ter play it, an' I could play thirteen double-chants on it, I could—and it's difficult, if you can understand me, when ye've got to change the key for a recitation as quick as thought—ah, quicker'n thought, sometimes! An' the old Admir'l's pew bein' just oppersite 'e could see all my movements. So 'e give the curtain. The dear lady who give the noo organ married a title, so she 'ad a lady to 'er name an' died on'y last month, she did.

"Now jest you look wheer I'm a-pointing to. That's a curus ole picter, eh? Come upon it while they wur clearin' off the whitewash. A fresker—that's what they call it. If you stand 'ere you'll be able to make it out. There's two figgers, d'ye see, and one on 'em appears to be 'oldin' something, but as to what them figgers is a-doing of there's different opinions. The Rector, 'e says it's meant fur the founder persenting the title-deeds to 'is pattern saint. But I 'ad a party 'ere the other day who would 'ave it that it was the daughter of 'ERODIAS dancing afore 'EROD. It ain't for me to say, but if ye wur to ask my 'pinion—in the state it's in now, it might be anybody a-most. Still, sech as it is, it's a curocity, as fur as it goes—as fur as it goes. . . .

"That's 'bout all there is to see in 'ere—unless ye'd like to go down the cryp'. We s'pose it to ha' been the cryp', and it wur evidently used as a charnel-ouse, from the number o' yuman teeth as is found theer to this day—the teeth, as you may know, resistin' decay longer'n any other part—leastwise in skellingtons.

"Don't keer 'bout seein' the cryp'? Then p'raps ye'd like to go up the tower? . . . No, I dunno as theer's much to be seen when ye are up—not on a day like this . . . Well, now I've shown ye all I can—an' I 'ope I've amused ye . . . Thank ye, Sir, 'good marnin'—and nex' time ye're in these parts, you mind an' come 'ere, and I'll take ye over the Chutch again. Ye'll allays find me about . . . Hi! don't ye forgit ter notice them Alms'ouses, now! "

F. A.

	Inns.	Times Not Out.	Highest Score.	Total Runs.	Average.
"Fielder	2	1	4	5	2"

The Globe.

Perhaps a sounder method of calculation is to add the highest score to the number of letters in the batsman's name and divide by the total runs.

Commercial Turpitude.

A BETTER WAY.

"Don't Suffocate your baby. Use —'s Safety Soothers; from chemists, 1d. to 6d."—The Star.

THINGS SEEN;

OR, HOW NOVELISTS GET THEIR LOCAL COLOUR.

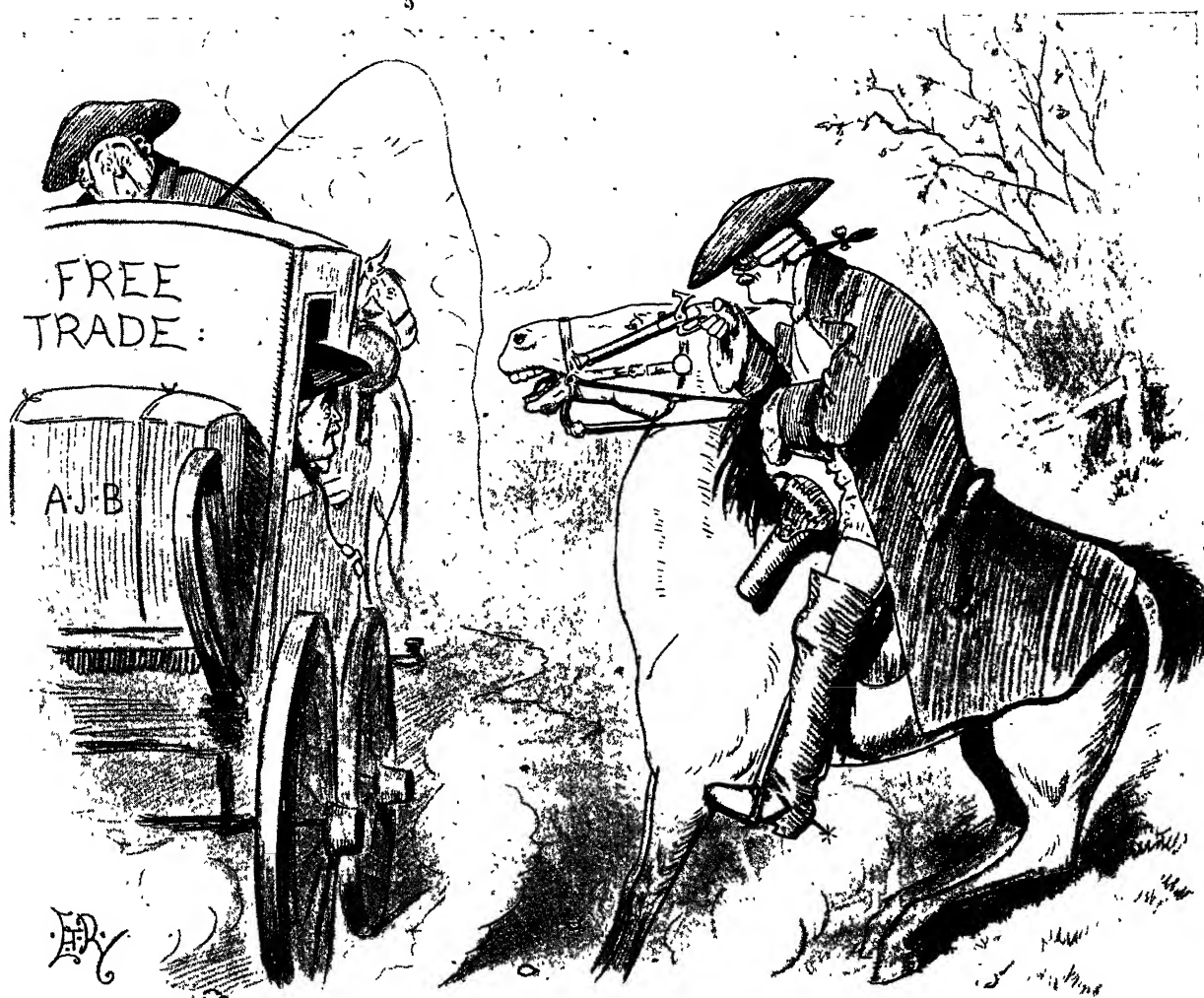
ACCORDING to *The Standard* of the 21st inst., one of the "best and most gifted of all our English novelists" recently spent seven days in some "dark, tiny, but perfectly clean lodgings in a street in Whitechapel." In explaining the object of his mission "to some friends at the Athenæum Club" before moving Eastwards, he recounted the following experience:—

"Yesterday, as I chanced to walk across some moors near my home I saw my coachman appear suddenly ahead of me, coming out of the sky, it seemed, with a forkful of hay. All at once I stopped. I realised in a flash the truth of the words of the wise American who said, 'One likes to come to a place where a man seems to be allowed to go about the world with some of the mystery and vastness that belong to him.' I did not go about there just seeing a man on the outside, as you do in London. I saw him at once, and quite clearly, with a picture of his soul lying out all around him, with his aspirations and his awes and fears sculptured in the hills. Of course, we all have to slip out of town to believe that a man is really infinite; but now, because I want to show how finite he is, away there in his slums, I have resolved to follow him into the East-end, for without that practical experience I recognise that I cannot trust myself to give proper local colour about present-day environment in my novel."

It is a curious fact that this is by no means an isolated case. Several eminent writers have recently undergone similar experiences, as may be gathered from the following brief record.

Mrs. ELIOT SAND, the famous theological romance writer, has now made all her arrangements for going into retreat in one of the beehive houses on the Greater Skellig. The incident which induced her to take this momentous step had best be related in her own words. "Last week, as I was deer-stalking in one of my forests in Scotland, I saw my *-chef in an aeroplane* circling round and round at an altitude of about 1,000 feet. On communicating this extraordinary experience to my medical adviser, he at once advised that I should go into a rest cure for three weeks. Highcliffe Castle being unfortunately occupied, it occurred to me that I might combine tranquillity with the accumulation of local colour by a sojourn on the Skelligs, where the scene of my new novel of mediæval monastic life is to be laid. The accommodation in my beehive hut is extremely limited, but Messrs. WILLOW AND GLARING, who are already at work on the spot, hope to complete the decorations in the course of the next week. I may add that some friends have kindly invited me to a farewell dinner at the Coliseum Club next Friday, at which M. MAETERLINCK has politely promised to deliver an address on beehive houses."

A weird psychical appearance is responsible for the sudden departure from London of Mr. GANTHONY FAITHFULL, the most brilliant of our younger novelists. Mr. FAITHFULL was recently motoring in his new 80-h.p. Bonzoline-Popoff car when, just as he had reached the summit of Hindhead, he was confronted by a mammoth policeman *floating in mid-air*—the italics are Mr. FAITHFULL's own. His first impulse was to shoot the monster with a back-firing pom-pom, without which he never travels; but on second thoughts he decided to return to Harley Street and consult a leading specialist. As the result of a careful examination, Mr. FAITHFULL decided to start for Iceland the next day, where he hopes simultaneously to keep his head cool and collect data for his next book. His doctor is of opinion that if, as is possible, Mr. FAITHFULL should happen to meet a real mammoth in the Arctic regions, it would



MR. BALFOUR'S NIGHTMARE.

HE IS HELD UP ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY BY AN INDIVIDUAL WHOSE APPEARANCE SEEMS SOMEHOW FAMILIAR.

effectually dispel the recollection of the terrible vision which he beheld on Hindhead.

Mr. HORACE MEWLETT, whose wonderfully full-blooded novels have earned for him the title of the "Twentieth-Century Troubadour," has let his house in Grosvenor Square for the next three months, and withdrawn to his beautiful bungalow in the Canary Islands. Mr. MEWLETT's retirement from the metropolis has naturally created some surprise, but it is adequately explained by the statement which he has circulated, along with P.P.C. cards, amongst his numerous circle of friends. Returning home the other evening from watching a football match between the Crusaders and the Barbarians, Mr. MEWLETT was startled on entering his house to find a gigantic green Saracen with a pink battle-axe sitting on the stairs. With great presence of mind, Mr. MEWLETT telephoned for a constable from the police-station, but on his arrival the Saracen had disappeared, and could not be found anywhere. Next day Mr. MEWLETT consulted the great Byzantine alienist, Mr. HARRY FREDERICKSON, and within twenty-four hours was on his way to the Great Canary.

The "Daily Mail" on the late Duke of Portland's Bust.

"The eyes are wide, and suggest the intent look of the enthusiast; the mouth stern, uncompromising, and determined; the face of a man looking out upon a world that is his own to do with as he likes, a face so lifelike that it might speak, but it does not."

The last four words of this noble pen-picture will come as a shock to many. After all these years it is hard to learn that a "speaking likeness" is only just a trade term, and that none of them actually says anything at all.

The Great Cowman Mystery Solved.

"Cowman wanted; must be used to cows."—*Altrincham Guardian*.

In a report of a fire which "by some unfortunate circumstance" destroyed the premises of a draper, the *Ballymena Observer* says, "There was only one line of hose available." This lack of enterprise was rather lucky in the circumstances.

THE GLORIOUS GAME.

"THE weather," said Miss MIDDLETON, "is beastly. I'm never going out in it again. In fact I shall sell my boots." She drew her chair closer to the fire and shivered.

"And I was just going to ask you to come into the garden," I said.

"Oh, but why?"

"I don't know, but I fancy that there is more going on out there than you think."

"If it's a game of any kind, I'm on," said Miss MIDDLETON, getting up slowly.

"It is a game, the best of all games. You'll want your sunshade, I expect."

"If you . . . it isn't . . . what—oh, very well. Come along."

We picked up a sunshade and a Panama in the hall, and went outside.

"Not a flower left," said Miss MIDDLETON. "That's the sort of month we are."

We came to a large round bed—empty save for a small shrub of some kind, which leant up against a stick. I took this out very carefully.

"You mustn't do that," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"It's all right, it isn't growing. I could tell it wasn't, you know."

"But he was leaning up against it."

Well, he's old enough to walk by himself now. Is there anything else in this bed? You know, sometimes there's nothing on the top, but all sorts of things are happening underneath. Gardeners think a good deal of that, I believe."

"I don't think there's anything. But, after all, we can only find out definitely by trying."

"Quite so."

I took my stick and pushed it into the soil. When I brought it away, there was a small hole left, about a foot deep. I turned to Miss MIDDLETON.

"I have only just begun it, of course, but, if we went on long enough, do you know what we should find at the end?"

"N—no."

"HOBBS," I said.

She looked at me thoughtfully for a little; then very slowly a smile began to come.

"HOBBS, the dear," she said.

"But I prefer HUTCHINGS."

So do I, of course. Only HOBBS was more dramatic. I couldn't resist starting with him. But now I pushed my stick into the ground again.

"There's HUTCHINGS," I said.

Miss MIDDLETON knelt down, and gazed—right through to Australia.

"Oh, good shot!"

"The old drive. I shall never know how that's done. It isn't all wrist, and yet there's no follow through. By Jove, a sixer, wasn't it?"

"HUTCHINGS opens his shoulders," quoted Miss MIDDLETON

kerchief and mopped my brow. Miss MIDDLETON put up her sunshade. (I knew she would want it.)

"Ninety-eight," she said, "and he's lost the bowling. Oh, *who's* the man at the other end?"

I pushed my stick into the ground.

"BARNES," I said. "Oh, don't be an ass, you can't run two for that. Oh well, of course, you can if you like, only you'd much better let HUTCHINGS make his century first. Yes, I suppose we do want to make as many as possible, but one run won't make all that difference . . . Good shot—a three there."

"Yes, that ought to be three. . . Run up—run up. Go on—another easily . . . Only two—Oh, that's

absurd. We want every run we can get . . . Good—there's a one. Now then. Well, I—It's 'over'!"

I got up and took my coat off.

"I can't stand any more of this. Let's smother BARNES. Say the word, and I'll transplant a chrysanthemum on to him."

"No, it's all right," cried Miss MIDDLETON. "Look at HUTCHINGS again. He's got the bowling . . . Good shot! A century! Hooray! . . . I say, I am thirsty. Let's go and have something iced."

We weren't very long over our drinks, but a good deal seemed to have happened in the time.

"By Jove," I said as we took our seats again, "they're all out. Look, there's FIELDER bowling."

"Who are those in the slips? Where's your stick? Now then . . . Yes, I thought so. BRAUND, CRAWFORD, and JONES. Well fielded. I say, who's batting?"

I dug my stick in the bed and looked very carefully. At first I could only see the blazing sun, the hard blue sky, and (vaguely) an immense crowd around the dried-up grass of the outfield; but, as I got the focus properly, one figure in the centre of the ground stood out. He was not what I shall call a pretty bat, but useful undoubtedly. Something about him struck me as familiar.



TO SOLVE THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

THE COMBINATION PIANO-STA-VE.

dreamily from the next day's headlines. "HUTCHINGS then opened his shoulders and lifted COTTER over the ring.—*Reuter.*"

"The Kentish amateur appears to have been in his finest form," I added. "One of his strokes, when he opened his shoulders to COTTER, and lifted that bowler over the ring being reminiscent of his best form for the hop county. Comments on the game. By Wanderer."

"HUTCHINGS—shoulder—COTTER—ring." Cabled at enormous expense by our special correspondent with the team. Another four—Oh, you angel!"

"Ninety. Only ten more . . . Oh you—hooray, dropped him. Well, it wasn't really a chance you know, was it? Ninety-four . . . Oh, I say, this is awful." I took out a hand-

"Heavens," I said, "it can't be!"
 "What can't be?" said Miss MIDDLETON.

"Look here, and tell me who you think that is."

She gazed for a long time; then she turned to me with a look of awe on her face.

"But it can't be," she said.

"Go on, say it."

"But it's so absurd. He isn't in Australia."

"Who isn't?"

"Oh, let's say it together. Are you ready? Now!"

"GAUKRODGER," we said.

"But of course it can't be," we added. "Let me look again."

I put my eye to the hole . . . and then I had an inspiration.

"I've got it!" I cried. "It isn't GAUKRODGER, it's CARKEER!"

"Let me look. Of course! Hallo, he's out. Well caught, FANE. I say, you know, HOBBS isn't playing, and yet it was HOBBS you—Where is that first hole you made?"

I went over to it.

"Well?"

"I'm very sorry," I said. "No, that wasn't HOBBS."

"Who was it?"

"It wasn't HOBBS. It was something the gardener wanted there, I think."

* * * *

And yet there is still a mystery about it to me. For, at the tea interval, Miss MIDDLETON held to it that it *was* HOBBS, and that he was substituting for somebody. This, she said the gardener had told her, was not the month for having things under the ground.

But for myself I am convinced that it was not HOBBS. I think it was some little fellow, geranium or what not, who had by some mischance been overlaid. Or possibly he had come up in what he supposed would be the summer, and (sick of it all) had gone back to bed again.

But not HOBBS. A. A. M.

THE SUBTLE SENSE.

(From an MS. of the future.)

In the year 2000 A.D. there lived in London a humorist. He was a pale and serious man, for he had evolved, read, seen, or heard every variation and sub-variation (unto ten thousand times ten thousand) of each of the great original jokes of the world. (And of these last there are but seven.)

It was the aim of this man's life to dissect, compare, and gather into one book the different manifestations of the sense of humour in all



AN ECHO FROM OLYMPIA.

Stall Attendant (after answering old gent's innumerable inquiries as to properties, qualities and prices of lubricating oil). 'MIGHT I ASK, SIR, WHAT SORT OF CAR YOURS IS?'
Old Gent. 'CAR? OH, I HAVEN'T GOT A CAR. I WAS ONLY JUST WONDERING IF IT WOULD DO FOR MY LAWN-MOWER.'

the nations of earth; and half his days had been spent in wandering round this planet. But the humour of Mars was as yet unknown, and thither he flew to test the natives.

Day by day the Martians came and listened to his readings. They heard Adam's epigram on the apple; the first pun, and the penalty; Ptolemy's snub to his butler; Diogenes' apostrophe to the splinter; of the trick played on Justinian by the emancipated daughter; the story of Canute and the dry socks; of the dumb slave's gesture to the Caliph of Baghdad, and how the horse-dealer swindled Charlemagne. Also sundry boudoir stories of later Europe, and the keenest-edged japes from new America.

The Martians listened unmoved, and said his Esperanto had a slight terrestrial accent. On the ninth day the man gave in. His eyes were

strained with watching for the smile that did not come off, and he said "Good-bye" in a husky whisper.

Enormous crowds gathered to see him go, and in silence they watched the airship rise 200 ft. Then the engine blew up. The traveller, thrown high above the car, performed somersaults in the air; and at that sight there burst from every Martian throat a great shout of laughter, so that the noise of it was as the noise of thunder. In his flight the man was observed to be writing. His pocket-book, produced at the inquest, contained these words:—"Martians"—humour—same—as—English."

Mr. HARRY DE WINDT has just published *Moles and their Meaning*. Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX will please follow with *Ichneumons and their Inwardness*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

REGARDED as a work of fiction, *Lady Anne* (F. V. WHITE) has two distinctions, the combination promising wide success. Its plot is new, and its development in the best style of Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS. A principal commanding character in the drama is the portrait of a dead man. *Sir George Hale*, a Colonial Governor, died at his post whilst still in the prime of life and in full renown. His praise was on the lips of all men and many women, more fervently in the latter case. No whisper of scandal ruffled the current of his public or private life. Everyone liked him, and all were ready to pay tribute to his personal charm and his administrative capacity. His wife, who adored him through long years of married life, desired to raise a monument to his memory in the form of a biography. She pressed the commission upon his private secretary, *Hector Durant*, who enthusiastically accepted it.

Up to now this is commonplace; but Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS knows how to stir sluggish streams. By degrees the truth comes out that *Sir George Hale* was a libertine. A certain bookcase in his library was filled with letters chiefly from young girls. Of these were *Lady Anne*, loved by and loving the Secretary who had undertaken to write the biography. Another was *Felicia*, *Lady Hale's* companion and friend, affianced to the doctor in attendance on *Sir George Hale's* death-bed. *Sir George*, knowing he was about to die, sent to *Lady Anne* the key of the bookcase, with instructions to clear out her letters before other hands fell upon them. Actor-managers on the look-out for a new piece might do worse than read the chapter in which *Lady Anne*, entering the library in the dead of night, finds not only her own letters, but a bundle written by *Felicia*, who interrupts her search. Whilst the two are making preparations to burn the packets, enter the Secretary. The other onlooker at a scene of singular dramatic force is the good *Sir George*, beaming on the scared midnight company from the canvas over the mantelpiece.

I have two SARAHs on my list: *Sarah, the Valiant*, by THEODORA WILSON WILSON (ALSTON RIVERS), and *Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt* (HEINEMANN). Let me take first the *Sarah* who has been written about by THEODORA, and then pass on to the other, who has represented *Théodora* and *Fédora* and *Adrienne* and *Hamlet* and countless others. *Sarah, the Valiant*, is a fresh and breezy story, told with much simple vivacity. That it should be so pleasantly young and sprightly is creditable to the THEODORA who wrote it, for she has already been responsible for seven stories, and is evidently unexhausted. The other SARAH has written her memoirs with some candour and much animation. Many of her stories are highly entertaining. She was followed through America by a showman who exhibited a dead whale, preserved with salt and ice, as the identical animal which SARAH BERNHARDT had killed by tearing out its whalebone for her corsets. He was advertising a corset-maker, and at every stopping-place he insisted on presenting the loathing actress with a bouquet. At Montreal the poet LOUIS FRECHETTE, on her arrival, recited to her an original poem of welcome in eight stanzas of eight lines each. It was an excellent poem and most complimentary, but she had to listen to it in the open-air in a temperature twenty-two degrees below zero. She fainted, but

was picked up out of the crowd and borne to her hotel by a mysterious strong man (name not given) who was at other moments, apparently, an assassin. At any rate he was hanged four months later. The illustrations to the book are very good.

EYRE HUSSEY's latest book is called *That Little* —? and is published by LONGMANS, GREEN. You see that there is a doubt about the title of the story, and there is also, in my own mind, a doubt about the sex of the author. The punctuation, among other things, makes it almost certain that this is a Miss HUSSEY; on the other hand there is a delightfully irresponsible vein of humour in the dialogue which I have not learnt to expect in the work of a woman. On the principle that a woman would rather be mistaken for a man than a man for a woman, I shall call the author Mr. HUSSEY, though, of course, I know all the time that she . . . However— The story chiefly concerns one *Drusilla Lambert*, sportsman, tomboy, and perfect woman, who can ride like an angel, knock down a brute who tries to kiss her, drive a car, mend a clock, play the organ, skin and truss a rabbit, make her own clothes, and fall in love. Believe me, there never was such a darling as *Drusilla*. But Mr. HUSSEY should not have called his book *That Little* —? In the first place it is not polite to a dear like *Drusilla*, and in the second place it is difficult to ask for a novel with a title like that. Everybody, I am sure, will want to ask for it. I do hope they won't call it *That Little Hussy*.

My Merry Rockhurst, latest born
Of E. and AGNES CASTLE's books,
Tells of the Restoration's morn—
Go to! Oddsbodikins! Gadzooks!

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER publish it;
King CHARLES THE SECOND wanders through,
Lax, dignified, a rake, a wit—
Oddsbodikins! Gadzooks! Go to!

Thrills upon thrills in mad career
Keep moving, till the best man wins;
All in the proper atmosphere—
Gadzooks! Go to! Oddsbodikins!

It is not often that one has the chance even to rent, much less purchase outright, a whole moor for 6s. net, but the offer is now open to readers of *Towards the Dawn* (MURRAY), by Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, who gives us the pick of the Yorkshire uplands in two green covers and less than a couple of hundred leaves. Every mood of his wild country he traces with a patient affectionate care, till even the laziest arm-chair reader is forced to resign himself to the long journey up North, and taste the fresh air whether he will or no. For the plot I can't say so much. If only *Christopher Hirst* had said at the beginning (and there was really no reason why he should not), "Cheer up, *Nicholas* [or *Nick o' mine*, as *Alison* calls him], I am only buying your mortgages to make you a present of them at the end," there would have been no need for the secret marriage, that caused such a lot of worry and suspense. But without the story, of course, there could have been no book, and it would be niggardly to haggle over mere mechanical situations when one has free right to wander on "Lone Man's Heights," to hear the "Hunter's Wind" and the music of "Kirk Bells Hollow," and even to range as far as the Westmoreland fells.



LONG- FELT WANTS.

"MRS. BORE-BROWNE. OUT 2ND AND 4TH WEDNESDAYS."

THE BUMP OF LOCOMOTION.

"Motoring," said Sir ALFRED FRIPP, "has done good by quickening the intelligence of the ordinary wayfarer. Bicycling began to hammer in the truth of the idea that it is better to go about with one's eyes and ears open rather than shut, and motoring has completed the process, being responsible, too, for the creation in them all of a new sense—of traffic."

How true this truth is!—Those of us Who aren't yet dead are now becoming

Quite wide-awake, and cease to cuss
The scorching car and skidding bus
Through London humming.

We're getting on—we've learnt the
knack

Of squinting and of rearward
vision;

Our panoramic eyes attack
The feat of crossing every track
With some precision.

We're schooled to breathe the dusty
trail,

When by a road-hog overtaken,
And sniff the petrol-laden gale,

While "honk" and hoot our ears
assail,

With nerve unshaken.

But when with supertraffic, dense
'And diving down, the sky is
thickened,

Our motorists' intelligence
Itself will need an extra sense—
Or meet a quick end!

HOW TO LIVE TO 200.

The Daily Mail, which knows all, has been telling its readers how to live to 100—partly with the assistance of M. METCHNIKOFF's new book, and partly with that of aged philosophers now living who are well on the way to the desired century. But what is 100? Let us live to be 200 at least, and then we shall see many things. We may, for example, then know who is to be the new Bishop of CHICHESTER, and what will become of the waste place in the Strand, and what will be the fate of Mr. THAW.

To this end Mr. Punch sent out

reply-paid telegrams, some of the answers to which are printed below:—

General BOOTH (79). Take my rules for living to 100 in *Daily Mail* and double them. That is to say, have two good consciences; spend only half your income; eat twice as little as possible; and drink double doses of water.

Mr. C. B. FRY (35). Run no risks with the bowling.

Sir FREDERICK TREVES (54). Never be ill.

Mr. G. B. SHAW (51). Take care of your body. Avoid all meat; go to the Savoy only to laugh; never even speak to a doctor.

Mr. E. J. ODELL (176). Never worry about your health; take things as they come.

PRINCE OLAF (5). Come carefully of Royal parentage and be well looked after.

Mr. Punch would add a recommendation of his own to all who wish to live to 200 or longer. It is briefly this—Never say die.

PLAYS CENSORED AND UNCENSORED.

IN *Cæsar and Cleopatra* Mr. BERNARD SHAW has set out to kill a brace and a half of birds with one stone, and all three of them have got away with just the loss of a tail feather or so. He might have been content to adopt a purely serious vein, and given us a fresh historical study of CÆSAR in his relations with CLEOPATRA. But, having part of his eye on the second bird, he has chosen to make CLEOPATRA a chit of sixteen, instead of the grown woman that she actually was at the date of CÆSAR'S appearance in Egypt, and has completely expunged the intimate association of which CÆSARION was the visible result. At the end she is left with the promise of ANTONY'S arrival (historically he is not due for another seven years), and no hint is given of the flagrant interlude in CÆSAR'S company at Rome. While taking infinite pains over details, and threatening the critics with a stupefying list of authorities, he has affected, in regard to the main issue, an ignorance which any schoolboy could correct.

Again, he might have given himself up to a frank sacrilege, and turned the hallowed page of history into a farcical palimpsest of anachronisms and modern instances. He has attempted this half-heartedly with a few belated references to the New Woman and barley-water and British propriety. But even this cheap kind of fun had its chance spoilt by Mr. SHAW'S passion for being instructive, and it is a rather pitiful reflection upon the standard of his humour in this play that the chief merriment of the evening was derived from the difficulty experienced by the World's Conqueror in catching the right pronunciation of *Flatacteta*—a dullish jest of which our leading dramatist and his elect audience seemed never to weary.

There was a third bird somewhere about within range—the fowl of melodrama; and its tail-feathers were the deaths of *Pothinus* and *Flatacteta*. The indignation which the second of these murders provoked in the breast of *Cleopatra*, who thought no more of killing than a cat, seemed to me to strike a false note in what

was a rather tame *finale*. However, on a point of dramatic design, I am content to note the opinion of one critic who recommended Mr. SHAW to take a leaf from the book of Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS. A cruel thrust this, though apparently dealt in perfect good faith.

As for the interpretation, Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S charm of manner was a constant delight. Was I wrong in seeming to detect a slight access of rotundity in his voice? I trust that his return to our genial climate will soon modify this. Meanwhile it perhaps tended a little to mitigate the humour of things by

costumes, though the production of the comic opera *Amasis* is still fresh in the memory. I do not mention SHAKESPEARE'S *Antony and Cleopatra*, which Mr. SHAW would scarcely regard as a serious rival.

I noticed that Mr. ASQUITH, protected by the martial presence of the MINISTER OF WAR, was occupying a box adjoining the stage, a position which enabled him to make a close study of Female Government in the person of *Cleopatra*.

On the following afternoon I sat interminably, and to my extreme physical discomfort, on a tough pit seat (humorously described as a "stall") which fell to me by the ballot's evil chance for the Stage Society's performance of *Waste*. Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER'S brilliant play is crowded with many large and illuminating truths; but it contains also many obvious insincerities by which he contrives to darken counsel on the subject of paternity. I am probably wrong, but it seems to me incredible that such a mass of tedious and obscure political dialogue (probably interesting enough and clear enough if it was written down for you to read, instead of hurling itself like a torrent across the footlights) was necessary for the exposition of the prime motive—the ruin of a man's public career through the illicit passion of a moment. I find it a weakness in the argument (which goes to show the disproportionate cruelty of the punishment) that sufficient weight is not attached to the fixed moral attitude of mind of which this momentary act, committed in circumstances

that were sure at one time or another to furnish opportunity, was just the inevitable expression. And it helps very little to defend the act as one of instinct. Once you begin talking of nature's responsibility you will soon find that murder, theft, and most other offences against the Social Code may be conveniently arranged in the same category of savage propensities.

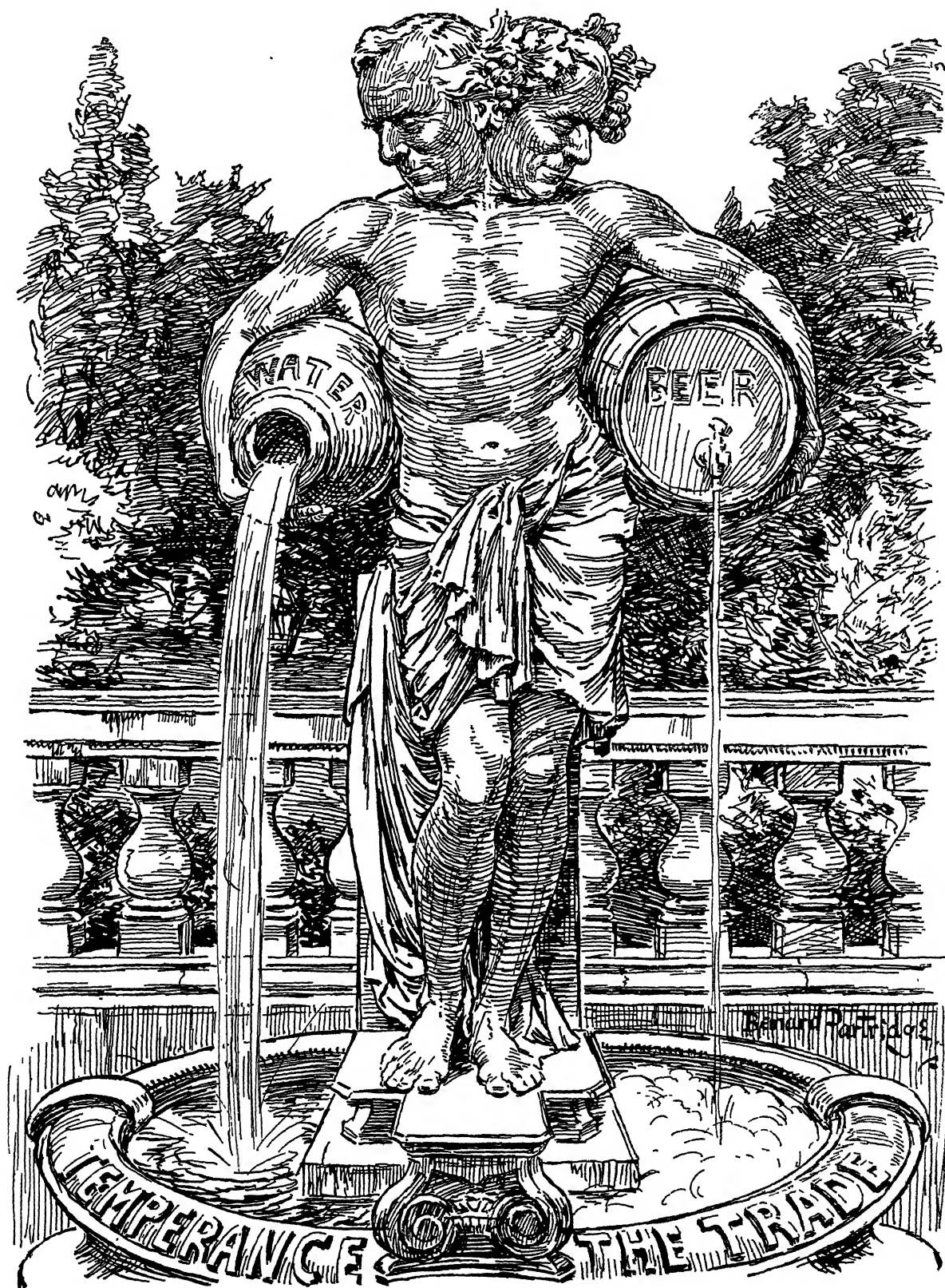
It is, by the way, a curious comment on the Advanced Drama that the two plays, *Waste* and *The Breaking Point*, whose rejection by the Censor has so fluttered the doves of Dramatic Intelligence, should have turned upon a revival of what one may describe as the theme of



THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

<i>Cæsar</i>	Mr. Forbes Robertson.
<i>Cleopatra</i>	Miss Gertrude Elliott.
<i>Ptolemy XIV.</i>	Master Philip Tonge.

a certain portentousness which it lent to the utterances of this pleasant old fox of a *Cæsar*. Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT was delightfully fresh and precocious. But I think that the performance of Master PHILIP TONGE, as the boy-king *Ptolemy*, gave me my moments, all too brief, of purest joy. I heartily wish, too, that Mr. IAN ROBERTSON might have had more to say and do in the delightful rôle of *Brittanus* (so spelt in my programme). As *Cæsar*'s trusty henchman, *Rufio*, Mr. PERCY RHODES had a great chance, but the motions of his arms and legs recalled too closely the coster-types of the Halls. Custom does not seem to have staled the attraction of Egyptian scenery and



THE JANUS FOUNTAIN.

[In connection with the promised Licensing legislation of next Session, Mr. ASQUITH has received rival deputations and replied to both sides in the language of conciliation.]



Attendant. "DO YOU CARE TO PURCHASE THAT PICTURE, SIR?"

Visitor. "NO THANKS. I'VE GOT A DOZEN UNDER MY BED ALREADY."

Attendant. "ONE MORE THERE WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE, SIR."

Visitor. "ALL RIGHT, THEN, I'LL HAVE IT!"

Unpremeditated Maternity, a feature which in literature has become rather *démodé* since the days of Adam Bede.

The performance, in almost every detail, was very fine, though in the leading part, taken at short notice by the author, whose feats of memory compel my astonished admiration, one missed the manner of the actor to whom the part had been originally assigned—Mr. McKINNEL. He would have added a desirable touch of that physical brutality of which he is the admitted master.

The same evening to see *The Follies*. Very refreshing and corrective after *The Solemnities*. O. S.

Another Ducal Mystery.

"This afternoon Major William F. Collins, Royal Scots Greys, was married to Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker, youngest daughter of the seventh Duke of Roxburghe and brother of the present peer."

Pall Mall Gazette.

The Waits that will not Wait.

BEFORE November goes they come—
A melancholy throng—
And drone a carol out, or strum
The Herald Angels' song;
Their "Merry Christmas" mere
pretence,

They haunt my garden-gate,
Assiduous in demands for pence—
The Waits who will not wait.

And when the Muse's smile benign
Illumines my abode,
And some immortal Limerick line
Is fairly on the road—
"While Shepherds watched" the
fiends rehearse,
Till weapons from the grate
I snatch, but, vainly following, curse
The Waits who will not wait.

A tobacconist in Hull advertises
"Limerick Twist." Tennis Elbow
and Diabolo Neck we had heard
of before. It is our boast as a sport-
ing nation that all our games have
their risks.

"The days when Catherine Moreland watched in feverish anxiety for Mr. Tilney and his sister from the windows of Mrs. Allen's comfortable lodgings in Pulteney Street was in a Bath that had long ceased to know Beau Nash's sway, as was Fanny Burney, who visited the city in 1780 in Mrs. Thrale's party."—*Daily Graphic.*

It is a little difficult to gather *who* was in the bath, but if it is an advertisement we quite see the point of the story.

The patriotic *Daily Telegraph* must be more careful. It insinuates things in its columns which it would be the first to condemn in a Liberal paper. In its description of a statuary group the other day, it actually said:

"There is also to be a lion at the back, which is emblematic of Greater Britain."

This is hardly fair.

Commercial Candour.

Seen in a City restaurant:
TEAK AND KIDNEY PIE.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A PAPER WEDDING.

Broadlands.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Thanks ever so muchly for your loving but rather preachy letter of the other day on the occasion of what *you* are pleased to call the First Anniversary of my Marriage, and what *I* call my Paper Wedding. My dear child, what moss-grown sentiments! You evidently throw back to some ancestress who believed in all sorts of things. Your own notion of happiness, I take it, is Love in a Cottage. Poor dear! How fearfully you've got left! Indifference in a Desirable Family Mansion is the order of the day. Still, don't run away with the notion that I'm speaking against the holy estate. Far from it. I consider marriage quite a good idea, if there's plenty of money and you don't see much of each other. And after a year of it, I feel qualified to speak with some authority on the subject to you, who, if I may say so, are still tilting at the ring.

My Paper Wedding festivities have been the talk of the county. I dare say you've seen some of the accounts and pictures in *The Sideglancer*, *The Peeress*, and *West-End Whispers*. The presents simply rolled in—all paper, of course, and the nicest kind too. And to give the finishing-touch of success to things, on the very morning of the day fixed for the Paper Wedding Dance my goodman had to fly off to Dollarland—something to do with tight or loose money, or panicky markets or something, the result of the recent alarms; so there was no one to put the brake on, and we made things hum and a bit over! We were all dressed in paper—all we womenfolk. My frock was simply a dream—all of tissue-paper, dancing length, the skirt a mass of the daintiest, teeniest, kilted flounces. Everyone was raving about it. BABS looked all right in wall-paper, made Watteau; it had something the effect of old brocade. WEE-WEE, in pink gelatine-paper with gold-paper fringe, was exactly like a big bon-bon. We had to let the men down easy. You know what they are. They almost all jibbed at dressing themselves in paper. Only a few were good. Among them, BOSH, in whitey-brown wrapping paper, was a big success; and NORTY, in cream-laid note, made Incroyable, with the sweetest paper-lace jabot and wrist-ruffles, and a touch of powder in his hair, was quite one of the show-

figures. Aunt GOLDIE refused to come, on the plea that it was "too frivolous a way of marking a serious occasion"—which is the longest name for rheumatism I've yet heard!

The *pièce de résistance* of the night was my new dance. It's the thing now, you know, for a hostess to invent a dance, copyright it as far as she can, and have it danced only at her own parties. So, of course, your BLANCHE is on the premises with a new one. LEO MARSTON, the musical-comedy man, wrote the music for it, and it's simply a screamer, my dear, a blend of valse, rag-two-step, and jiu-jitsu. It's called the "Valse Blanche," and we danced it till we were half dead, and our paper frocks were things that had been.

I managed to catch a wretched cold somehow; but I turned even that to account, for I sent out cards for a Sneezing party—everyone within mote of us who had a cold, and gave prizes: a weeny gold thermometer-charm for the one who sneezed oftenest (a local person got it; I believe he'd taken snuff or something), and a still weenier one for the runner-up.

Among the crowd I got together for my Paper Wedding Revels was my last new protégé, a wonderfully gifted young Inventor. It's a simply splendid way of booming yourself, you know, to finance a genius, or an expedition, or anything of that kind. PAMELA MIDDLESHIRE financed an expedition to go to some island somewhere and find some buried treasure, and though, when they got there, they found that not only was there no treasure but not even an island, it got her name up and made everyone talk about her.

The young genius that I'm going to finance, or get JOSIAH to do it, has made the most deliciously thrilling invention—something in the EDISON way, but ever so much better. He calls it an Ideograph, and when you happen upon a good idea, you've only got to press the ideograph, a little thing like a mariner's compass, against your forehead, or wherever the ideas are, and it registers them. It will be an immense boon to writing people, and to public speakers, and Members of Parliament, and, in fact, to everyone who lives by his wits. It will be a blessing, too, to *nous autres*. I often think of things to say at dinner or supper, and when the time comes to say them they're gone. In that case you'd only have to press your ideograph, a pretty,

gold one done with jewels, to your brow, and your ideas and smart speeches would all come back to you. MALCOLM says heaps and heaps of valuable thoughts are lost to the world through people not being able, or being too lazy, to write them down when they occur, and then forgetting them. He looks so earnest and quite handsome as he talks of his invention. His eyes are most uncommon. As I said to NORTY the other day, I don't know even now whether they're grey or hazel; and NORTY's answer was that they'd both be black if I talked much more about them!

How *poky* of you to be going in for Esperanto! There's not a single thrill to be got out of it. Though no Esperantist myself, in my quick way I've seized all the points of it. You say just exactly what you like, but you generally finish by becoming a vegetarian or a fruitarian, and getting rid of your waist and your heels.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

THE "SMART" SET.

A BURGLARIOUS BURLETTA.

(Prohibited by the Censor.)

[In *The Thief* at the St. James's Theatre—as in *Raffles* and *The Sins of Society*—dishonesty is largely the attraction.]

SCENE—1,000 Park Lane, the drawing-room. All cabinets, specimen tables, *escritoirs*, etc., are double-locked and chained to the walls. The family portraits are painted on cast-iron and protected by bars. Burglar alarms are affixed to each window, and spring-guns to the doors.

Lady Araminta Glide (discovered reading the "Illustrated Criminal News"; carelessly.) What a stupid number! Father VAUGHAN on "House-lifting in Society," another discussion on "Does Mayfair Sharp?" Racing Notes by "Warned Off"—the old thing, dull as ditch-water! (Yawns.) Now, how am I to pay off that gambling debt? I wish bridge was—By-the-by, why not have a try at mama's writing-desk? She often leaves her money there, I know. (Jumps up, draws a bunch of skeleton keys from her pocket, and attacks the writing-desk.)

Enter Lord FREDERICK ST. LEGER-DEMAIN. He carries a jewelled knuckle-duster and gold-mounted revolver; he has no watch or rings visible to the naked eye. He glances shiftily round.

Lord F. I have found your secret

at last, ARAMINTA! Ah, you are a th—

Lady Araminta. Hush! I was only locking mama's escritoire for her. Do you mean that you suspect me, FRED? Then our engagement is broken off from this mo—

Lord F. Nonsense! I was joking. Here, let me steal *(she starts guiltily)* a kiss. *(Takes a jemy out of his breast pocket, lays it down, and embraces her in the catch-as-catch-can style.)* But what about money? I can't get the funds to square that last embezzlement, and you—

Lady A. Lost seven thousand at bridge yesterday afternoon; they all sharpened. And can't pay up! By-the-by, how did you get in? You know papa has forbidden you the house after that last swind—

Lord F. (starts guiltily). Keep quiet, will you? I took a copy of your front-door key in wax the other night. But what I called about, ARAMINTA, was this. A burglar—a friend of mine, I mean—told me he saw Lady PACKMACHER cheat at the Cardsharps' Club yesterday. Well, suppose you dropped her a line about it—don't you see?—and touch her for, say, five thou. to keep your mouth shut.

Lady A. What! Blackmail? I— You forget, Sir, I am a GLIDE! Leave this house inst— *(In a lower tone)* By the way, do you think it would be safe?

Lord F. Safe! Why, *she* can't go into court after that affair of the Baronet. It's as safe as Consols—well, a good deal safer than that at the present price! *(Produces paper.)* I've got the letter all ready for you. *(In a business-like tone)* Sign here, please.

Lady A. You have robbed me *(he starts guiltily)* of my self-respect. *(She signs it.)* It does seem so deceitful—well, spiteful, at least! But, FRED, dearest, I too have a rather happy idea. You know your handwriting is just like poor dear papa's. Well, don't you see, dear, if you wrote his name for him at the bottom of this cheque—it would only be saving him the trouble—then if I presented it they would never suspect anything, and—

Lord F. (stung to the quick) Ha! Forgery! And this the girl whom I had thought so—

Lady A. Here, don't be a prig, FRED. It's only a loan.

Lord F. Never! Forge the name of my dear old friend GLIDE and—

Lady A. You must. If I do not have ten thousand by to-morrow



SYNOPSIS

"WILL YOU EXCUSE ME, MOTHER, IF I DON'T GO IN WITH YOU? YOU SEE FATHER SAID I WAS TO LIVE WITHIN MY MEANS, AND I DON'T FEEL AS IF I COULD AFFORD THE COLLECTION!"

morning to meet a few defalcations, our family's spotless name will be dragged through the dust of the police court.

Lord F. No—a hundred times no! I—

Lady A. It's for the family honour. Besides, if you refuse, I have only to let Captain MARTINGALE of the Jockey Club know of your—

Lord F. (speaking loud and fast). I hear you, I hear you. *(Unpads his pocket, which is closed with a steel flap, and takes out a fountain pen.)* Where do I write it? *(Writes.)* There! That's something like it, isn't it?

Lady A. Yes. But why do you keep your gloves on, dear?

Lord F. Well, my finger-prints,

you know. But this forgery does seem a bit low down.

Lady A. Fiddlesticks! All the best people in *The Newgate Calendar* do it.

Lord F. And now to put the money on Crooked Girl in the Welsher Stakes! *(Embraces her, stealing her watch.)*

Lady A. (returns his embrace, taking purse from his pocket). Oh, joy, joy! The GLIDE honour is unsullied! *(Exit Lord F. craftily.)* What, my own purse! *(Opens it.)* Empty! He knew I should try to steal it back, so he took the money out. Oh, to think that I should find my own FREDERICK dishonourable! *(Rings the bell.)* PARKER, count the family jewels. *(Curtain.)*

HOW TO MAKE POETRY PAY.

(By One Who has Done It.)

PEOPLE tell you that to be a success as a Poet you've got to start young. Don't you believe it! Take my own case. Up to eighteen months ago, when I was a clerk in the City, I'd never written a line of Poetry—never so much as opened a Poetry-book since I left school. And yet I've done pretty well at it. The fact is, the difficulties have been a good deal exaggerated by the professional Poets, who naturally like to keep the business among themselves. What first made me go in for it was a chap in our office getting a guinea consolation-prize for a Limerick he'd sent in to a competition in one of the penny weeklies. Now I knew he was a most awful ass, so I thought if I went in for the next competition it ought to be a soft thing for me.

At that time I hardly knew what a Limerick was (except, of course, that it was Poetry), so my first attempts, being done anyhow, if you see what I mean, weren't quite up to the mark.

But as soon as I understood there were rules I set to work to master them. I don't pretend that it was easy—but depend upon it, no one ever came to the front yet without hard study. And a Limerick is a tricky thing to put together. When you've measured your lines and counted your syllables, you've still got to be careful about fitting the rhymes into the right places. And a lot depends, too, on the way they're read aloud. I've written some that were quite correct, and yet when read out you wouldn't know were Poetry at all! Nowadays, there are books published telling you how it's done; but I had to puzzle everything out for myself.

What I found hardest was making up some sort of story which would more or less hang together. Without that, no Limerick has a chance of a prize, however good it may be in other respects—and imagination never was much in my line. So, try as I might, none of mine got more than an "honourable mention" now and again; and, strange as it seems now, there were times when I was very near chucking up the whole thing in disgust!

Luckily for me, some of the literary weeklies just then discovered that they were making the competitions too great a strain on their public. So they took to supplying the Limerick all ready made, except the last line. That you had to fill in. After that I left whole Limericks alone, as I advise you to do. Don't attempt too much. Specialise, as I did. Mind you, I don't promise that the result will be the same. You may not have the gift for it. Not that even I had not to wait for my success. Many a sleepless night, many a sixpence

for entrance fees, did I spend—without any cash return to show for it at the end of the week! At last, one fine day, I found I had won a fortnight in Paris, with all my expenses at a first-class hotel and a ten-pound note for sightseeing! And that for a last line which I had certainly not thought the best of the half-dozen I sent in:—

"And with *real* pain, not *sham* pain (*champagne*), he whines (*wines*)."

Anyhow, I thought myself well paid for it in those days, though the value of my work has gone up considerably since.

When I told them at the Office that I was obliged to run over to Paris for two weeks the Senior Partner was so impertinent that I had no alternative but to tender my resignation. I didn't care. I felt assured now of being able to live by my pen in a loftier sense. And I enjoyed myself in Paris. The head-

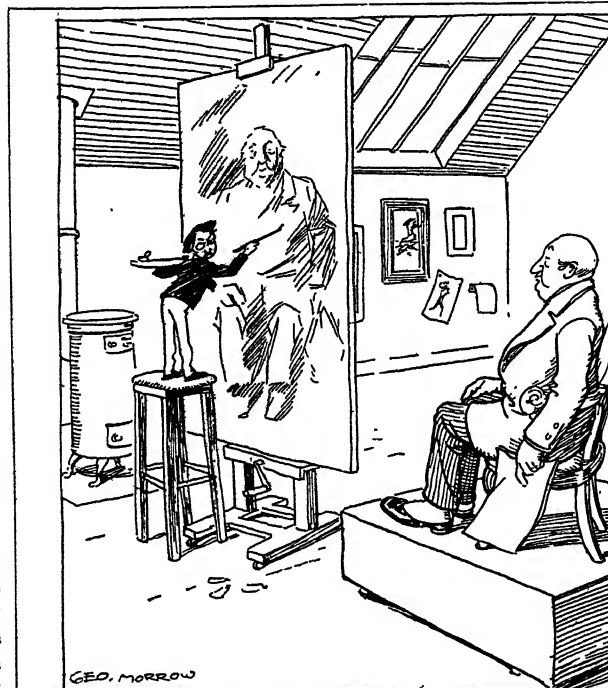
waiter and porter at the hotel, to whom I read my line, were most encouraging about it. They said, after I had explained the puns to them, that it was "enormously spiritual."

Continental life must have stimulated my intellect, for I hadn't been back ten days before another last line flashed across me. It was in the Tube, I remember, and I jotted it down on my cuff at once for fear of losing it—for I knew it was a winner. Sure enough, when the list of the ten best came out, mine, viz.:

"Such high-gienic *high* jinks brought him *low*!"

was placed ninth! We ten divided the entrance-fees, and my share worked out at £130 15s. 4d. Not bad pay that for a few seconds' inspiration! I doubt if TENNYSON himself ever got a higher rate per line, even after he was made a peer. (Come to think of it, it's curious you never hear of any of the old-established poets winning prizes at these competitions!) Well, my foot was on the ladder now, and from that moment I've never once looked back. I went into the thing systematically, setting aside, as I recommend my readers to do, a certain proportion of each week's earnings for stamps, postal orders, and purchase of every periodical that was running a Limerick competition. The more lines you send in the better chance you have of getting home on one of them—and, after all, what are a few dozen stamps and sixpenny postal orders if you can only land a prize of a couple of hundred pounds or so?

I turned out hundreds of last lines, all different, at high pressure, and one at least of them generally pulled off a prize. I shouldn't like to tell you what my weekly earnings averaged during the year, for fear of bringing down the Income Tax people on me—it's scandalous enough that the labour of one's brain should be taxed at all!—and of course I may have been excep-



A MINIATURE PAINTER.



Farmer Giles (who knows the chair trick—to Waiter, who is placing chair for him). "NOW THEN, MA MAN, JUST LEAVE YON CHAIR ALONE, ELSE MEBBE YOU'LL BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BACK!"

tionally lucky, though I am bound to say that the judging was most competent. Lately, as I daresay you've seen, some literary periodicals don't employ judges—the readers themselves decide which last line is the cleverest. Nothing can be fairer. All the lines are printed in a special supplement with numbers against them, and there is a voting-paper supplied with every copy for you to fill in the number of the line you think the cleverest, and send it in. You can send in as many votes as you like to buy copies of the paper. I've just gone in for a competition on this system. The line I consider the cleverest is the following:

"But her soul is con-soled now she's heeled (healed)."

It will win, too—unless any of the other competitors have sent in more votes than I have; and, as I went to some trouble and expense in the matter, I don't think that likely. Not that it matters to me if I lose now. For I have just landed a really big coup. As you may have heard, an eminent firm of tobacco-importers offered a prize the other day for the best last line of a Limerick about their celebrated "Nippah" brand of cigarettes. If you ask me, the Limerick might have been improved by a bit more polishing—but there was nothing the matter with the prize. A country-house furnished throughout to own taste by a leading firm, a 50 h.p. limousine, a motor lawn-mower and a thousand a year for life! All you had to do on entering for the competition was to forward an order for as many thousand "Nippahs" as you required to enable you to recom-

mend them conscientiously. I hadn't finished my first hundred before my brain started working, and in six hours I produced what in my humble opinion is perhaps the best thing I've ever done—

"Smoked in street or in slippahs they're rippahs!"

The double rhyme did it! And now, in less than eighteen months, I have achieved comfort and independence for life!

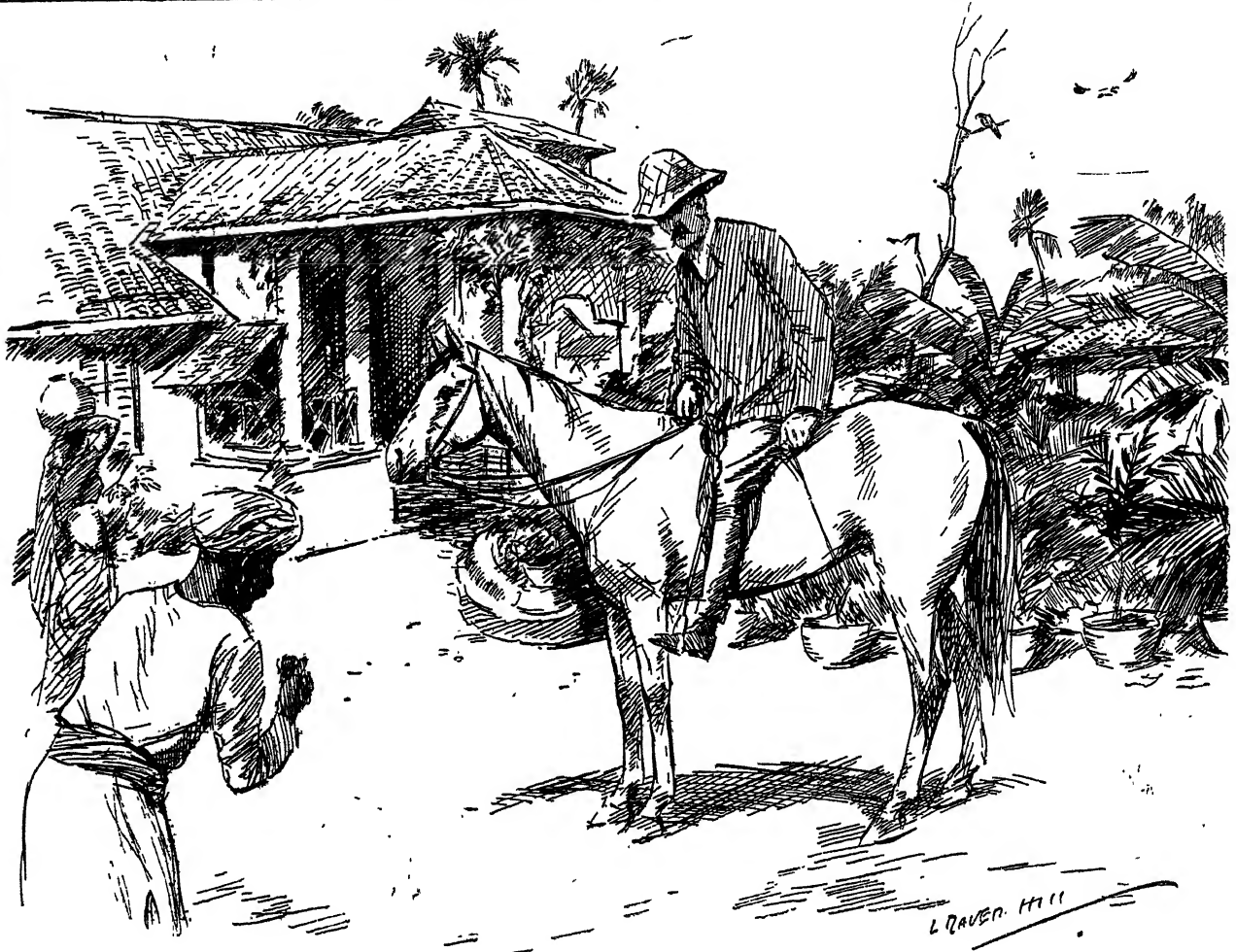
Perhaps you wonder why I give you information which can only tend to increase the number of my rivals in any future intellectual contests. I don't know that I should, if I were going in for any more of them—but I'm not. The constant mental strain has been too severe for my health; my doctor has warned me that, unless I give up all work at once, I must expect a serious nervous breakdown. There is no success without its penalty. But if I am obliged to retire from Literature somewhat earlier than I anticipated, I do not complain. I have done better than a good many who have taken up Poetry as a pursuit, and the best I can wish my Readers is that they may all be equally successful.

I see no reason why anyone should despair who possesses the necessary education and a sufficient supply of sixpences.

F. A.

"Can clergyman recommend two good ladies or otherwise for entire work of quiet country rectory? Man outside work. No washing. No Sunday cooking. Three in family. £25 and £20."—Church Times.

"Otherwise," we are afraid.



Sahib (to Native Bill Collector). "WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

N. B. C. "FOUR RUPEES WHEEL-TAX ONE DOG-CART, SAHIB; TWO RUPEES TAX EACH TWO PONIES, AND ONE RUPEE ONE BICYCLE. TOTAL NINE RUPEES, SAHIB."

Sahib. "HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT? YOU'VE BEEN ASKING MY SERVANTS. AND THE NEXT TIME I CATCH YOU HERE I'LL SET MY DOG ON TO YOU. DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?"

N. B. C. "YES, SAHIB. ONE RUPEE MORE DOG TAX. TOTAL TEN RUPEES, SAHIB!"

MAY AND DECEMBER.

WHEN over the hill the cowslips came,
And the daffodils dotted the grass with flame,
And the duplicate notes rang cool and clear,
As the cuckoo called to the waking year;

And when, as the dusk climbed down the sky,
And the little stars blinked a bright good-bye
To the rim of the sun who had made them pale,
Out bubbled the song of the nightingale;

The cherry-tree out in the garden there,
She felt the reproach of her branches bare,
And, all in a moment shining bright,
Was robed and veiled in her bridal white.

The swallow skimmed by the river's edge,
And the blackbird hustled from hedge to hedge;
And, oh, but the thrush was blithe and gay,
For this was the beautiful month of May.

But little it boots to remember this,
The dear green day of delight and bliss,
For now in a drip of dismal rain
The year draws on to its end again.

The grey fog covers the cowslip hill,
And there's never a word of the daffodil.
Oh Time, you may fling me your months away
As fast as you like, if you'll rest in May.

R. C. L.

Motto for the Parishioners of Leyton.

[It is rumoured that there is a general desire for the Rev. F. GILLINGHAM, the county cricketer, to be appointed Vicar.]

Our foes are not so much the world, the flesh and Satan,
As other county teams that come to play at Leyton.

The following sporting offer must be recorded, if only for the sake of the Anti-Puritan League:—

"Will make pair trousers for five Norwich hens; patterns sent, or offers."—*Caged Birds.*

Mr. J. Burns, delivering an address on education, "hoped that the half time system would soon be abolished, and warned his audience against professional football."—*The Standard.*

But would professional football be much less demoralising if half-time were abolished?



LETTING ILL ALONE.

JOHN BULL (*Magistrate*). "WHY DON'T YOU ARREST THAT FELLOW FOR INCITING TO CRIME?"

CONSTABLE BIRRELL. "AFRAID OF MAKING A MARTYR OF HIM, SIR. ITCHING TO ARREST HIM, BUT IT'S MY BUSINESS TO PUT SOME RESTRAINT ON MYSELF."

J. B. "IT'S YOUR BUSINESS TO PUT SOME RESTRAINT ON HIM. WE'LL CHANCE THE MARTYRDOM."

[Speaking at Belfast Mr. BIRRELL protested that his fingers were itching to prosecute Mr. GINNELL, the agitator, but that it was his (the speaker's) business to put some restraint upon himself, lest Mr. GINNELL's power and influence should be increased by a few weeks' residence in prison.]



Loafer (saluting perfect stranger). "I REMEMBER YOU, MAJOR, WHEN WE WAS IN THE REGIMENT."

Stranger. "WHAT—IN THE NINETY-NINTH?" *Loafer. "YUS, MAJOR."*

Stranger. "'A' COMPANY?" *Loafer. "YUS, MAJOR."*

Stranger. "ALWAYS GETTING DRUNK?"

Loafer. "I WON'T GO SO FAR AS TO DENY AS I TOOK A DROP EXTRY NOW AND THEN, MAJOR."

Stranger. "DISCHARGED WITH IGNOMINY FOR COWARDICE?"

Loafer. "'ARDLY THAT, MAJOR, FOR I ALLUS DID MY DUTY."

Stranger. "THEN YOU'RE NOT THE MAN!"

THE SOLDIER'S TUB.

[According to the Press a weekly bath is to be compulsory for the 1st South Staffordshire Regiment, and much consternation prevails among the men—only cold water being obtainable.]

ENGLAND, I ask you, did your TOMMY quail
When foreign cannon belched their shocking fire?
When bullets pinged around like driving hail,
In the pursuit of duty did he tire?
Alert for the alarum note of slaughter
His legs, in spiral putties, bore him thither;
And briefly, when his country's in hot water
He's always with her.

But, when you hale him to an icy bath,
And bid him splash, and scrub from top to toe,
It may be that you point him to a path
Down which you're not, yourself, prepared to go.
Perhaps his sub. or colonel in command
(Feeling no keen desire themselves to kill off),

When bathing, turn the "hot" with stealthy hand,
To take the chill off.

Ordeal by water—when the water's cold
And darkly still in tanks of coffin shape—
Dismays him, though ordeal by fire of old
He never tried one moment to escape.
Often, as brave men will, he feels inclined
To wash his inner man with rum or whiskey,
But baths, cold baths, to his fastidious mind
Are much too risky.

Local Colour.

"Of course, something like this happened in the history of Rome when a great soldier, who was exercising his talents rearing cabbage, sprouts, and macaroni, was called upon to save the Empire."

Edinburgh Evening News.

By a curious coincidence, this is just the season for bedding out macaroni.

THE GREAT CLAPHAM MYSTERY.

["I don't know where Clapham is."—Mr. Atherley Jones, K.C., during the hearing of the *Drue case (alleged).*]

NOTE.—Everything that follows is "alleged." Some of it is *sub judice*. The rest is *ultra vires*. Mr. Punch hopes that he is now quite safe.

"I don't like it," said ATHERLEY. "There has been too much mystery already. Surely you have some idea where Clapham is."

"Not the slightest," said JONES. "Have you?"

"Let me think. Clapham—Clapham—I seem to have heard the name. I put it to you that it might be in California?"

"I venture to submit," began JONES—

"Have you an atlas? We might find it there," said ATHERLEY.

"I have a globe," said JONES. "One of those things you turn round."

He walked across the room, and began turning the globe. ATHERLEY followed with Mr. PLOWDEN's *pince-nez*.

"It's no good," said JONES at last. "It isn't there."

"I put it to you," said ATHERLEY, "that we must have been very near it once or twice."

JONES accepted the statement, and proceeded to pace the room in deep thought.

"I have it!" he cried at last. "A telegraph form . . . Now then, listen to this. '*The Mayor, Clapham. Where are you? Reply paid.*'"

"Excellent," said ATHERLEY. "Now we have nothing to do but wait patiently."

JONES rang the bell, and gave the form to his confidential clerk.

"By the way," he said to ATHERLEY, "it is just possible that some other information may shortly be forthcoming. I consulted a private detective upon the subject, and my instructions are that he has a clue."

An hour passed slowly. Then the clerk entered with a letter and a telegram. ATHERLEY seized the latter eagerly.

"Ha!" he cried.

JONES peered excitedly over his shoulder. With trembling fingers the yellow paper was ripped open, and the answer upon which so much depended straightened out. It was short but to the point.

"Here."

JONES took his glasses off his nose and scratched his chin reflectively.

"It appears to bear the stamp of truth upon it," he said.

"I take it," said ATHERLEY, "that it would be useless to cross-examine

upon the point. I will only ask one question. What is the office post-mark?"

"Clapham."

"Ah! Then he is there."

There was a minute's anxious thought.

"Ha!" said JONES suddenly.

"The confidential report." He put out his hand and took the letter.

"Now we shall find something . . . Here we are. 'Clues to Clapham' he calls it. 'Clapham. Clapham is

bounded upon the north by London, upon the south by London, upon the east by Lon—' I put it to you

that it is not in California, as you suggested?"

"I object," said ATHERLEY. "This is not evidence."

"The point is immaterial. Let us pass on. 'Exports and Imports.' This should help us. 'Exports. 8

a.m., City Clerks. 10 a.m., Stock-brokers. Imports. 5 p.m., Stock-

brokers. 7 p.m., City Clerks.' What do you say to that?"

"I do not quite catch the drift of it all, but doubtless that will make

itself clear later on."

"Places of interest: The Junction. Historic Resorts: The Junction. Sacred Edi—"

"I should like to see this 'Junction' he speaks of," said ATHERLEY.

"It must be a wonderful place," said JONES. "Something like the

Coliseum at Rome, I take it."

"Clubs: The Junction. Romantic spots in the neighbourhood: Clapham Common. We must certainly

visit this. Where was I? Ah, yes. 'Museums: The Junction—'"

"Yes, yes," said ATHERLEY. "But with all due respect, what is this

leading us to?"

"True," agreed JONES. "Ah, here we have it. 'Clapham, How

to get to.'"

"Excellent. I must make a note of this."

"It is quite short. 'Clapham may be entered from the east; it may be

swooped upon from the south; stalked carefully from the north; or bumped

against from the west. But the best way of all is to take a ticket for a

South Coast town, and see what happens.'"

"Jones," said ATHERLEY solemnly,

"we are on the verge of a great discovery. A week-end at the sea would

brace us up."

JONES woke up suddenly and looked at his watch.

"I put it to you that we are there," he said. "Where is my

ticket?"

"I cannot accept it," said ATHERLEY. "I can detect no signs of the sea. But I will cross-examine the Guard."

"Guard," said ATHERLEY, "I have a question to put to you, but do not answer it for the moment. It is this. If I am correct in taking it that we have been three hours on the journey, and if, as I am instructed, this is the Brighton and South Coast line, then—supposing that the learned Station Master allows the question—where are we now?"

"Balham, sir," said the Guard.

A. A. M.

FIREWORKS.

MORE FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT FIRE.

(With acknowledgments, as ever, to "The Daily Mail.")

DAMAGE rhymes with GAMAGE.

Two thousand Golliwogs were interested spectators of the attempts to put out the fire, while themselves remaining quite calm and unmoved. "Their behaviour is beyond all praise," remarked Mr. GAMAGE, with enthusiasm.

In order to instil confidence in the Toy Bazaar Mr. GAMAGE gave an exhibition of Diabolo for five minutes while matters were at their worst, using one of his own sets.

It is estimated that 29 red, 36 blue, and 15 green omnibuses passed the premises while the fire was at its height.

It is believed that 100 per cent. of the passers-by stopped to glance at the fire.

GREAT FIRES OF THE PAST.

The Fire of London broke out near London Bridge on September 2, 1666. The estimated loss was £11,000,000. Money was of greater value in those days.

The fire at Moscow in 1812 raged for five days, and destroyed property valued at £30,000,000.

Fire-engines were first used at Nuremburg in 1657.

The London Fire Brigade uses 17,000,000 gallons of water every year.

See our Magazine Page for pictures of:—

(a) Mr. GAMAGE.

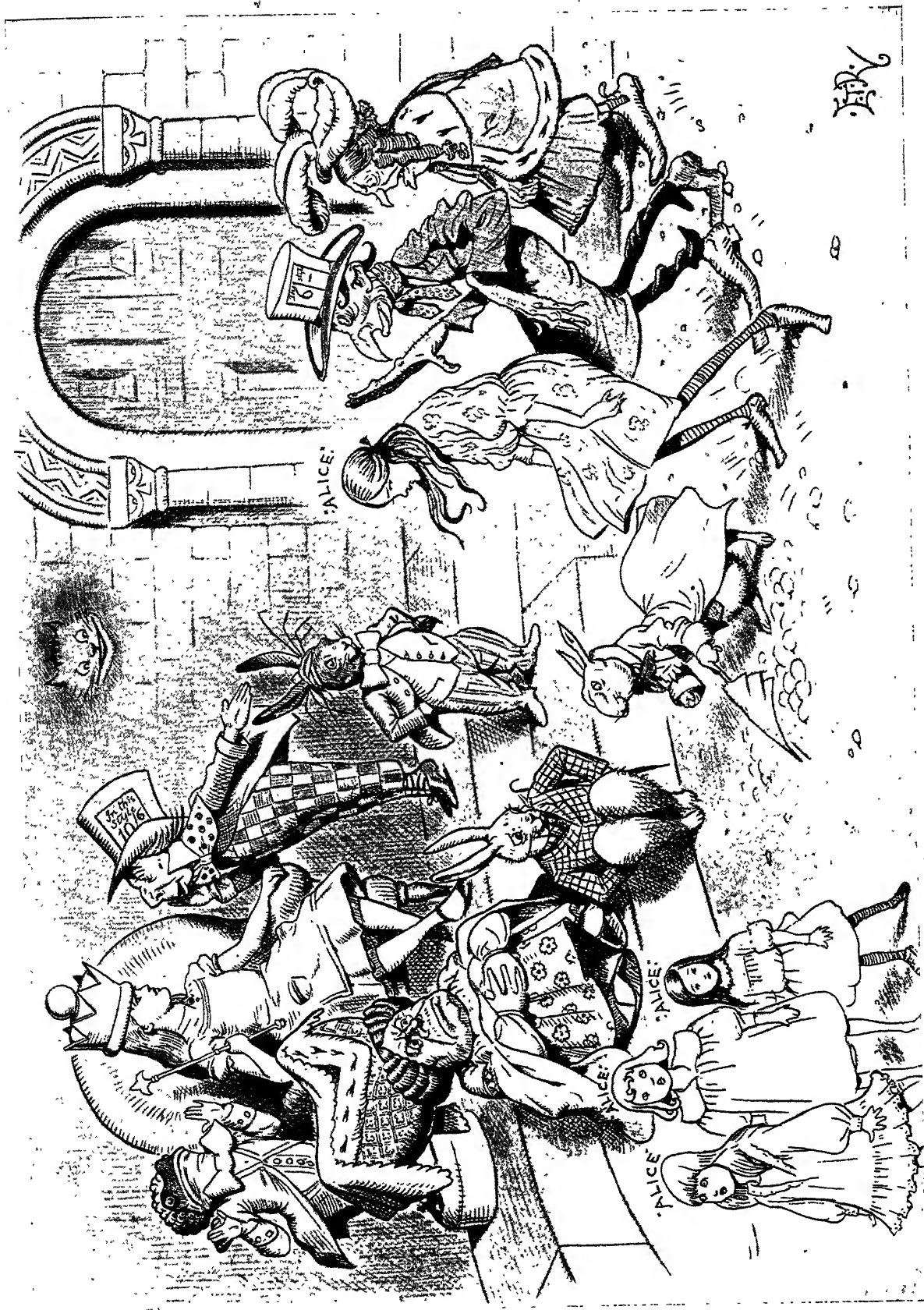
(b) One of Mr. GAMAGE's sets of Diabolo.

(c) One of Mr. GAMAGE's Golliwogs.

(d) The A.B.C. shop a few feet away from GAMAGE's.

(e) A pail holding one gallon of water.

(f) Nuremburg.



TENNIEL'S "ALICE" REIGNS SUPREME.

Hatter: "YOUR MAJESTY, THEY ARE OUR IMITATORS."

Alice. "CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER!"

Alice. "WHO ARE ALL THESE FUNNY LITTLE PEOPLE?"

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to Sir JOHN FISHER's statement that the people in this country can sleep quietly in their beds, an old gentleman writes to complain that those pesky motor 'buses won't let him.

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, speaking at Hull last week, said that, if Socialism were established, his party could, without any derogation from Socialist principles, retain the KING. HIS MAJESTY is now in much better spirits.

Describing a recent walk by the KAISER, a contemporary says:—"Here he had the inspiring picture of tumbling waters, the sweep of Christchurch Bay, and the more distant view of the Isle of Wight." Who is this "sweep of Christchurch Bay"? He should be a proud man to-day.

It is officially announced that it is the intention of the Suffragettes to launch an organised campaign against Cabinet Ministers not only at public meetings, but wherever they may chance to be outside their homes. The PRIME MINISTER has fled the country.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE is expected back shortly. By a curious coincidence the African pigmies are also returning home this week.

The statement that the London County Council will shortly sell six of its Thames steamboats is premature, though we admire its cheery optimism. All that has been arranged at present is that the six steamboats will be offered for sale.

"Whenever a fog is present my spirits rise," says a correspondent in *The Daily Mail*. "I should like to

know if I am unique in this experience." No, Sir, you are not. The same sensation is quite common among footpads.

The Tribune draws attention to the fact that the Tube Railways are curiously free from fog however dense it may be above, and remarks that, if scientists could find the reason for this, a cure for the fog evil might be discovered. We are not a scientist, but we would confidently hazard the conjecture that the cure would be to live underground.

forms its readers that the wooden dummies on board *The Hero* were exact representations of British officers and men.

Just as Paris always has the last word to say in regard to ladies' fashions, so is London the authority in regard to everything that appertains to men's clothes; and a remarkable tribute has just been paid to our city in this respect. A gentleman who claims to be entitled to a share of the famous Page estate has come all the way from Australia in order that his suit may be pressed here.

With reference to the impending extension of the Zoological Gardens, a statement has appeared to the effect that "It is intended to open the new enclosures next spring," and a nervous old gentleman living in the neighbourhood has written to enquire the nature of the animals who are thus to be allowed their liberty.

Court and Personal.

Function Postponed.

"The police characterised the statement that the students were charged by the mounted police as untrue. The five students will be charged at Bow Street to-day."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Research of the Week.

"The solo literature for the viola is very small indeed. Before Brahms contributed to it by arranging for the viola the two sonatas named above it was smaller still."—*Manchester City News*.

Heavens, how true.

"The silk hat would not go well with the limitless veldt."—*Westminster Gazette*.

This is why hatters are always so careful to distinguish between the two, and why many men wear a silk hat on Sunday, and a veldt hat on week-days.



THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

Disgusted Coster (who has upset his cart and exhausted his own vocabulary, to sandwich-man).
"ERE Y'ARE, MATEY! GIVE US A QUID'S WORTH!"

The Daily Chronicle, speaking of a centenarian inmate of Norwich Workhouse, tells us that she "was formerly cleaner at a local church." The authorities resent the imputation, and deny that she could have been cleaner anywhere than she was in their Workhouse.

We understand that the foreign correspondent who wrote to the Admiralty for permission to be present at the secret bombardment of *H.M.S. Hero*, was informed that an endeavour would be made, if he wished it, to find accommodation for him on *H.M.S. Hero*.

By the way, a Continental news-sheet with Anglophobe leanings in-

LOVE AND MR. LE QUEUX.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been aroused by a passage in Mr. LE QUEUX's latest novel, in which he propounds with great eloquence and force his philosophy of the tender passion:—

"How many young cynics filled to the gorge with weird literature, and mature people who have themselves loved in their youth, sneer at the word 'love'! How many times we have heard, in these recent days of motor-buses and the attempt to conquer navigation in the air, that there is no love without interestedness! And yet the hard facts of everyday life are distinctly opposed to such a theory. Glance at a newspaper and you will see that love does still 'make the world go round,' as it ever has done, and that many an aching heart beats beneath a stiff shirt-front, and many a broken one beneath a jewelled pendant."

We append the comments of a number of representative men in various walks of life on the poignant analysis of the famous fictionist.

CANON ARTHUR BENSLEY BENSON writes as follows from Maudlin College, Cambridge:—

"Mr. LE QUEUX's doctrine of the illusive nature of appearances is no doubt based on extensive observation. Like Ulysses of old, he has studied the habits and visited the cities of many nations. But, with all respect, I humbly venture to submit that this great philosopher takes a partial view of the matter. Persons who wear well-starched shirt-fronts have no monopoly of misery. One of the most unhappy men I have ever known habitually wore a flannel shirt, although he had been educated at Eton and King's, Cambridge. Personally I am inclined to think that a very stiff shirt-front may in itself, in the case of a highly-strung, sensitive, and introspective nature, be a cause of mental unrest. For when all is said and done and when all allowance is

made for the predominance of the spiritual element, matter does react upon mind. After a good night's rest I think nothing of turning out 5,000 words between breakfast and luncheon, but if I have been kept awake by any worry and failed to get a solid eight hours' sleep, I find it hard to manage more than 3,000 or perhaps 3,500."

music of the spheres, that made the world go round."

The Secretary of the Brooklands Automobile Track writes indignantly to protest against the assumption that there is anything in the pastime of motoring calculated to imperil the existence of disinterested affection. "Was not the courtship of the KING of SPAIN," he asks, "mainly conducted in motor-cars? Are not the pioneers of the motor-industry conspicuous for their domesticity? Witness the name Mercedes, borne by every Spanish girl. It is painful to think that Mr. LE QUEUX, himself the possessor of several fine cars, should have launched this innuendo against the character of some of the best sportsmen of the community."

The Tailor and Cutter states that many of the best people wear soft-fronted shirts, except, of course, in the evening. An ill-dressed man, it adds, can never have a well-balanced mind. Love might make the world go round, but its course could never run smoothly without a good wardrobe.

Lord AVEBURY, on the other hand, thinks that dress has nothing to do with happiness. "Bees," he writes, "are the happiest creatures I know, and they dispense with clothes altogether. Again, although I have had the honour of being personally acquainted with many queen

bees, I have never encountered one who wore a jewelled pendant, or, indeed, any jewels at all."

"Australia is more than a hundred years old," writes Major PHILIP TREVOR in *The Daily Telegraph*. While we are not disposed for one moment to doubt his statement, we would point out that the value of announcements of this kind is greatly enhanced by some supporting proof.



She. "Now, ISN'T THIS A DUCKISH PLACE?"
He (doing his best). "ER—QUITE LOVISH!"

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON writes:—

"I was always under the impression that when a heart was broken it stopped, and its owner was only fit to be removed to his family vault, if he happened to have one. Yet Mr. LE QUEUX speaks of a broken heart beating beneath a jewelled pendant. That seems to me a physical impossibility. I may add that I have always been inclined to believe that it was not love, but the

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. A. E. W. MASON'S *The Broken Road* (SMITH, ELDER) is an admirable example of what can be made by a skilled craftsman out of one or two ideas, a mass of literary material of other people's manufacture, and the customary few weeks' travel in a strange land. Its main idea is found in the influence of residence and education in England upon the character of native Indian Princes. Mr. MASON shows such influence to be pestilential, and considers no argument on the other side. The idea is not quite so new as the author would seem to want us to believe when he makes a British Frontier Resident utter from his death-bed a warning on this subject for the benefit of the Indian Government. Still, that was some time ago, a score of years and more before the tale really starts. A contributory idea is furnished by "The Road," which is being carried forward in a desultory way through Chiltistan towards the Hindu Kush, and serves first as a bond and then as a cause of severance between young Linforth, in whose family the making of this road is a tradition, and the Prince of Chiltistan, his chum at Eton. For his Frontier material Mr. MASON had at hand such books as Sir GEORGE ROBERTSON'S *Chitral* and Mr. KNIGHT'S *Where Three Empires Meet*, and for the rest a great abundance of Anglo-Indian fiction. He may not have quite reproduced the atmosphere of Oriental mystery which pervades Mr. KIPLING'S *Kim*, but he has made a very readable book. Constructively it is rather jumpy; some of its brief scenes and episodes being drawn from too wide a range of time and space. Nor in point of style has Mr. MASON brought to bear on this work the full battery of gifts and graces which he has at command. It has an air of hurry; and now and then its manner inclines to the obvious and otiose, as here—"She saw a small figure climb a stile and come towards the house along a footpath, *increasing in stature as it approached.*" Still, as a story, *The Broken Road* is not likely to alienate many of Mr. MASON'S multitudinous admirers.

If (as we shall never agree) it was either desirable or necessary to re-draw Sir JOHN TENNIEL'S unsurpassable and immortal illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland*, Mr. RACKHAM may be said to have performed the task as well, probably, as any draughtsman could; for he is an artist with a rare sense of grotesque fancy and humour and an extraordinarily delicate and sensitive line. But it were better, we think, for him to employ his imagination upon his own rather than other men's business. Mr. HEINEMANN, the publisher of the new *Alice*, has secured some exculpatory verses from the pen of Mr. DOBSON, which begin

Tis two-score years since CARROLL'S art
With topsy-turvy magic
Sent ALICE wondering through a part,
Half comic and half tragic.

The tragedy is not too apparent; while to be accurate it is two-score years and two, the limit of copyright; for had it been less Mr. HEINEMANN would not have been in a position to publish this edition at all.

It is years and years and years and year-rs, as HARRY LAUDER hath it, since J. K. S. looked for the millennium when the RUDYARDS should cease from kipling and the HAGGARDS ride no more. But these two are still with us, as hale and hearty as ever.

It is true that the voice of the RUDYARD has been silent for all too long. But Mr. HAGGARD has recently gone a-riding once more, this time over the seas to Spain. Personally I prefer to ride with him across country in Africa (where he has committed the solecism of making instead of burying a reputation). The jumble of Victorian sportsmen with prehistoric She's and mythical mines appeals to the schoolboy side of my nature. *Fair Margaret* (HUTCHINSON), who lived in Tudor times, and got mixed up with FERDINAND and ISABELLA and the Inquisition, and a wicked Spanish Marquis, is not so much to my taste, perhaps because the schoolboy side of my nature is suspicious of anything that appears to be however remotely connected with history. Still, the lady is as sweet as she is fair, and her English lover as brave as an Englishman should be, and their adventures by sea and by land are not only thrilling but possible. And now, as Mr. RIDER HAGGARD has set him the example, perhaps Mr. KIPLING will oblige with a song or a story. For *The Brushwood Boy* (MACMILLAN) is only an old friend in a new dress, altered to twice his former bulk by the addition of a number of blank pages, and others which are adorned with charming and sympathetic illustrations by Mr. F. H. TOWNSEND.

Of Hibernian writers
And novel inditers,
There 's lashins at present, good, middlin', and bad;
But, from Kerry to Carlow,
None betters JANE BARLOW,
So tenderly quaint, so engagingly sad.

You 'll search in her stories
In vain for the glories
Of BRIAN BORU or of Donnybrook Fair;
But the homely emotions,
The dreams, the devotions
That fashion the heart of a people are there.

The last of her labours
Is called *Irish Neighbours*,
And published by HUTCHINSON down in the Row.
Six shillings the price is,
And *Punch's* advice is
Buy, borrow, or steal it, if Ireland you 'd know.

There is nothing at all like a "Kitcat" about *His Highness Sandro*, though he comes in Mr. HEINEMANN'S series of novels of that name. I have always felt that the impossibility of choosing a wife at will would cause me to despise the attractions of a crown, and it seems that this little difficulty is keenly felt by Archdukes. In this case the hero solves the problem by obtaining a divorce and going into exile with his real affinity. There is an abrupt ruggedness about the method of "KASBECK" that makes his characters very bold and vivid, and this is especially the case with the heroine's papa, who never seems to speak without shouting. "'Have some tea,' he thundered," is the style of his discourse. But that is because he hates "courtly life" and politics, and lives in the Circassian hills. It is here that *Nadeene* meets the Prince, who makes stormy love to her. *Nadeene*, by the way, is only the heroine's short name. She is really *Nodiejda Pavlovna*; but possibly because it is not polite to sneeze in exalted circles her friends generally use the abbreviated form. Altogether *His Highness Sandro* is a powerful sketch of the Russian of many moods, savage, cynical, and tender by turns; but, in this case at least, with the good predominant.



LONG- FELT WANTS.

MR. AND MRS. OPPIT'S HOUSE-PARTY ARE REQUESTED TO REGISTER ANY COMPLAINTS AGAINST THE MANAGEMENT IN THE BOOK PROVIDED FOR THAT PURPOSE.

FROM THE SCIENTIFIC SCRAP-HEAP.

A WELL-KNOWN engineer whose name is a household word in sewage circles declares that the continued inhalation of sewer gas in a concentrated form cannot be too strongly discouraged on the score of health.

Breathing is the chief source of vitiation of the atmosphere, and if people could only be taught to consume their own breath political meetings, etc., would be much more enjoyable.

Parents cannot be too careful about the nature of the sweets they allow their little ones to consume. A Wolverhampton food inspector recently obtained samples which proved to be made of ferro-concrete,

which, though undoubtedly fire-resisting, is apt to injure the coating of a tender stomach.

Few people are aware that when there are no matches in the house fire can be obtained by rubbing two sticks vigorously together—but it takes longer.

Brown-paper can readily be cut under water with an ordinary pair of scissors. Care should be taken that both paper and scissors are entirely submerged, as the success of the experiment depends largely on the absence of vibration.

If crossing the Channel does not make you sick, try soap, followed by ground mustard and grease in warm water—or other mucilaginous drinks.

Ice one-sixteenth of an inch thick will support a crowd of people—if

there is a good substantial pavement underneath.

It is said that the blood corpuscles contained in the human body, if placed end to end, would reach four times round the globe; but no one as yet has had the hardihood to test this assertion by practical experiment.

The Limit.

"It added fresh interest to the occasion that the Communion vessels were used for the first time after having been electro-plated in a chaste manner by Mr. J. R. S.—jeweller, Bervie."—*United Free Church of Scotland Monthly Record*.

"Wanted in a Merchant's Office a well-educated, gentlemanly Youth, with a knowledge of shorthand if possible."

If such a conjunction is impossible, shorthand must be an even more demoralising pursuit than we supposed.

TO A TOAST-MASTER.

PREPOSTEROUS relic of a golden day

When living programmes, bellowing all they knew,
Announced a knighthood fretting for the fray,

So that the ring might gather who was who—

Which habit yet persists

In you, the herald of the after-dinner lists;—

How I abhor you, posed behind the Chair,

A self-appointed patron of the feast,

Much as a rooster stands, with pompous air,

Upon his midden and acclaims the East;

How I abhor to hear

Your throaty tones, intolerable chanticleer;

Your unctuous tongue, the haunt of turtle fat,

Mouthing the qualities of Duke and Lord,

And your "Pray silence for Sir This or That,

Which cuts the stillness like a rusty sword,

And makes the wretched Bart

Mislay the opening pleasantry he had by heart.

Perchance I rise to pledge the Flag, and then

You interrupt me, just about to sip,

With that absurd "My Lords and Gentlemen,

The toast is 'Greater Britain.' Hip! Hip!! Hip!!!"

Which always puts me off

So that I have no stomach left to cheer or quaff.

At times I feel that I could kill you dead.

I find my fingers toying with a knife.

Then suddenly there courses through my head

A wave of pity—Heavens, what a life!

And I become quite sorry

For one who suffers such a deal of oratory.

If I can hardly bear it who attend

These public orgies once or twice *per ann.*,

What must it be for you who, years on end,

Endure the strain (I marvel how you *can!*)

Of night-by-night discourses

Touching the merits of our Military Forces?

Maybe your manner, masterful and loud,

Is meant to hide a heart reduced to stone;

Maybe your starchy front is but a shroud

For something tragic, if the truth were known;

A kind of hollow crater

With cold remains of what was once a human waiter.

So in my finger-glass I weep by stealth,

Musing upon the irony of Fate,

That you, who call the toast of others' health,

Should be yourself in such a morbid state—

Your breast, once warm inside,

Now, through incessant speeches, badly petrified.

O. S.

"HUNT-THE-CRUISER."

(*The New Naval Game.*)

THE British Consul at Zanzibar was recently obliged to ask assistance from a German cruiser to aid in quelling a disturbance, as, thanks to the new Naval system, there was no British warship within several hundred miles. At the time of the Jamaica earthquake, it will be remembered, a week elapsed before one of our ships arrived. This delightful game of "Hunt-the-Cruiser" need not be confined to any particular season or spot, but can be played all the year round and very nearly all the world round.

THE COSMOPOLITAN CONTRALTO.

WE reached Queen's Hall some time after the concert had started, and could not get a programme. Just as we sat down, a lady in a rather fetching black dress and hat came on to the platform, smiling, and MONTY and I joined in the clapping because one could see she was a nice girl. She started her song on a long note like a 'cello.

"Lady tenor," said MONTY in an undertone. "What d'you call 'em? Contralto. I like those dirgy things."

"I'm rather taken with the piano-man," I said. "I always admire a chap who knows how to use his weight."

"A very hearty fellow. That cross-counter of his is quite a pretty hit. And do you notice that, when he gets in with both fists at once in the bass, the other end of the piano jumps in the air?"

"Dry up, dry up. Hark to *Dairymaid*."

We listened hard all through the other verses till the finish, and it was really worth while.

"Plenty good, isn't she, though?"

"Oh, not so dusty," said MONTY. "I wish she wouldn't sing in French."

"Italian. Didn't you hear the 'o's' at the ends of all the words?"

"No, no. Those were the French 'e's' that they leave over when they sing, and pronounce 'uh.' I'll lay you a level guinea about it."

"These sporting offers of yours— Well, I'll go you half-a-crown. Who's got a programme?"

Somebody behind, with an oily voice, remarked: "Allow me to say that both of you gentlemen are mistaken. The song was in German. I am well acquainted with it."

This was in the nature of a crusher. We both said, "German, of course;" and MONTY remembered some reference to Hinterland or Kindergarten in the first half. Then a little old man behind the oily one began croaking.

"It is a German song, I freely admit; but if you will study the programme for a moment you will observe an English version printed beside the other; and *that* is the one Miss ROBINSON sang, for I followed every word from the book."

THE MISSING LETTER.

The Daily Mail recently contained an advertisement of *The Stooping Ady*, by MAURICE HEWLETT, and we suggest to publishers that they should attract the notice of the Limerick-loving public by drawing up their lists on "The Missing Letter" plan. As an example we append a list of our own:—

"The Square Eg," by W. E. NORRIS.

"Fairies I have Et," by Mrs. STAWELL.

"Great Golfers in the Aking," by JAMES BRAID and Others.

"The Golden Owl," by HENRY JAMES.

"My Lady of Hims," by FLORENCE WARDEN.

"The Broken Oad," by A. E. W. MASON.

"Ally Ho!" by HELEN MATHERS.

"A Book of Aricatures," by MAX BEERBOHM.

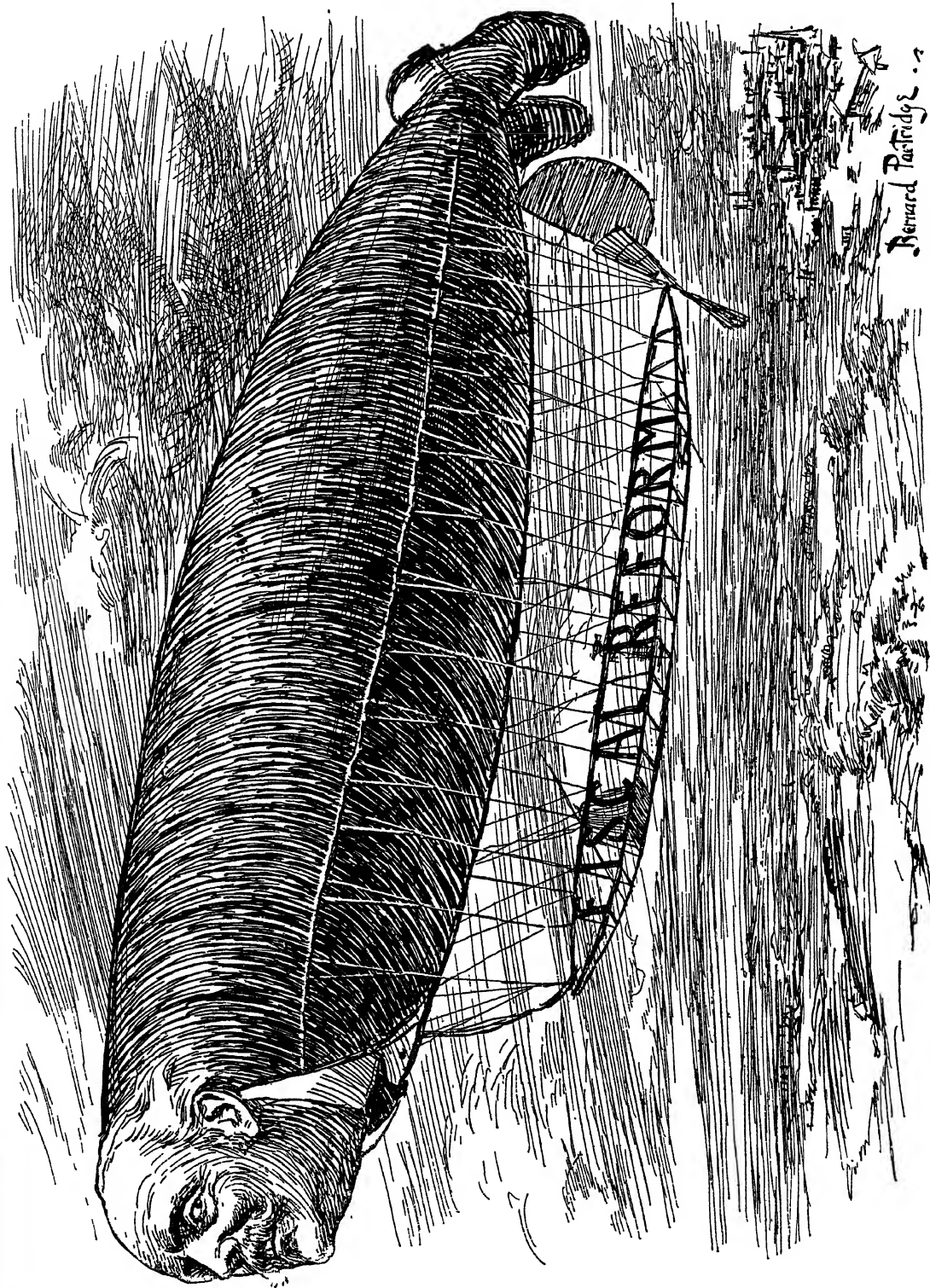
"The Secret Gent," by JOSEPH CONRAD.

"He," by RIDER HAGGARD.

"The Kipper's Wooing," by W. W. JACOBS.

"Talkey & Co.," by RUDYARD KIPLING.

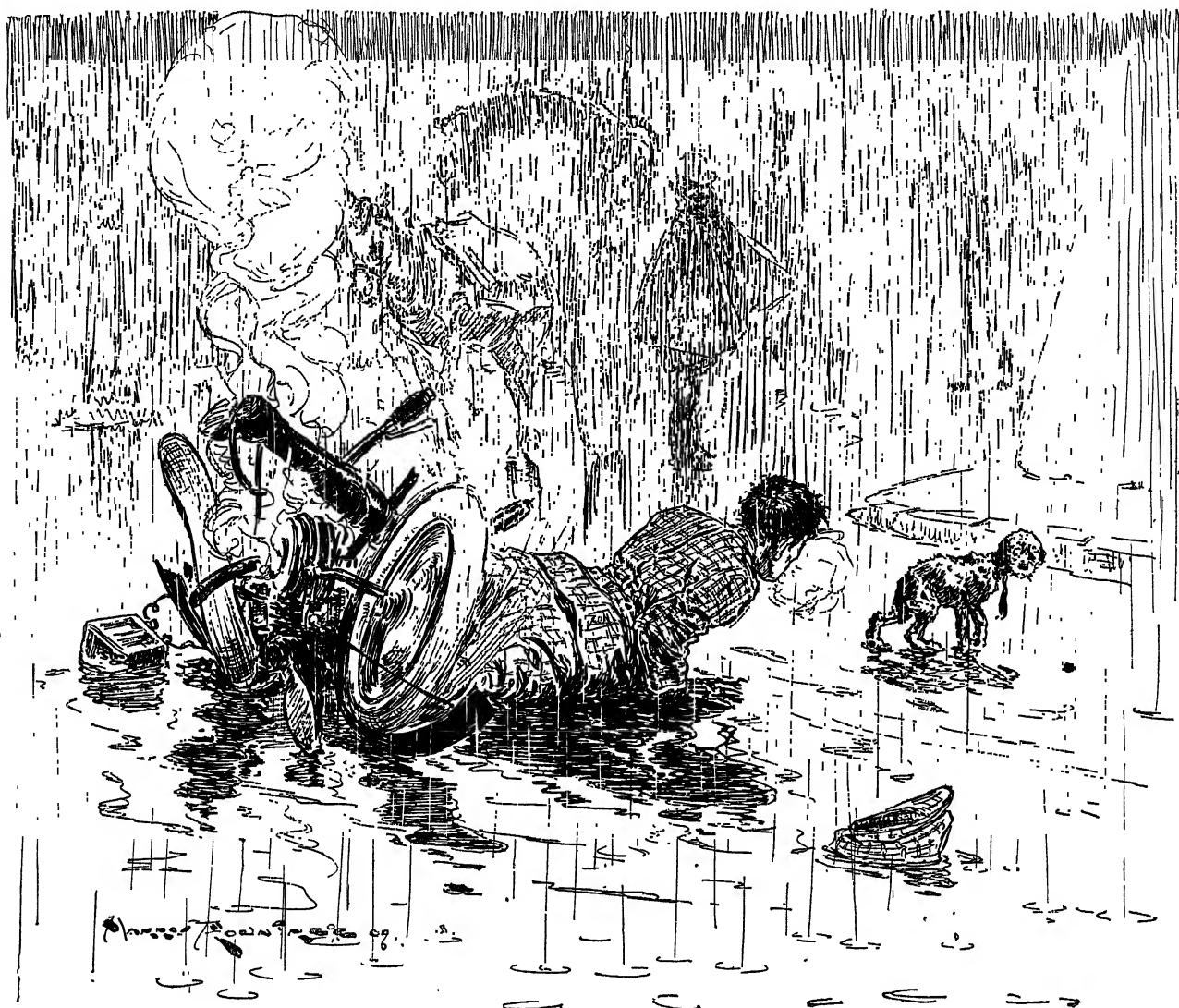
"The Wrong Ox," by R. L. STEVENSON and LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Bernard Partridge.

THE ESCAPED "CAPTIVE."

THE INDIGIBLE AIRSHIP "ARTHUR B." (SOMETIMES KNOWN AS "NULLI JUCUNDUS"), AFTER TOUCHING AT BIRMINGHAM AND BUMPING, LAST MONDAY, AGAINST DEVONPORT, HAS ONCE MORE ESCAPED INTO THE NEBULOUS INANE.



Cabby. "NO GOOD TALKIN' TO A BLACKGUARD LIKE 'IM, GUV'NOR. TAKE 'IS BLOOMIN' NUMBER!"

HENRY'S IDEA

OF SOCIAL SOLECISMS.

RUSHING INTO HENRY'S rooms the other day to talk to him about the M.C.C., I knocked into his piano, and for the hundredth time told him what a fool he was to put it just inside the door. He looked up calmly from the book he was reading.

"Please be careful of the pianoforte," he said, "and don't swear in front of Lady GROVE. Surely you know that only the young ladies say 'Damn' nowadays?"

"I keep on telling you," I went on, "that if you put the thing there——"

"The pianoforte is, as usual, in its proper place, and the port-wine is on the sideboard."

"Oh, shut up about your beastly

pianoforte. What is that book? *Manners for Mayors?* or *Polite Conversation for Gentlewomen?*"

HENRY referred to the title.

"It is called," he said, "*The Social Fetich*, by Lady GROVE, and it tells you what you must say and what you mustn't say if you want to be received in Society; and I'm very much afraid that you and I, dear friend, will not be there. They will miss us, ADOLPHUS, they will miss us, but it will then be too late. How do you pronounce 'envelope'?"

"Like that."

"I thought so. Poor fellow. His manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of VERE DE VERE. It ought to be 'enveloppe.' What do you do with your mid-verbal 'h's'?"

"What are 'mid-verbal h's'?"

"I don't know. I think you apply for them when you want to leave Parliament. Oh no, those are Children Hundreds. Sacred to the memory of ADOLPHUS, who was cut for giving full value to his mid-verbal 'h's.' P.S.—He said 'pot-house' when he ought to have said 'potouse.'"

HENRY wiped away a tear, and turned over the pages of his book.

"You must never sit in the middle of a hansom, and if you do you mustn't call it the centre. I can understand that, but I shouldn't think it's really much good as a test. I mean quite a lot of people must slip into Society over that. For instance, Lord DALMENY always takes middle and leg rather than centre and leg, but then so do all the professionals. Yet I'm practically certain that at least one of them

wouldn't be a winner on 'envelopes.' Again, you must never talk about 'corsets' and 'chemises.' (I'm not sure that I ought to have read this book.) Call them 'stays' and 'shifts,' like an Englishman. Now, I should think that that ostracises quite a lot of decent people—people who belong all right to the Anti-Corset League, but haven't paid their subscriptions yet to the other one. On the other hand, the really important by-law that a cup of tea should be filled so full that there is no room left for the milk lets in practically all the A.B.C. and British Tea Table staff. Let us hope they would get ploughed on the *vivâ-voce*.

"Whenever I read a book I always try to imagine the author to myself. Now I have been thinking about Lady GROVE, and I have begun to feel very sorry about it all. Hers must be a hard life—full of disappointments. Suppose that some strange man takes her in to dinner. He begins to talk about music or pictures or people or something, carefully avoiding mid-verbal 'h's' and any reference to hansom-cabs. Desert comes, and it is still a question whether he is beyond the pale or not. Lady GROVE accordingly proceeds to business. 'Do you,' she asks him, 'play the—er—violin?' Of course she wants to put the pianoforte test on him, but he replies perhaps that the flute is his instrument. 'Where are you now?' she tries again. 'Are you in the country?' 'Yes,' he says quite safely, because, after all, there can only be one way of pronouncing 'yes.' Of course if he had said, 'No, in town,' he would have been done—cut for ever after for not saying 'London.' But the hostess is rising; it is no time for half-measures. Hurriedly Lady GROVE puts her last question: 'Do you say envelope or onvelope?' 'Onvelope,' he says, hoping for the cocoanut. She draws herself up to her full height and sweeps away from him.

"And I do think," said HENRY bitterly, "that it is terrible to think of the numbers of decent men and women who have passed unscathed through the pianoforte and teacup ordeals, only to be biffed on 'envelopes.'"

"Ought you to say 'biffed'?" I asked mildly.

"I am not sure," said HENRY. "Lady GROVE is very keen on the purities of the English language and the value of a refined ear; but she comes some pretty bad croppers herself now and then. For instance, she jeers at a writer for making one of

his cockneys say, 'I'm orf,' and asks how else you could pronounce it. Well, I'm not much on these things myself, but I should have thought that an ear sufficiently refined to write this book could have distinguished between 'awf' and 'orf.' She has a passing flick at the bounder who could use 'like' with a verb, but she herself gives us a very pleasant 'and which,' and (in another place) a sentence which has no principal verb at all. Also she talks about a thing being *en évidence*, and uses freely that horrible word 'somewhat.' And, while we are on the refined taste business, I must remind you to read the humorous reference to ELIJAH going up to heaven. I am not going to argue about its merits, but it really is a fact, and I think that Lady GROVE ought to know it, that that style of joke is extraordinarily popular in the suburbs, Balham and places which she has probably never heard of—suburbs, mark you, full of women who have 'nightdress-cases.'"

"But surely," I said, "it is very kind of Lady GROVE to lower herself to our level now and then. She has, no doubt, written her book with the idea of restoring the 'outcast,' and in order to help she has first to stoop."

"Unfortunately she doesn't always tell the outcast what to do. For instance, she says (with a shudder) that certain ladies 'probably place their husbands' cards in the hall as they leave the house.' Now, how are the poor things to know where they went wrong? Is the emphasis on the *husbands* or the *cards*, or the *hall* or the *leave*? The ways of Society are strange. Would it, I can hear them asking, be all right if they placed their *brothers'* cards or their husbands' *hats* in the—bathroom (?) as they *entered* the house?"

HENRY filled and lit a pipe, and sat smoking thoughtfully.

"Well," he said at last, "women do funny things, and so, I suppose, Lady GROVE has written this book. After all, it won't hurt us much. We shall worry on as before. You see, we aren't women and we aren't husbands, and so we don't mind. I think it is the husbands I pity most."

"Why?"

"Well, most husbands have some business or other to attend to. They do tell me that even in the very highest circles some of the husbands are directors of companies. In the home, no doubt, such men would pass all the tests, would be in with all the very best people. But in the

City—I suppose they would have to go to the City now and then?—they would mix with commoner men. I don't know what directors do, but it might so happen that they would have to write a letter. Perhaps they would have to ask some inferior for an—

"Ah, well, the double life!"

A. A. M.

WANTED—PROTECTION.

[In an address given at *The Tribune Book Exhibition*, allusion was made to the hush of living authors who have to compete with the dead.]

Why so bare the board beside me?

Why my hearth so cold and dead?

Wherefore should my bosom flutter

When I've butter

With my bread?

Why is sacred fame denied me?

Why am I forbidden to

Join the poets, peers and sages

In the pages

Of *Who's Who*?

See the slim green tomes before you

Filled with many a master line,

Epics, tragedies—*Othellos*

And *Sordellos*—

All are mine.

Nulla non donandus lauru—

Well to me the words apply,

For I am in truth a poet—

Who should know it

If not I?

I alone can fairly prize them,

I alone can judge their art;

Every glowing phrase I minted,

Each is printed

On my heart.

No one else can criticise them—

It would simply be absurd—

For there's no one, fool or clever,

Who has ever

Read a word.

Why am I so sore neglected?

'Tis that I am undersold,

Faced with undeserved disaster

By the master

Minds of old.

MILTON is no more affected

By the thought of author's fees;

SHAKESPEARE cannot eat, and therefore

Doesn't care for

Royalties.

Thought of tailor never vexes

Poets who have joined the Blest;

Butcher, baker, tax-collector—

No such spectre

Haunts their rest.

I have endless little exes

On this hither side of Styx;

Penny buyers they may sing to,

I must cling to

Four-and-six.

THE NARROWING YEARS.

THERE is one bell whose solemn toll,
Re-echoing from door to door,
Inspires regret that years should
roll,
And makes me pine to be once
more
The hopeful little specimen
I was at ten.

'Tis not the mellow minster chime
That gives me that internal pain,
Nor golden memories of a time
When, pilgrim to some rural fane,
I suffered penance in a shirt
And boots that hurt.

'Tis not the cadence that recalls
Young England to her half-cooked
sums;
However deeply manhood palls,
I crave no more with chosen
chums
To take the print of Culture warm
Across a form.

But when through wild deserted
squares
(Oblivious of the local ban)
I hear submit his sheeted wares,
Shy trafficker! the muffin-man,
'Tis then I hunger to resume
My boyhood's bloom.

Behold the infant, when he eyes
Those humid and unwholesome
spheres,
Dissolve in buttered ecstasies!
What knows he of the coming
years
When wisdom's tooth would light-
lier plunge
Into a sponge?

Alas that with a widening girth
Capacity should grow less free!
Where is the unaffected mirth
That used to hail a monstrous tea?
The crumpets of a balmier day,
Oh, where are they?

There is another mystery in con-
nection with the "Druce case"
which has yet to be solved. Accord-
ing to *The Westminster Gazette*:

"Mr. Atherley-Jones reverted to the name
of the ship by which she returned from
America, and asked whether witness, who was
then fourteen years was. Witness said she
could not."

This is most unsatisfactory.

"Mr. Churchill has told the Nandi chiefs
that the land is theirs for ever. He has left
for Uganda."—*Reuter*.

It looks as if the Nandi chiefs had
heard of some of his election pledges.



Butcher. "THIS ONE, MUM?"

Old Lady. "No."

Butcher. "THIS ONE? THIS ONE?"

Old Lady. "No. No."

Butcher. "JUST TELL ME WHEN I'M GETTIN' WARM, LADY!"

Money Matters.

We extract the following gem from
an article by Mr. L. G. CHIOZZA
MONEY, M.P., in *The Morning
Leader*. The scene is a civic ban-
quet at Munich, which Mr. MONEY
attended.

"Then uprose my good friend, Max Nonnen-
bruch, artist and good fellow, clad in a majestic
robe of purple and with a chaplet bound to his
manly brows. And this is what he recited to
us about German beef:

Beef rises daily on Exchange,
For flesh there's none, so that of late
I'm glad I'm not a magistrate
To sweat of care for what's to eat
When Michael's stomach cries for meat.
Such dainties now we serve on gold,
And Britons, all, let it be told:
Our German Beef as gold is rare!
We're indebted for this to our Govern-
ment's care!"

May we congratulate Mr. MONEY

on his very feeling translation of a
pretty little poem? These trans-
lations from the German are not
easy. Mr. MONEY himself, as anyone
can see, has real poetic skill—the
way he dodges a rhyme for "Ex-
change" is enough to show that.
It is of course an axiom among
political economists that "Money
makes money," and that last line of
his causes us to feel that he would
do it very well at Limericks.

Smithfield Martyrs.

It is rumoured that a novel feature
of the Smithfield Club's Show this
year will be a display of fat cattle-
driving by the Hon. WALTER ROTH-
SCHILD, but there is no confirmation
of the report that the Irish agitator,
Mr. GINNELL, M.P., has been speci-
ally engaged to incite him.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

By Aunt Slopover, assisted by her Charming Little Daughter.

ONCE again my table groans beneath a generous supply of review copies of delightful books for the dear children, which directly I have glanced at I shall pack off to the second-hand bookseller's; and once again I must remind you, dear modern child, of your good fortune in being born and brought up in such a time as this, when hundreds of clever men and women are toiling all the year with pen and pencil, just to make you laugh for five minutes at Christmas. For I take it that five minutes is as much as is given to any of these myriad volumes, of which, of course, you cannot have too many.

I pick at random from the huge bundle a gaily-covered little volume in the "Stodgy Series of Clever Idiocy for Babes," without which no nursery is complete. It is called *The Boptious Borrygosh*, and is a perfect mine of charming fun and fancy. The text is by Mr. WIGGLESWORTH FREKE, so well known for his more serious work; and the pictures are by his charming daughter, Miss IRENE FREKE, who has already made a name for herself at the Slade. How nice to think of father and daughter thus laying their gifted heads together for the amusement of the nursery.

Another book which no nursery should be without is *The Wild Wumpsimums*, the irresistibly comic history of the *Wumpsimums* family of children—six boys and six girls—who get into one long and delirious series of fascinating scrapes. How I envy you, dear child, your joy as you read this book, which out-Carrolls CARROLL and out-Lears LEAR in every direction. Not that that is a particularly difficult thing to do, for it is said by someone of every writer of nonsense to-day, but I use the phrases deliberately and am prepared to stand by them. You must

certainly pester your parents or relatives for *The Wild Wumpsimums* until you get it.

I can heartily welcome also the brilliant satires on Parliamentary life, etc., etc., contained in *Rollicking Rhymes and Muddled Morals*, by Mr. CLICQUOT, most gifted of living wits. No child can fail to be completely enchanted by these high-spirited attacks on British snobbery and insularity, with their convulsing pictures of Mr. LEONIDAS FLACK. Long as these gentlemen have been in collaboration, they have done nothing so good as this. In fact

they would write some new ones about those people, and some more stories like *Peter Pan* and *Alice*. But I like these new books very much indeed. I cannot have too many. I read twenty a day.

II.

Here is a book about the dear old nursery rhymes, *Hey-diddle-diddle*, and *Where are you going to, my pretty maid?* and others. The pictures are most pretty—most pretty and funny. I need not tell you anything more now, because you know these 'nursery rhymes as well as I do. I love this book. It is lovely.

III.

I love *Mousie and Rattie* too. "Mousie" and "Rattie" are a mouse and a rat. The mouse runs away, and goes on a ship, which is wrecked. But it gets on a hen-coop, and sleeps, and dreams it is at the bottom of the sea with a beautiful mermaid. Then it goes to shore on a turtle's back, and meets "Rattie," and goes up with him in a balloon. They get on very well, and at last arrive home again. The pictures are very, very nice. I love this book as much as any. The pictures are lovely. I love them.

IV.

The Bulgy Book of Tales I love. I have read it twice, and shall read it again if I'm spared. [Isn't that a nice childish touch?—AUNT SLOPOVER.] The thing on the cover is the "Pip-Pip Bird." I burst with laughter whenever I think of that funny name. I love this book because the writing and illus—you know the word I mean—are so lovely.

TOTTIE SLOPOVER, AGE 8.

Stands Swanage where It Did?

The latest winning Limerick:—

"In a garden near the streams
Our Nelly sits and dreams
Of costume skirts
And Jap-a-rie shirts
At Skinner's where fit and style reign supreme."
Advt. in "Streatham News."



THE "MULTUM IN PARVO" BILLIARD TABLE FOR USE IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

nothing so good has been done since the immortal Mr. BARRIE invented the dear, delightful, never-to-be-forgotten *Peter Pan*.

For the rest of the notices I have hit upon the happy idea of asking a little girl of my acquaintance to give me her impressions, and this she has done. I print her reviews below. She is only eight, and such a dear little flaxen-haired creature. I wish you could see her. She is so proud to be a real live reviewer and have her opinions in print, and no wonder.

I.

I must say that I like fairy books best, and am always glad to read again the stories which I know about, *Cinderella* and *Snow-White*. I wish



Dejected Traveller. "I SAY, PAT, DID YOU EVER MAKE AN IDIOT OF YOURSELF ABOUT A WOMAN?"
Pat. "AN IDJUT, IS UT? SURE I'VE MADE MESILF AN INTIRE ASYLUM."

THE GREAT CHESS MATCH.

IMPRESSIONS.

[Specially contributed to "Punch" by
Sir Kennedy Bart.]

I.

As the men sat down there was silence. The moment had come.

Fronting them lay the issue. And an issue vastly broader and deeper than a personal issue. The checking of whose king was a thing of itself incidental. The supreme fact was that here were two men who were to express the instinct of combat. Of rivalry. The terrible primeval instinct of aggression.

Which has made England what it is.

Rule Britannia.

II.

The board is set. The players eyed each other curiously. SMITH was an Anglo-Saxon; spectacled, reserved. A man, you would say, of deep reserve. JONES was a Latin-looking man; quiet, cautious. A thinker. For a while they were silent, considering, doing nothing. And SMITH's hand shot out, and he

moved his king's pawn. But JONES moved *his* king's pawn also.

III.

The two pawns were fronting each other. And fronting them lay the issue. An issue vastly deeper and broader than a personal issue. The checking of—

See Section I.

But JONES moved his queen also. He moved his king's pawn, and now he moved his queen. As he moved his queen the watchers held their breath. On and on he moved it. Another square and he would be off the board.

No, he has stopped. Those who were watching were now breathing freely and easily. He has stopped in front of the castle.

The queen in front of her castle! The supreme instinct of defence!

IV.

The fourth hour. He has lost his queen. SMITH has lost his queen. But he leads. For he has taken two pawns. And they are at it gloriously again.

Again! Oh, the indomitable instinct. JONES has lost another pawn.

And another. Surely this man has always been losing pawns. Go on! Go on! A bishop! JONES has lost a bishop.

No, it is only another pawn.

V.

And things went on, and here was the eighth hour. [And the last section.—ED.] JONES is done, but he fights on. He has lost another pawn, but he fights on. Good old Englishman. He has a Latin-like face, but he is an Englishman. And he does not know when he is beaten. And he is beaten.

Beaten! But what of that?

No man is really beaten who fights to the end. His defeat is a fine sacrifice offered up to the glorious god of combat.

The instinct of fight. The men of England must never forget that they owe everything to the instinct of fight. JONES is beaten, but he is still an Englishman. So is SMITH.

Rule Britannia.

"1907 CHINESE geese, some laying Ganders."—*Farmand Garden.*
 There's true enterprise for you.



Blazer (having discharged weapon at a rabbit). "DID I HIT HIM?"

Loader. "No, Sir. NOR ME EITHER!"

THE HORNPIPE.

I DON'T know who was the one to plan it,
But fair-haired POLLY
And brown-haired MOLLIE,
They shrieked with delight and then began it;
And I was admitted a little later
(Sworn to the secret on bell and book
Before I was ever allowed to look)
To sit where I liked as a free spectator.

The one was eight and the other six,
And both were up to no end of tricks.
Their eyes were glancing,
Their eyes were dancing,
Before their feet
Had moved to the beat
Of the piano that soon was to set them prancing.

A moment or two they stood, and then
They folded their arms like sailor-men.
Their cheeks were glowing, their eyes were wide,
And they cocked their two little heads aside,
As sailors have done from age to age,
At least all sailors who tread the stage.
Then the music sounded,
And POLLY bounded;
And MOLL, with a ringing peal of laughter,
She started in and went bounding after.

In and out.
And round about
They swung and swayed
As the music played.
You could fancy you heard the stormy sea,
As the spray saluted each bold A.B.,
And the clapping hands of the jolly tars
Released from the work of sails and spars,
And their cheers and songs and their briny wit,
As their two little messmates footed it.
And soon, as the merry notes were jigging,
They set to work and went up the rigging.
In a short sharp climb—
But they kept the time—
They gripped the ropes with their sturdy knees,
And climbed like cats to the high cross-trees;
And then with never a moment's check
They landed, stamp, on the sounding deck.
Oh, I doubt if the tale would be believed
Of the ropes they hauled and the leads they heaved,
Of the feet they crossed,
And the hair they tossed,
And the capturing wiles
And the sunny smiles
Of this trippety-rippety sailor-pair
As they twinkled through with their hornpipe there.
Till at last, when I thought they must have dropped,
With a rapturous final stamp they stopped.

R. C. L.



THE STATIONARY CRUSADER.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. "FOLLOW ME!" (or 35,000 words to that effect.)

[See the President's Message to Congress.]



A SCREW LOOSE.

Owner of Screw (who has taken a toss). "HAVE YOU SEEN A LOOSE HORSE?"

Sweep. "YUSS, THERE'S A 'OSS JUST GONE UP THE LANE."

Owner. "WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?"

Sweep. "LOOK LIKE? WELL, 'E LOOKED LIKE ABOUT FIVE BOB A LEG, I SHOULD SAY."

PHANTOMS TO LET.

HAUNTED houses (says the *Daily Mirror* of December 5) are in great demand just now, especially with Americans, who have a taste for the historical variety of ghost, and will pay any price demanded for a residence frequented by the shade of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

We do not know whether her late Majesty is capable of emulating BOYLE ROCHE's bird and simultaneously enlivening various demesnes in different parts of the country; nor, bearing in mind her well-known and imperious temper, could we guarantee that she would condescend to oblige the descendants of her Virginian planters. We have, in fact, no influence whatever in that quarter ourselves, and are not at all sure of her present address. The only hope would appear to be that some reliable firm that understands these delicate negotiations should take the matter in hand, and persuade her Majesty to

overlook the little difference of 1776 and to pay a round of country-house visits during the festive season. The Royal terms would be probably high, and considerable tact would be required to bring the affair to a business-like footing; but if due consideration be shown by her American hosts and no "clash dates" booked with MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS we have reason to think that a short and successful series of stimulating Tudor week-ends might be arranged.

This would seem to be a feature of house-letting agency which is capable of great development. At present a satisfactory and accurate register of ghosts is sadly lacking. A County Directory should be forthwith compiled. It might take the form of a *Who's Who* of leading spooks, such as ANNE BOLEYN of Hampton Court, OLD JEFFREY of Epworth, and other celebrities. The rather confusing number of Grey Ladies would thus be differentiated. Telepathic addresses and recreations should in all cases be given where possible.

Some provision could doubtless be made for exchange of incumbencies, as many apparitions must be tired of haunting the same spot and would be glad of a change of scene. The Berkeley Square ghost, for instance, would appreciate a trip to Glamis, and *vice versa*. Eventually, a circulating scheme could be evolved, or spectres taken in *en pension* by the week. We quit this fascinating subject with regret, but hope enough has been indicated for the assistance of Yankee phantom-hunters.

ZIGZAG.

Unrest in India.

"I am quite satisfied with the wedding-ring and will in future always deal with your firm."
From an Allahabad jeweller's catalogue.

"The flames were under control an hour after the call to the brigade. They had completed their conquest, and Olympia lay in ruins."—*North Mail*.

This is the cheery British spirit which never knows when it is beaten.

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the flight of *La Patrie* a lady forwards to us the capital suggestion that, with a view to preventing airships going astray, each one of them should have its name and address plainly written on its envelope, which should also bear a 2½d. stamp.

A full description of *La Patrie* was published by most of our morning papers. This was, of course, absolutely necessary in view of the crowd of airships which are now about. All of these have been carefully scrutinised by the police.

The state of affairs in Portugal, it now transpires, has been absurdly exaggerated, and we are authorised to deny as a silly *canard* the report that KING CARLOS had escaped from his country last week disguised as a Living Skeleton belonging to a Circus Troupe.

Mr. HALDANE was interviewed by a number of Suffragettes on the occasion of his speech at Manchester on the Territorial Army, and the War Minister is said to have refused quite snappishly their request to be allowed to form a regiment and to bear arms.

What the wild waves said when H.M.S. *Hero* was bombarded off the Kentish Knock:—"Knocked her in the Old Kent Roads."

The fact that many of the City Companies failed to contribute to the fund for the preservation of Crosby Hall is being adversely commented on, and is all the more remarkable considering that the building had been used as an eating-house.

We understand that, in consequence of the disappearance of the portrait of our greatest sea hero from the Guildhall, the Nelson Column is being guarded night and day by detectives in order to prevent the statue on its pinnacle being replaced by that of the late Lord Mayor.

No efforts have been spared to impress our Swazi visitors with the greatness of Great Britain. Last week the chiefs were taken to see *The Christian* at the Lyceum Theatre.

English visitors to New York are cautioned against using paper money just now. A countryman of ours,

who offered an importunate beggar a five-dollar note the other day, hopes to be out of hospital by the end of the month.

More smart journalism! On the 1st inst. an *Express* reporter received a nasty cut on his face at a Socialist meeting at Brockley. On the 3rd inst. our enterprising little contemporary published the first instalment of a serial story entitled "The Man with the Scar."

Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON is said to be extremely astonished that the World's Greatest Hair Expert has not been called to give evidence in the "Druce case" in regard to the beard difficulty.

Washerwomen in every quarter of the globe are highly indignant at the fact that Count ERASMUS ERBACH, a wealthy German, has been seized and placed in an asylum by his friends, who declare that his conduct in marrying a washerwoman's daughter proves him insane; and angry cries of "*A Berlin!*" are said to have been raised in more than one laundry.

A bargain-hunting Company Manager is said to have written to Messrs. GAMAGE to enquire whether their Secretary, who was slightly singed in the recent fire, will be included in their Salvage Sale.

Mr. MAX DUFFEK, we are informed by our Argus-eyed Press, has walked on his hands from the top landing to the bottom of the Washington monument in Washington. There is much to be said in favour of this new method of locomotion, and we should not be surprised if it spreads. How convenient, for instance, on a muddy day to be able to arrive, say, at an At Home, with clean boots.

It is officially announced that the construction of the new naval base at Rosyth is to begin at once, and that it will probably be completed by 1915. We presume that arrangements have been made for the postponement of the war of 1910.

Pressure, we hear, is being brought to bear on the Admiralty to induce them to purchase the L.C.C. steamboats now offered for sale, with a view to using them for the protection of such outlying possessions and protectorates as Jamaica and Zanzibar.

The balloon corps officers at Alder-

shot have, we are informed, now selected a number of natural shelters which are to serve as harbours for our war airships in every part of the country. There can, we suppose, be little doubt that we have now the best equipped aerial organisation in the world. The only thing that is lacking is the airships.

We would respectfully draw the attention of the Censor to the following barefaced announcement in *The Express*. After referring to some plays acquired by Miss LENA ASHWELL in America, our contemporary's Green Room correspondent says:—"Among these plays was *The Wooing of Eve and Clothes*, by HARTLEY MANNERS. *The Wooing of Eve* remains a possibility, but '*Clothes*' will not now be seen!" The final italics are ours. Also the note of exclamation.

Mr. BEST, of Aliwal North, Cape Colony, who served in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, and the Boer War, has, a newspaper informs us, just been presented, by his second wife, with his thirty-first child. So little, as a rule, is done for our veterans that we are pleased to hear this.

A Boston gentleman has, out of sympathy, married a woman who was knocked down by his motor-car, and had a leg amputated. We believe that if this kind of thing were made obligatory by law we should hear of fewer people being run over.

WINSTON DAY BY DAY.

Dec. 1.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL receives at his private kraal at Jinja a deputation of Amazons, who are anxious to ascertain whether he is in favour of Woman Suffrage. The Right Hon. gentleman replies that he is in favour of it in the abstract, but that he does not consider that the time is yet ripe for so drastic a concession.

Dec. 2.—Mysterious disappearance of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. The whole length and breadth of Jinja is carefully searched, but all in vain. Consternation is caused by the statement of an aged headman that he has seen a disreputable and suspicious-looking vulture loafing about the place lately. Sudden and fortunate arrival of the two Dianas from Somaliland, disguised in complete male attire as the two Obadiahs, who from their knowledge not only of Africa, but of the sex, affirm that their brawny sisters,



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR WOODEN TOYS À LA CARAN D'ACHE.

No. I.—THE FOUR-WHEELER.

dissatisfied with Mr. CHURCHILL'S ambiguous answer, have carried him off, and are holding him to ransom in the depth of the local Venusberg. Start of the rescuing party, headed by the two Dianas, and including the Mayor, Town Clerk, and Chief Constable of Jinja, two mahallas of Waggaras, brought up in the rear by a pack of Blenheim spaniels and the solicitous vulture, who has completely cleared his character.

Dec. 3.—Arrival of the rescuing party at the court of MISSISPANCA, the Queen of the Amazons, who indignantly denies that there is such a thing as an Under-Secretary for the Colonies about the place. The Chief Constable of Jinja, producing a search-warrant, now sets to work on the premises, assisted by the vulture and the Blenheim spaniels. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL eventually discovered bound hand and foot in a disused ballot-box, awaiting execution. Summary vengeance inflicted on the Amazons by the two Dianas, assisted by the Chief Constable.

MISSISPANCA condemned to read all Mr. ASQUITH'S speeches. Defiant war dance by the younger members of the Panca tribe. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL revived by artificial inhalation of oxygen and cambrygen, administered through MISSISPANCA'S bicycle-pump.

Dec. 4.—The rescue party sets out on return journey to Jinja. Two Dianas, quarrelling at a crossways, lose the track, and the whole party is engulfed in the depths of the Aruwhimi forest, in the mid-gloom of which they find Mr. GUY THORNE reading to a company of sleeping gorillas from a Braille edition of *When It was Dark*. Alarm of Mr. GUY THORNE, who in his terror changes to a Ranger Gull, is immediately attacked by the vulture and Blenheim spaniels, and takes to the trees.

Dec. 5.—Groping their way through the impenetrable gloom, each led by a Blenheim spaniel, the party come upon the suburbs of the chief city of the Little Pigmies.

Here they are met by a deputation, headed by the local Mr. BALFOUR, whose metaphysics are, it seems, accountable for the blackness of the forest.

Dec. 6.—Attack on the Little Pigmies by the neighbouring tribe, the Whole Hogmas, under the leadership of the local Mr. CHAPLIN.

Dec. 7.—Terrific battle ensues for the body of the local Mr. BALFOUR, during which Mr. CHURCHILL escapes to Frietradia, a neighbouring state, where he can breathe again, and again see the sun.

"As a sweet poet and a very prince of story-tellers I never found the slightest difficulty with Chaucer's English."—C. K. S. in *"The Sphere."*

One wishes that Mr. SHORTER had shown more consideration for our difficulties with *his* English. Are we to understand that he regards himself as "a sweet poet and a very prince of story-tellers"? This is very unlike his notorious reticence as to his own achievements.

GENTLEMEN OF FRANCE.

ON the day when Mr. BARKER's prohibited play, *Waste*, was performed by the Stage Society, innocent youth was also being catered for. Chaperoned by Mr. REDFORD, it could spend the afternoon with *Fido* at The Playhouse; the evening (just time for a glass of milk in between) with *The Cuckoo* at the Vaudeville. And both plays adapted from the French.

The story of *Waste* may be read by middle-aged people elsewhere; to the stories of *Fido* and *The Cuckoo* I now invite the attention of the youth of this country. *Fido* was the nickname of James Entwistle. To the flat of James, his wife Alice, and his niece Minnie came James's old schoolfellow, Marshall—a loud-voiced, smack-you-on-the-back, hearty fellow. He tells stories out of school about James's boyhood; disparages him, grown up, to his wife; invites himself as a paying guest to the flat; and, once there, makes himself quite at home—to the extent even of sending James out on errands. In your haste you might think of calling Marshall an impossible bounder; that shows how you misjudge him. Wait!

It appears that he has on hand some half-dozen affairs with the tobacconist's daughter, the girl at the confectioner's, the doctor's wife—Heaven knows whom else. Now he makes love to Alice. He suggests that they should leave James, and go off to the Continent together. He will "make her happy." After a tremendous struggle with herself Alice decides to sacrifice all for him, whereupon he announces that he has just proposed to and been accepted by Minnie. Ha!—an English gentleman, after all!

The Cuckoo has an even more wholesome plot; indeed it brings the breath of the country right across the footlights; but there are faults in it, as I shall show. Thomas Penfold is

married to *Guinevere*. Hugh Farrant is in love with *Guinevere*; need I add that he is also a trusted friend of Penfold's? Thomas has just become—shall I say "interested in"—Lady Alexandra Parke, a woman of no reputation. He gives her a cheque for £200, and arranges to meet her at King's Cross for the seven-something train. In order to get his wife out of the way, he sends her off from Paddington to stay with an aunt. Farrant arranges to travel down with her; they get out at Maidensbourne, and proceed to an inn, "The Flower Pot," where they have supper. *Guinevere*, however, suddenly realises what she has done. She insists on going back to her

petition; the sympathies of the audience are with them from the start. The many young girls who were there—

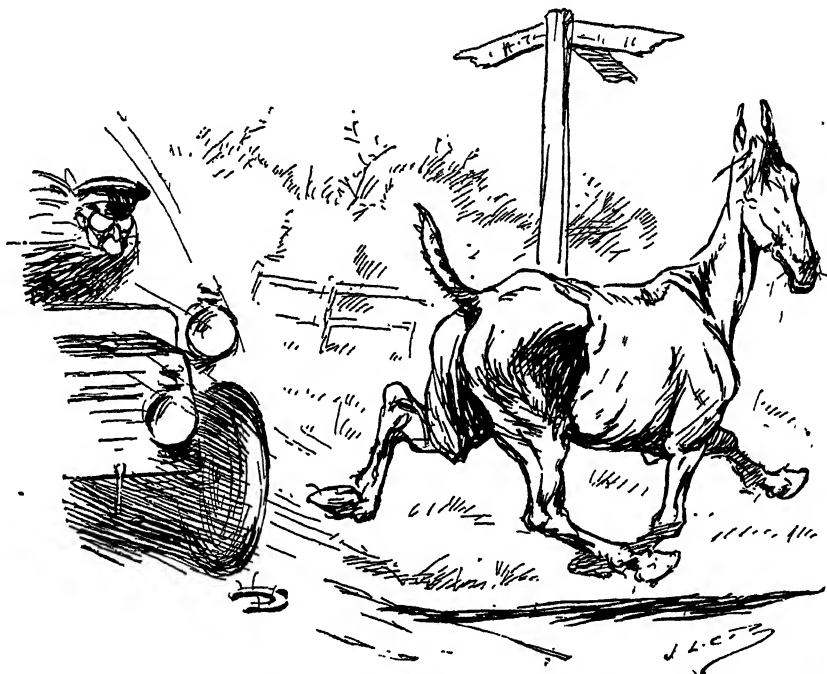
To take the matter seriously for a moment. The ignorance of the average girl about the average man is immense; necessarily so. She meets him at a dinner, at a dance; but of his private life, of his code of morals, his ideals, she knows nothing. Where is she to get that knowledge? Obviously from books and from the stage. Now suppose that such a girl, wishing (naturally enough) to see her favourites, CYRIL MAUDE and CHARLES HAWTREY, were to spend a Tuesday afternoon and evening at these two plays, what

would her idea of the average man be at the end of it all?

I think I shall leave that question to Mr. REDFORD to answer. And, when he has answered, I will add that, though it seems so, it is not so really. Men are not all bounders and blackguards. It is not even necessary to have—what are the beautiful words?—to have "knocked about a bit" and "seen life." Really it is not.

M.

This from *The Bedford Evening News* gives us an



REVENGE! OR, THE CAST SHOE.

husband; luckily they can just catch the last train back. Meanwhile Thomas has missed his lady, and has spent the night in the police-station by mistake. There is just one point more I should mention. *Guinevere*, guessing something of the truth of Thomas's escapade, hints that she will divorce him and "marry the man she loves." Whereupon Farrant, looking extremely uncomfortable, hopes she will do nothing of the sort.

The mistake of the author lies in making Hugh and Thomas too perfect—too much the Admirable Crichton. That they are fine manly fellows is surely obvious from what I have said. It is quite unnecessary for Hugh to save a drowning man's life, and Thomas to win a Limerick com-

idea of the "committee of independent experts" at work:—

"One very good punning line was:—

'He "Heard" "Ward" "Wood" get his cap 'all right,'"

but sufficient care had not been taken to avoid repetition, and the line reads badly, besides being out of meter, which, however, would not have mattered if it had read smoothly."

"Mr. F. Leverton Harris is a descendant of a well-known Hampshire family, and is on the threshold of his forty-third birthday. His scholastic career was eminently successful, a Winchester and Gonville education being finished at Caius College, Cambridge. At the age of 19 he took his degree, with honours, in natural science, and four years later his Alma Mater."—*East End News*.

Nothing, we note, is said as to where he took this lady to.



Neighbour. "AND WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY?"

Old Man. "'E SAID NO MORE MEDICINE, BUT IF YE TAKE A LITTLE WALK OF A MARNIN' ON THE COMMON AND GET THE AIR, MEBBE YOU 'LL LIVE TO BE A OXYGENARIAN."

IN PRAISE OF FOG.

[Mr. Punch, in his "Charivaria" of last week, drew attention to a correspondent, calling himself "Fog Lover," who wrote to *The Daily Mail*, saying:—

"Whenever a fog is present my spirits rise, my appetite improves, and I feel altogether in better health than in any other weather."]

THERE are who praise a sunny sky,
There are who love the shore
Where one may lie
With half-closed eye
And watch the sea-gulls sailing by
What time the salt ozone
Is blown
About one evermore.
There are whose hearts with gladness
leap
To climb the Alpine scaur;
There are who joy in drinking deep
The fragrance of the pine-clad steep;
There are who yearn
For loch and glen
And tumbling burn
And breezy ben,
Where far beyond the ken
Of men
The Highland eagles soar.

There is who loves to watch the blue
Turn faint and fade to grey,
Who smiles to view
Each smoking flue
Make deep and deeper still the hue,
Until the sullen sun
Grows dun
And hides his face away.
He laughs to see the mists descend
And round the city play,
To watch the brown-yellow blend
Enshroud the town from end to end;
His soul is thrilled
At such a sight,
His bosom filled
With wild delight
To see the gloomy blight
Of night
Enshroud the garish day.
There is who revels when the air
Is thick as Atholl brose;
Then forth he'll fare
Through street and square
To quaff a draught so rich and rare,
More sweet to him, more rife
With life
Than any breeze that blows.
There is who flings his windows wide
(Which careful housewives close)

To catch the odours that deride
The breath of rose or pheasant-eyed.
Not all the spice
Of Araby
Is half so nice!
And oh! his glee
When in the mirror he
Can see
The smuts upon his nose.

Pen Portraits.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

"As he sits on the Woolsack he may be seen continually shifting its position, at one time pulling it low over his forehead, at another pushing it back as if to relieve its oppressiveness. The noble and learned lord is plainly indifferent to ceremony and ostentation."

Daily Mail.

"We are most grateful to the ladies who spared no pains in beautifying the Church, the choir, organist, and ringers."

Torrington Deanery Magazine.

We cannot help thinking that the ringers might have been left as they were. Up in the belfry nobody sees them. Besides this would have allowed extra time to have been devoted to some of the more stubborn cases in the choir,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I READ the other day in a morning paper of high renown a review of Mr. WALTER JERROLD's *Thomas Hood* (ALSTON RIVERS), in which the subject of the memoir was hilariously hailed as "Tom" Hood, slapped on the back in friendly appreciation of his work, and assured that the world would not soon forget his verse about the ill-requited sempstress. And indeed the fame of "The Song of the Shirt," which first saw light in the sympathetic pages of Mr. Punch, is not wholly hid. Of course "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Dream of Eugene Aram," which some of us have heard HENRY IRVING recite, are of themselves sufficient to establish for their author a high place in literature. Throughout his short life—he died in his forty-sixth year—Hood was handicapped by two grievous weights. He was always poor, and was nearly always ill. He fought both giants, sickness and poverty, with indomitable courage and unflagging good humour. He turned out an immense amount of work, which should have meant something more than mere competency. But he fell into evil hands, and twice was robbed by BARABBAS, who sixty years ago was a publisher. Being unable to meet his liabilities, and declining to avail himself of the sponge provided by the Bankruptcy Court, he, emulous of WALTER SCOTT's example in similar circumstances, settled down in Coblenz, and, sick at heart, worn out in body, made jokes at a pace that promised to clear his slate.

He was at his best with children, being in truth to the end himself a lovable child. Nothing in his printed works is more delightful than the four letters, written less than a year before his death, to the children of a friend spending a summer holiday at Sandgate. "Childhood," he wrote to one, "is such a joyous, merry time I often wish I was two or three children; and wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees?" WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, not given to saying smooth things, summed up his character in a line: "The witty and the tender Hood." Mr. JERROLD is to be thanked for reviving old memories and adding something fresh.

The bringing of pictures to life is not, of course, a very new idea. There was *Ruddigore*, and there was a famous poster of a certain whiskey brand. But PAMELA TENNANT has the good fortune to live with a wonderful family of great masters—REYNOLDS and RAEURN, HOGARTH and HOPPNER, ROMNEY and GAINSBOROUGH—and she has come to know her gallery of portraits with a very personal intimacy. In *The Children and the Pictures* (HEINEMANN) she makes them step out of their frames o' nights, and mix with the little people of the house in dreamland, and tell them tales whose scenes are laid in the neighbouring landscapes of MORLAND and NASMYTH. The book is full of the charming fancies of a pretty mind, and the only faults I have to find with it are that some of the tales, such as that of "The House of Dalliance," are a little too difficult, and that the simplicity of its general tone is spoilt here and there by words or phrases well outside a child's vocabulary. Here, for instance, is a passage that illustrates the curious mixture of styles: "When Dr. JOHNSON spoke, you wondered if there could be anything more to be said on that subject, ever again, by anybody. [So far, good; and then this paralyzing sentence—] There dwelt the apotheosis of the *punkt finale* in his speech," I

hope Lady TENNANT may be forgiven for this by her own and her friends' children, for whom her book must have been originally designed as a labour of love. Other people's children will bless her not only for her delightful stories, but for the one-and-twenty coloured reproductions—and more beautiful work, in its kind, I have never seen—of the very pictures, else unknown to them, round which her book is written.

The Furnace, Miss MACAULAY's second

(If I'm not mistaken) book,
Reveals that glow which can't be beckoned,
Coaxed, or lured by hook or crook;
Such a flame there's no provoking
Into life with clumsy poking—
Nothing short of expert stoking
Brings its warm reposeful look.

The story gives a demonstration,
Psychologically true,
Of how an old-born inclination
Seldom truckles to a new;
Some external joy or worry
May create a nine-days' flurry,
But revulsion's certain. MURRAY.
Brings it out. It ought to do.

When two men collaborate to write a novel, one of them, said STEVENSON, has to be the boss. When an author and an artist combine to produce a travel book, I suppose in nine cases out of ten the author considers it to be entirely *his* work. "Look here," he says to the artist, "I want to describe a motor tour in Spain. Just come with me and draw some pictures for it." Now and then, perhaps, the artist is so extremely important that he can say to the author: "Oh, by the way, I am making some sketches of Spanish life. I thought, if you didn't mind, I'd just take you with me to do some words." But in the case of Mr. OWEN LLEWELLYN and Mr. RAVEN HILL, they must suddenly have rushed into each other's arms with the cry, "Let's do a book." *The South Bound Car* (METHUEN), a delightful record of a delightful tour, is the result. I would call the illustrations inimitable, had not the word by frequent use become meaningless. But it is a fact that there is nobody living who can touch Mr. RAVEN HILL in his own line. Mr. LLEWELLYN is very amusing, but he is inclined to be too funny. After a while it is difficult for him to say anything straightforwardly. But he has great moments, and there is always Mr. RAVEN HILL at his side to keep him up to the mark.

With what particular club Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON wrote his latest book, *Nature's Moods and Tenses* (SMITH, ELDER), he does not say; but it was a pretty hefty one. The only thing we can say about the book is that it almost needs a caddie to carry it; but that is fashionable now, in spite of the excellent light paper on which books can be printed and are printed by some publishers. If anyone thinks from the foregoing remarks that *Nature's Moods and Tenses* is a golfing book he will be wrong. It is a collection of essays on open-air subjects, genial and informing, and country-gentlemanly in the highest degree. Full measure is given too, and indeed the observer of the phenomena of the fields and woods could not have a more agreeable guide than the golfing sage of Ashdown Forest.

LITERARY NOTE.—A French edition of *Father and Son* is in preparation to be entitled *Père et Gosse*.

FORTHCOMING PANTOMIMES.

[From any local Paper.]

THEATRE ROYAL.—This year's pantomime will be *Cinderella*, and will be the most elaborate production as yet attempted at this theatre. The management, regardless of expense, has secured a remarkable array of performers. The most popular songs of the pantomime will undoubtedly be "On the Banks of the River Spree," a ditty which recalls the tuneful song "By the Side of the Zuyder Zee;" and "My Basutoland Princess," a charming love-song. The comic air-ship interlude may confidently be reckoned on to create roars of laughter; while the Pageant Ballet (dressed in the actual costumes of the Muddleton Pageant) will undoubtedly prove popular. Mr. BRODGRIN, the principal comedian, is introducing a funny "diabolo" scene; and other novelties will include a burlesque of the Druce Case, and a comic scena entitled, "Votes for Women."

GRAND THEATRE.—Plenty of fun is the motto of the Grand Theatre with regard to its forth-

coming pantomime of *Aladdin*. We are promised a burlesque of the Druce Case, a humorous interlude called "The Suffragettes," and a "diabolo" scene, introduced by Mr. HORSCOLAR, the principal comedian. "My Basutoland Princess" may confidently be expected to be one of the most popular songs of the performance, though it will be run closely by "On the Banks of the River Spree." A novelty is forthcoming in the "Grand Historical Ballet," all the dancers being attired in the costumes actually

worn in the Puddleton Pageant. The management at an enormous outlay has secured a formidable list of artistes, and the pantomime will undoubtedly be the most elaborate ever staged at the Grand.

THE KING'S THEATRE.—The management has purchased the whole of the wardrobe of the Puddleton Pageant, and the costumes will be worn in a grand "Historical Ballet"—a striking novelty. Other novelties in-

Hood will be the most elaborate pantomime the Gaiety Theatre has ever staged. The chief fun-maker, Mr. WEEZES, is introducing a take-off of "diabolo." An air-ship interlude promises to be funny, as does the skit on Woman's Suffrage, while the topical burlesque on the Druce Trial should cause much mirth. The tuneful songs include "On the Banks of the River Spree," and "My Basutoland Princess." The enterprising manager has secured the

whole of the dresses used in the Puddleton Pageant, and these will appear in the grand "England's History" ballet.

"One man would apply his newly acquired wealth in one way, another would have other uses for it."—*Daily Express*.

There was a time when *The Express* used simply to state homely and obvious truths, as that Tariff Reform meant No Income-Tax, Old Age Pensions, and Work for All; but now the leader writer has become reckless, and he says absolutely anything that comes into his head.

"Hackenschmidt has had many challengers, and among them the two famous wrestlers, Zbysco and Padonbury. Zbysco and Padonbury arranged to meet in order that the question of superiority should be settled

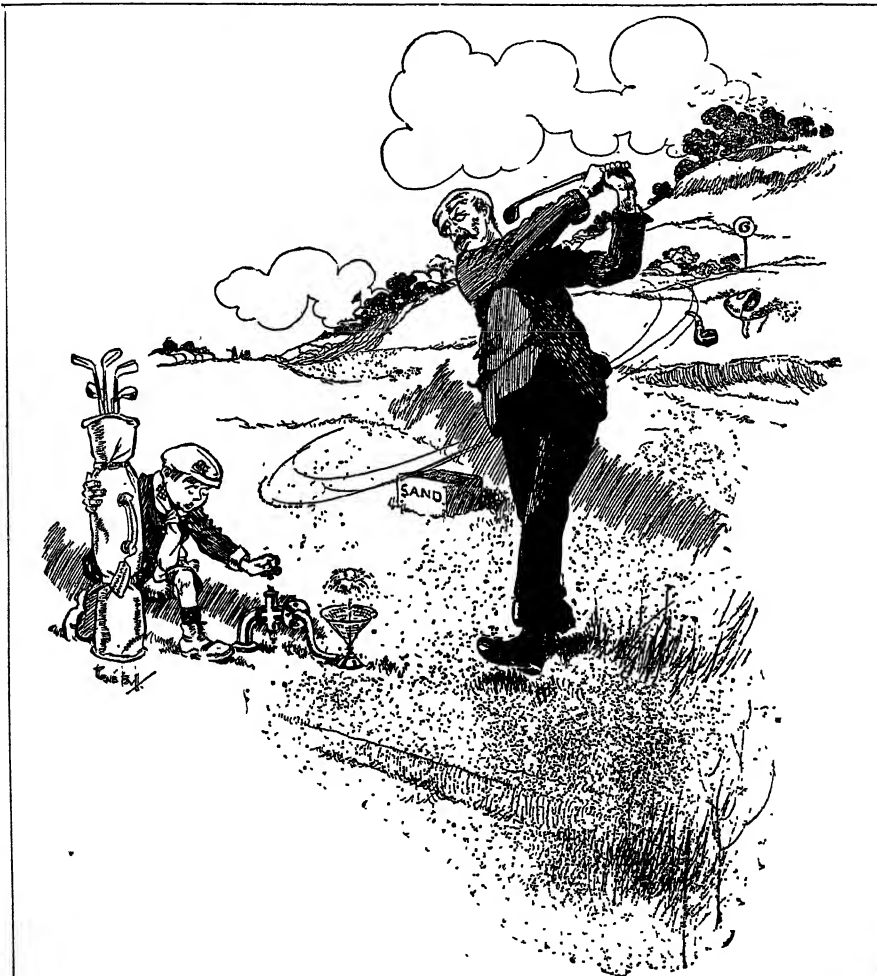
first... The Galician, weighing 18st. 2lb., and Padonbury, just a stone more, took the mat amidst cheering.

"... Zbysco beat Padonbury."—*Liverpool Echo*. We like the way in which Zbysco (or Zbysco) gradually wore his opponent down. If he had only gone on a few lines longer he might have got him down to Padoby.

The Barbarity of Games.

We respectfully call the attention of *The Daily News* Boxing Expert to the following from the index of *The Hastings Observer*:—

"Page 3.—Battle News—Chess."



GOLF, LIKE BILLIARDS, HAS BECOME TOO EASY; AND, FOLLOWING THE INVENTION OF THE OVAL TABLE, THE ABOVE SCHEME HAS BEEN DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF ADVANCED GOLFERS.

clude a skit on "diabolo," introduced by Mr. GAGES, the leading comedian; a humorous air-ship interlude, and a scena "Voters for Women!" The favourite songs will probably be "On the Banks of the River Spree," and "My Basutoland Princess." The genial manager has, without considering expense, secured a notable array of performers, and the pantomime of *Crusoe* will undoubtedly be the most gorgeous ever seen at the King's Theatre.

GAIETY THEATRE.—*Red Riding-*

THE RETORT CONTUMELIOUS.

[An entire column of *The Daily Chronicle* of December 12 was devoted to an attack by Mr. HALL CAINE on Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE in answer to aspersions cast by the latter on the character of the heroine of *The Christian*. The finale runs as follows:—

"It is like madness. Except in the world of the little critics, of the bitter-hearted blatherskites, of the mean-souled nincompoops, who are always struggling to establish their own superiority by belittling the intelligence of the public, you can find nothing like it on earth outside the precincts of Colney Hatch."]

HALL, when I viewed your bellicose Philippic

It was another dear illusion cracked

To find that one I took to be a typic

Model of what is meant by Christian tact

Should, like a heathen hooligan, apparelled

In flashy fustian, hobnailed toe and heel,

Rudely impinge upon the harmless HAROLD

With such un-Christian zeal.

What had he done? Oh, just the old, old story

Of "none so blind as those who will not see."

He had the hardihood to say your *Glory*

Was not exactly all that she should be.

Packed houses nightly gave the girl unstinting

Certificates of virtue past all price;

But HAROLD took the lonely line of hinting

'That she was not quite nice.

So, lest her fame should wither undefended

With none to tell the catiff that he lied,

You shouted "HALL for *Glory*!" and descended

Flamboyantly on HAROLD's wretched hide.

And, having spoilt his face and kicked and mauled him

Out of all knowledge, with a fiendish whoop

You pranced upon his lifeless pulp, and called him

A mean-souled nincompoop.

Not for your own sake—how could HAROLD hurt you?—

A nobler vengeance armed your manly breast;

It was because he vilely sniffed at virtue

When it had passed the public's final test.

There lay his fault: he wanted, like the Hittites

(His grosser vision taking white for black)

To check the Chosen People (that's the Pitites)

And put 'em off the track.

And yet—I don't imply the least collusion—

We know that HAROLD well deserves to win

Your thanks, in lieu of thumps, for this intrusion

By which you're safe to haul the shekels in;

Has he not been for you a man and brother,

Adding to *Glory's* cheek a spicier bloom,

Giving you—quick to seize it—yet another

Chance for a monster boom.

O. S.

Glimpses of Great Lives.

"THOMAS BEKET."

From a schoolboy's examination paper:—

"Thomas Beket used to invite poor monks and priests to dinner and, while they were eating, would read dry books to them. Thomas Beket and Wosley were great friends. Indeed, you scarcely ever saw one without the other."

To refer again to the Druce case for a moment (we are touching wood as we write, in case it is still *sub judice*), it is alleged that the alleged Duke did not confine his alleged disguises to spare pairs of alleged whiskers. According to the *Times* report of one witness, "he had a spare face." The witness went on to say that "his face was very pale . . . Sometimes he had a red face;" all of which must have been very confusing.

SIBYLLINE SQUIRRELS.

Mr. Punch is glad to see that the letter to the Editor of *The Daily Mail* from a Totnes correspondent, which appeared on Tuesday the 10th, under the significant heading of "Squirrels' Seasonable Warning," is receiving the attention that the serious nature of its intelligence undoubtedly demands from the Public.

That letter, it will be remembered, was as follows:—

"Sir,—In this part of Devonshire squirrels have been laying up no nuts or acorns. Last autumn there was an abundance of nuts and sweet chestnuts in the wood; this year I have noticed and heard tell of neither."

Obviously squirrels would not act in this improvident manner without *some* good reason. They must, as the heading suggests, be trying to warn us of impending evil. And we shall be wise if we act upon that warning—as soon as we understand quite clearly what it is. The worst of it is that opinions seem to differ so widely as to the precise meaning of the portent. Here are only a few of the interpretations that were unfortunately crowded out of some of our leading papers:—

(1) *Note of the Day*, "*The Westminster Gazette*."

"We observe from a letter published in yesterday's *Daily Mail* that the squirrels in the vicinity of Totnes are not making their customary provision for the coming winter this autumn. This scarcely looks as if the hard times so confidently looked forward to by Mr. BONAR LAW and Fiscal Reformers in general were giving any sign of approaching at present. It is a little unfortunate for the Protectionists that the autumn of 1906—the year when the nation declared itself so strongly for Free Trade—should have been attended by an exceptional abundance of sweet chestnuts. For ourselves we attach no great importance to such indications, but when our opponents take to prophesying, it is just as well to confront them with plain facts."

(2) *Occasional Note*, "*The Pall Mall Gazette*."

"We wonder what our hidebound Cobdenists think of the striking letter in *The Daily Mail* of yesterday. It seems that our home-grown British oaks and chestnuts—not only in Devonshire, but, as we have only too good reasons for believing, in many other counties—have been compelled to suspend production this autumn. This was only to be expected after the crushing competition they have been subjected to for years by free imports of nuts from Barcelona and Brazil, not to mention their rivals from Turkey, Spain, and America, who have been permitted to settle on our soil. And now it seems we must resign ourselves to the decay of one more national industry. However, we are not so sanguine as to suppose for a moment that such a warning will have any permanent effect on the pig-headed fanatics who still cling to the fetish of Free Trade. We know them too well for that!"

(3) *Letter to the Editor* of "*The Spectator*."

"Sir,—The true significance of the fact that squirrels in Devonshire and elsewhere have given up laying in stores of either nuts or acorns seems to have been generally overlooked. I regard it myself as extremely serious. The squirrel, as I can testify from my own observation, has long been carnivorous to some extent. He seems now to have abandoned vegetarianism altogether, and I fear we may look for depredations shortly among our cattle, such as were committed by the New Zealand parrot, or kea, when it first acquired a taste for sheep's kidneys. I should advise large graziers to take precautions, as even a single squirrel might work incal-



“A VERRAY PARFIT NOBEL KNIGHT.”

[The Swedish trustees of the NOBEL bequest have this year awarded the International prize for Literature to Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.]



culable havoc in a solitary night among a herd of valuable cattle. I have myself seen one devour a half-fledged thrush and several eggs with evident enjoyment.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
A LOVER OF NATURE.

(4) Article by Mr. EUSTACE MILES for "The Daily Chronicle."

“It seems singular that squirrels should be abandoning the simple life just at the moment when mankind has begun to adopt it. Possibly, in course of time their digestive apparatus has become so modified as to be no longer capable of assimilating nuts in an uncooked form without discomfort. I have met many vegetarians who complain that, after consuming a pound of raw Brazil nuts, they have felt all the symptoms of severe dyspepsia. In such cases I always recommend that the nuts should be ground and served up in the form of cutlets or *rissoles*, with some appetising sauce. Prepared in this manner, the most fastidious will find them palatable, apart from their value as a brain and nerve food.”

(5) Interview with Father BERNARD VAUGHAN for
"The Sunday Times."

"Yes," said Father VAUGHAN sadly, "to me it is only one more instance of the insidious effect produced

by members of the Smart Set upon all with whom they come in contact. Even our little brothers of the bright eyes and bushy tail have not escaped the corrupting influence! They no longer delight in the simple food which once contented them! I have only too good reason for believing that it is a common practice among fashionable women, when in the country on those pernicious week-end visits, which cannot be too severely reprobated—I say, it is a common practice with them to take a Sunday afternoon walk in the woods between their ‘Bridge’ rubbers, for the purpose of feeding the squirrels with *marrons glacés*! I intend to preach on this subject on an early occasion, so you will excuse me if I say no more at present.”

Well, it is all very puzzling, and even now *Mr. Punch* cannot make up his mind about it. It was thoughtful of the squirrels to give us this "seasonable warning." But they might have made it a little clearer while they were about it.

F. A.

A game called Bridge has just reached Scotland. Our authority for this statement is the *Bridge of Allan Gazette*. Further details will be awaited with interest.

"A striking instance of luck, skill, or fate was witnessed at a game of bridge one evening this week at Bridge of Allan, when every trick was secured, and what is technically known as a 'great slam,' was the result. This may never occur in a lifetime again."

CHEAP BOOKS.

FIREd by the recent remarks at *The Tribune* Rendezvous, and stimulated further by Mr. *Punch's* verses last week, a number of leading authors met recently at the Royalty Arms at Great Bookham, to discuss Mr. RICHARD WHITEING's suggestion that all books should be published at a penny.

The chair was taken by Mr. LANG, and seats on the platform were occupied by a number of distinguished authors, including Madame TETRAZZINI, Mr. RICHARD WHITEING, Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Mr. H. G. WELLS, Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, the Hon. WALTER ROTHSCHILD, Mr. A. E. W. MASON, M.P., Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, Mr. MOBERLY BELL, Mr. HOOPER, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. ARTHUR C. BENSON, Lord Esher, and Mr. C. K. SHORTER (the last-named having run over from Sahara for the occasion, and arranged to return to the desert the same evening).

The CHAIRMAN in his opening remarks said that the proposal was not so novel as it sounded. Sixty years ago a certain Mr. HORNE published an epic poem entitled *Orion*, at a farthing. (Cries of "Shame!" and "He ought to have been belted!") The experiment was not successful. (Cheers.) Speaking for himself, the CHAIRMAN added, he would not obtrude his own views on the meeting, but would merely observe that were he offered a six-shilling book for a penny he should be divided in his feelings

between the satisfaction of saving himself five and eleven-pence, and sorrow at the small profits that would be accruing to the author. (Tears.) Before proceeding further he would ask Madame TETRAZZINI to sing "The Heart Bowed Down." The prima donna having rendered the ballad to the complete satisfaction of everyone but Mr. SHORTER, who complained that her voice was far inferior to that of TAGLIONI, the meeting settled down to business.

Mr. WHITEING having again outlined his modest proposal to reduce the price of all books to a penny, the discussion began.

Mr. H. G. WELLS said that he could support Mr. WHITEING only in part. He would make modern books a penny, but he would so put up the price of the classics that they could not be bought by anyone.

Mr. WALTER ROTHSCHILD said that as the author of a book priced at 500s. he might be excused for regarding Mr. WHITEING's proposal as somewhat drastic. The suggested reduction was too sweeping.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE admitted that it

than a penny; whereas others were beyond value. (Cries of "Name!") The speaker declined to name any. But if Volume 51—SCOFFIN to SHEARES—were consulted possibly the meeting might guess at his meaning. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. A. E. W. MASON, M.P., said that he viewed with alarm the proposal to charge only a penny for *The Four Feathers*. It worked out at only a farthing a feather, which was altogether absurd.

MADAME TETRAZZINI, whose rising was the signal for a renewed outbreak of applause, addressed the assembly in fluent Tuscan, which was translated by Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT. She cordially supported Mr. WHITEING's proposal on the ground that the less money was spent on books the more would be available for the purchase of stalls at the opera. Thus every subscriber to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would be in a position to go at least ten times to hear *Traviata*, *Lucia*, or *Rigoletto*, if the price were reduced to the sum suggested.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN said he had long contemplated the issue of his works at a figure which would bring them within the reach of the toiling millions. If by the agency of the Referendum it could be conclusively shown that his readers would welcome this reduction, he would gladly acquiesce in it.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW cordially applauded the Laureate's generous resolve. On the whole he thought that the needs of the situation would be

adequately met if Mr. AUSTIN would let the public buy his collected works for, say, twopenny half-penny.

Mr. A. C. BENSON said he believed that the cheapening of good books must conduce to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. After all, the greatest literary happiness did not consist so much in buying as in writing books, and if the price were reduced to a penny an industrious author ought to be able to turn out at least one a week. It was far better to be penny wise than pound foolish, and, if he might remind them of another proverb, "No penny, no Paternoster" had clearly a prophetic



SHAKESPEARE IN THE RESTAURANT.

"IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, PLAY ON;
GIVE ME EXCESS OF IT, THAT, SURFEITING,
THE APPETITE MAY SICKEN AND SO DIE."

was true that a penny re-issue of the *Dictionary of National Biography* had been suggested, but so far the publisher had not accepted it with any warmth. For his own part he thought that you might as well give a book away as ask a penny for it. (Sensation.) Perhaps, however, Mr. LEE continued, a compromise might be effected by which the separate *Lives* in the *Dictionary* should be issued at from a penny to three-pence, according to the eminence of the individual. In matters of this sort the personal equation should always be carefully studied. He could name a few *Lives* which certainly were not worth more

bearing on the future development of the publishing trade.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, wearing a handsome Turkish bath-towel, which had been conferred on him by the SULTAN, said that he entirely objected to the cheapening of books. A good book ought not to cost less than a ride in the Tube. (Cheers.) It ought to cost more. (Renewed cheers.) "Another penny and up goes the donkey!" was no motto for him (the speaker), and so long as he could get six shillings for a novel and three-and-six for a book of sparkling literary essays he meant to do so. (A sob.)

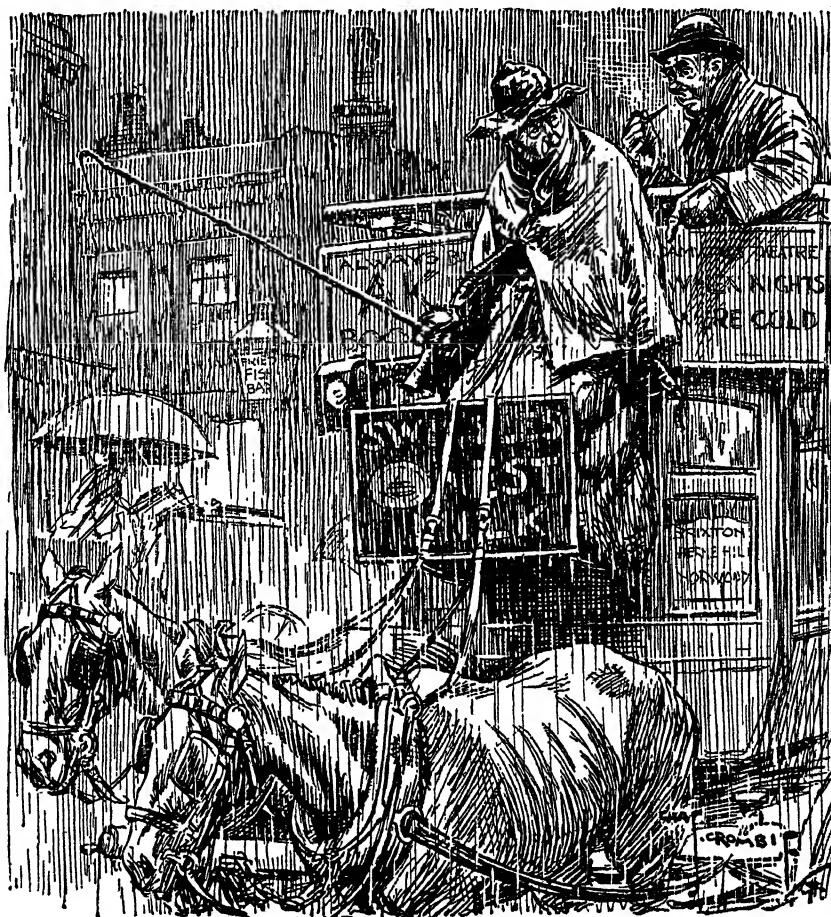
Mr. MOBERLY BELL and Mr. HOOPER, rising together and speaking in perfect unison, said that undoubtedly books were too dear. But it was a question whether a penny was not too low a figure for publisher, printer, binder, paper-maker, book-seller, and librarian to make a just profit. (A voice: "And author?") Yes, and author. (Cheers.) As it was, some books which should be nameless were scandalously costly. (At this point Mr. A. C. BENSON began to take off his coat.) It was to hit upon the happy mean that they had employed the pen of a gentleman who bore the auspicious name of MONYPENNY. (Enormous excitement.) Their motto as publishers was "Not Penny but Monypenny."

Further speeches would doubtless have been made and valuable results obtained had not Mr. A. C. BENSON at this point broken away from the restraining hand of Lord ESHER. In the panic that ensued the meeting disappeared.

DEPORTMENT FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

THE scheme, which has long been under consideration, for teaching manners to concert audiences, is now complete, and the school will open very shortly. The original idea was not to begin until 1909, but the recent exhibition of homage at the sword's point and admiration with knuckle-dusters, as it has been called, on the occasion of one of Madame TETRAZZINI's concerts has brought things to a head. We quote from *The Chronicle's* report:—

"As the prima donna was passing through the crowd to enter the four-wheeler, men tried to shake hands with her, and women endeavoured to kiss her. In the scimmage her dress was damaged and she herself became somewhat nervous, exclaiming in Italian, 'Please let me pass.' Eventually some gentlemen, realising that something serious might happen if she were not protected, surrounded her and helped her into the cab."



Passenger. "ARE YOU GOIN' TO HANG ABOUT HERE ALL DAY, OR WHAT?"

Bussey. "IF YER DON'T LIKE IT, YER CAN GIT OFF AN' WALK."

Passenger. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M NOT IN SUCH A HURRY AS ALL THAT!"

It is to endeavour to suppress such scenes as this that the School of Deportment for Music Lovers comes into existence. The directors feel that whatever may be the emotions of the singers or pianists during such exhibitions, it is better for the audience that they should not occur. By catching little girls very young it may be possible to bring them up to realise that an English lady can indicate that she has been profoundly interested in and moved by music without afterwards kissing the boots or tearing out the locks of the foreign instrumentalist who has been making it; while boys, it is conjectured, may learn that their first duty as men is not to molest a *prima donna* with their embraces, but to protect her as they would any lady of their acquaintance without a voice.

Although the best results are to be looked for from the young, adult pupils are also invited. For these there will be a series of lectures on the art of keeping one's seat at the end of recitals; suppressing the ten-

dency to rush to the doors; averting the eyes from singers' and pianists' carriages, etc.; and something also will be said as to the unfairness of repeated *encores* at the end of fatiguing afternoons.

It may be added that no kind of improvement in the manners of music lovers is really expected.

The Journalistic Touch.

"The player must learn to keep his temper on the field of play, or else the inevitable will certainly happen."—*Cricket and Football Field.*

Mr. Punch's Motor Expert quotes the following as an example of commercial candour:

"U—'s BELT PULLEY GRIPS run like silk, with no back pressure upon your engine, and you can simply walk up hills."

But his Medical Adviser dismisses it contemptuously as only another of those quack advertisements. Mr. Punch leaves it to his readers to decide.

THE COMMENTATORS.

I.—THE FACTS.

M.C.C. v. NEW SOUTH VICTORIA.

NEW SOUTH VICTORIA.

V. Trumper, l.b.w. b. Barnes	5
P. McAlister, c. Fane b. Fielder	189
C. Hill, c. Braund b. Rhodes	114
M. A. Noble, not out	48
Extras	17

Total (for 3 wickets) 373

BARNES and FIELDER started the bowling. TRUMPER was leg-before to BARNES at 7, but did not seem satisfied with the decision . . . a long stand . . . fielding very keen . . . At 48 the first change in the bowling was made, BLYTHE going on for FIELDER . . . BRAUND . . . RHODES . . . CRAWFORD . . . BARNES . . . FIELDER . . . BRAUND . . . RHODES. HOBBS had an over, but the separation came from the other end, HILL being caught for a magnificent innings of 114 . . . three chances . . . ovation . . . another long stand BARNES . . . BRAUND . . . RHODES . . . BLYTHE . . . FIELDER . . . well caught at mid-on for a magnificent innings of 189 . . . two chances . . . ovation . . . stumps drawn.—*Reuter.*

II.—THE COMMENTS.

A.—THE EXPANSIVE STYLE.

[After "Wanderer" of "The Sportsman."]

Once more it looks as though the Englishmen had an uphill struggle before them, but "Captain" JONES and his men have so often pulled a match literally out of the fire that it would be well if those people who are proverbially said to rush in where the winged element hesitates to tread were to for once defer their prognostications of defeat. For myself, I have always maintained that the despised "second eleven of England" is quite capable of holding its own with any side the Cornstalks are able at the present time to put into the field.

On this occasion England made an auspicious start, and great must have been the rejoicings among the team when the incomparable VICTOR TRUMPER almost immediately stepped in front of a straight one from BARNES and paid the penalty. According to the cabled account, which is all that is available for the moment, he appears to have been dissatisfied with the decision; but after all this is all in the luck of the game, and TRUMPER is too good a sportsman to complain if his star for once was not in the ascendant. Unfortunately this early success was not followed up, and a long stand between McALISTER and HILL effect-

ually dispelled any ideas the Englishmen may have had of dismissing their opponents before lunch. CLEMENT HILL, the famous left-hander, of course is familiar to us all, but McALISTER has never yet played before an English crowd. To judge by his performance in this match, he is in the first flight of batsmen, and able to hold his own with any that the daughter country has turned out. He was eventually dismissed by a good catch by FANE, the Essex amateur holding a hard hit to mid-on. Previous to this, however, HILL had been neatly taken in the slips by BRAUND off the left-handed Yorkshireman RHODES, and another long stand had ensued between McALISTER and "Captain" NOBLE, "Captain" JONES seems to have been in a pretty tangle with his bowling, for we read that HOBBS (whose colleague HAYES, by the way, is to have a benefit next year) was given an unproductive over . . . (etc., etc., until it is time for last year's averages of the Cross Arrows C.C. to come in).

B.—THE REMINISCENT.

[After Mr. P. F. Warner.]

Mr. McALISTER, whose fine innings of 189 has had so much to do with the present strong position of New South Victoria, is one of the most brilliant players in Australia at the present moment. In fact we are inclined to place him with that select quartette Mr. TRUMPER, Mr. HILL, Mr. NOBLE and Mr. ARMSTRONG. He has not yet appeared in this country, but played two fine innings of 48 and 31 on the Sidbourne ground against the 1903 M.C.C. team. On that occasion he was the only one to make anything of Mr. BOSANQUET's "googlies," although he was eventually caught off him in the country by Mr. FOSTER, the umpire at the bowler's end being Mr. PHILLIPS. In the second innings he was again caught by Mr. FOSTER, and, curiously enough, off Mr. BOSANQUET once more. In the whole match Mr. BOSANQUET took twelve wickets for 109, and Mr. FOSTER made three catches. As these two players between them made more than half the runs, it will be seen that they contributed largely to our great victory by an innings and 383 runs. It seems unlikely that that decisive victory will be repeated on this occasion.

We notice that Mr. HILL was missed three times. This is not altogether the fieldsmen's fault, for the light on the Sidbourne ground is notoriously difficult, and we well remember how we missed Mr. TRUMPER

there in 1903 from a stroke which we never saw until it struck us on the shin. (He afterwards made 167.) Now at Melbane it is different, for although the trees . . . (etc., etc., from "How we recovered the Ashes").

C.—THE DEDUCTIVE.

[After Mr. E. H. D. Sevell.]

VICTOR TRUMPER's dismissal for the small score of 5 was a stroke of luck for the Englishmen. I don't mean that it was not the result of good bowling, but that TRUMPER would not be likely to be caught napping a second time. BARNES is inclined to swing from leg a bit, and no doubt TRUMPER shaped to place the ball between mid-on and short leg for 3. Result—a mistime, and the umpire's uplifted finger. Probably TRUMPER had not quite got the pace of the wicket; and though it is a fatal stroke for us lesser batsmen at the commencement of our innings yet ordinary rules cannot be held to apply to him, and no doubt he felt justified in attempting the stroke. Luck for England, and luck also that the umpire took the same view of the situation as BARNES and HUMPHRIES.

The stand that followed must have caused JONES (who, by the way, was at my old school, Bedford, whence comes H. H. VASSALL, the great Rugger blue) a good deal of thinking before he got RHODES to send down a slightly faster ball with plenty of going-away spin on it, which HILL edged into the hands of BRAUND. A good wicket well thought out. Unfortunately there was another long stand, and all the bowlers on the side had to have a go before McALISTER was caught by FANE at mid-on. The report says "well caught," so we may presume that it was from a straight drive, since the ordinary skyer presents no great difficulties to an Essex man. Probably FIELDER pitched one a bit further up than usual (trying for that yorker perhaps), and McALISTER, misjudging the pace, only half got hold of it. I have seen FANE take many hot drives in this position.

HOBBS's analysis is worth putting out in full:—

o.	m.	r.	w.
1	1	0	0

He was obviously sending 'em down that nasty length on the off, when you either have to feel for them or leave 'em alone altogether, and no doubt McALISTER felt that he was not justified in taking unnecessary risks. . . . (etc., etc., and after all an expert must do something for his money).

A. A. M.



IT IS RATHER HARD ON THE PATIENT WHEN THE DOCTOR, HAVING PUT THE THERMOMETER IN HIS (THE PATIENT'S) MOUTH, TELLS HIM NOT TO OPEN IT FOR TWO MINUTES, AND THEN PROCEEDS TO RELATE A SCREAMINGLY FUNNY STORY TO THE NURSE.

A SIXPENNY POSTAL ORDER.

DEAR SIR,—I really think it is time that drastic measures were taken by the Postal Authorities to compel their female assistants to mend their manners. I recently resolved to enter for a Limerick competition, but as I have decided leanings to Higher Literature and belong to our NOYES society I naturally wished to keep my determination secret. I was at once faced by the difficulty of getting a 6d. postal-order without giving myself away to the young person at our local post-office, who, though haughty in manner, has a tendency to gossip and shows an impertinent interest in my letters and parcels. However, after much thought during the night watches, I conceived a plan by which I could get what I wanted without arousing her suspicions. Waiting till the office was empty, I entered and demanded a postal-order for 1s. 6d., which with her usual scorn she stamped and scribbled on. I then consulted my pocket-book.

"Tut, tut," I said, "it should have been for 2s. Never mind, give me one for 6d. to make up."

She paused, then twitched a 6d. postal-order from the packet, stamped and scribbled on it in silence, and pushed it towards me, and then looked up into my face and smiled. It was a smile of diabolical intelligence. I ask you, Sir, can nothing be done to reform these deplorable post-office manners, which constitute a very real, I may say, a national grievance?

Yours truly, A. GREEN, Junior.

A GREETING:

HERE 's a grip of the hand, and a greeting free
To all good fellows, where'er they roam
On the further side of the stormy sea,
And another to all who rest at home:

To all good fellows whose hand my hand
Held firm in the days that are spent and gone:
The jolliest, cheeriest, brightest band
That ever the light of the day shone on.

They lived on the banks of the laggard Cam,
And they took each term with a careless ease,
Unspoilt by the fear of a near exam.—
Great Zeus! were ever such men as these?

So here 's to the days of shoes and shorts,
When our boats went up or our boats went down;
To the chapels and halls and the grey old courts,
And the life we lived in the hazy town.

And now that ourselves are old and grey
We can sigh as we think it was long ago
That our steps were light and our life was play—
But here 's to the friends who made it so.

Limerick Candour.

From the entry form of a certain cigarette competition:
"Everyone has an equal chance."



Golfer. "AN' WHAT LIKE A DAY HAD YE HERE YESTERDAY, MACPHERSON?"

Macpherson. "OH, AN AWFU' DAY! IT WAS JUST POURIN'!"

Golfer. "WEEL, WEEL, AN' IN THE TOON WE JUST HAD A LOCAL SHOWER."

Macpherson. "AW WEEL, I CAN ASSURE YOU IT WASNA LOCAL HERE WHATEVER!"

THRIFT NOTES.

"It is justly urged that in books on arithmetic and other subjects intended for use in schools, the examples and exercises might be so devised as to fulfil their primary purpose; and at the same time have a secondary use bearing on thrift."—*Daily Paper*.]

I.

MR. JONES is an orator who is opposed to women voting. At each of his meetings thirty Suffragettes appear, each armed with ten half-bricks. State how many meetings Mr. JONES would need to address in

order to provide himself with a house, allowing 25,000 bricks for each of the four walls.

II.

One hundred Liberals, one hundred Conservatives, one hundred Socialists, and one hundred Suffragettes address meetings during the recess. Supposing that the first two consume 3,600 cubic feet of air; the third, twice as much as the total of the first two; and the fourth, four times as much as all put together, how much breath would be saved if all were silent?

III.

Fourteen Tariff Reformers assemble round a board, and on rising each leaves by his plate nineteen crumbs, which are carefully saved. The T.R.'s dine together once a week, and at each meal consume between them three small Protection loaves. Allowing 50,000 crumbs for a loaf, how long will it be before a meal takes place at which their bread, so far from costing them more, will cost them nothing at all?

THE BERRIED THORN.

Oh tasteful Christmas-card design!
Gay emblem of forgotten care,
Whose seasonable sprouts entwine
St. Nicholas his hoary hair,
And blow the robin out with pulpy fare.

Bright holly! how you bring to mind
The raven locks, the rippling tones

Of one for whom I vainly pined,
And wooed for weeks with smothered groans—
Fair CHLOE (now, I fancy, Mrs. JONES).

And ah! when I remember how
I lost her through your lurid shoots,

Offensively hilarious bough!
I long to grind beneath my boots
Those everlasting twigs and gaudy fruits.

'Twas just a year ago to-day:
The house was full of wassail-
chant,
And (badly in the servants' way)
A sentimental-minded aunt
Had set in every coign some awkward plant.

And I, resolved at last to act,
And win or lose her on the spot,
Escorted with consummate tact
My princess to a twilit grot,
And took a seat, I never dreamt
on what.

I meant to murmur, "CHLOE,
dove!"

But Fortune's thread is O how thin!

The rosy couch enhances love,
But who could amorous court
begin

When sitting down on spikes that
hurt like sin?

And thus I hate you, holly sprigs:
Your festal air is all a sham,
Reminding me, in lonely digs,
A moody bachelor as I am,
Of love's true course that ended
in a dam.



DESPERATE REMEDIES.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN WHO SAID, "HOW SHALL I STOP THE PURSUIT OF THAT COW?"

**I WILL SIT ON THIS STILE
AND CONTINUE TO SMILE."**

AND CONTINUE TO SMILE.
(BUT IT GAVE NO RELIEF TO THE COW.)

[*With acknowledgments to the late EDWARD LEAR's "Book of Nonsense."*]



"TO WHAT BASE USES!"

Host. "I WISH YOU WOULD LET ME GIVE YOU SOME OF THIS PORT. IT IS THE VERY LAST BOTTLE OF MY '47."

Guest. "WELL, YOU MAY GIVE ME JUST A VERY LITTLE. I DON'T LIKE IT REALLY; BUT THE FACT IS I'VE BEEN SO DREADFULLY TROUBLED WITH COLD FEET."

A STARTLING HEADLINE.

OH, FREDERICK, my FREDERICK, a sturdy man is he,
However many meals he takes they never disagree,
In any sudden danger his composure he preserves,
He doesn't know the meaning of dyspepsia or nerves;
But FREDERICK, my FREDERICK, you gave your wife a
shock
This very morn at breakfast, which is sharp at eight
o'clock.

Now FREDERICK each day is wont (indeed it is my wish),
As soon as he has helped himself to sausages or fish,
To take the daily paper up, which there beside him lies,
And skim the leading paragraphs with eager, glancing
eyes.

Then—if his mouth is not too full—in quite a cheery way
He reads me little tit-bits from the topics of the day.

Oh, FREDERICK, my FREDERICK, 'tis thus your little wife
Is kept in touch with all the sterner interests of life;

'Tis thus she learns of railway strikes, of party feud or
split,
And who's the latest wrestler who has challenged
HACKENSCHMIDT.
High politics or football we contentedly discuss
Until it's time for you to leave and catch your motor
bus.

But to resume—on this eventful morn of which I speak
My FREDERICK at table sat with newly shaven cheek;
The paper he unfolded and was speedily engrossed,
It rustled as he propped it up against the rack of toast.
His manly molars started on their steady, grinding
task,

"Oh! is there any news, dear boy?" I ventured then to
ask.

There came a pause, a deathly pause—all mastication
stopped,
The knife and fork of FREDERICK upon the carpet
dropped;

A gasp, a groan—in wild dismay I started from my chair.

"Oh, FREDERICK, your face is pale and rumpled is your hair,

Your bacon half unfasted lies, ah! hear your wifey plead! Is there grave news to tell to me?" Said he, "There is, indeed!"

"Oh, is the Bank rate up, or have Americans gone down,

Have Anarchists been killing off some person of renown, Is war declared with Germany, is small-pox on the rage, Or are the dainty Sisters DARE retiring from the stage?" Cried FREDERICK, "Now learn the awful truth, and do not flinch,

They mean to raise top-hats in height one-sixteenth of an inch!

"Oh, arbiters of fashion, what a cruel blow to deal! The brains of hapless Londoners before the prospect reel. One-sixteenth of an inch! Ah no, it cannot, cannot be! And only yestere'en two brand-new hats came home for me!

But what avail they now? the dustman's cart shall be their fate!"

(For FREDERICK is wretched if his clothes are out of date.)

Thus spake my best beloved, then with heavy sob and moan

He staggered out into the street, and I was left alone. And oh! my fond heart bleeds for him. I know he wonders how

The latest style will suit him when it's pressed upon his brow.

Still, cheer up, dearest FREDERICK, though fashion's new decree

May make you look a perfect fright, you'll be the same to me!

MY CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By SELECTED CELEBRITIES.

[With acknowledgments to "M.A.P."]

I.—By Lieutenant-General GIRTON MAVIS.

THE Editor of *Punch* has asked me to contribute to his columns my idea of how gastronomic justice can be done to Christmas. The task is not easy, but his word is law, and discipline must be maintained at all costs. I divide my discourse in two parts—preparation and realisation. "Christmas comes but once a year," and it is therefore only right that we should lay our plans accordingly. I would not go so far as to urge, with some authorities, complete abstinence from food for twenty-four hours previous to the Christmas dinner, but I would earnestly impress on my readers the need of a frugal diet at breakfast, lunch and afternoon tea on the day itself. We should never forget the golden rule that the less you eat the hungrier you are, and the hungrier you are the more you eat. Hence I would prescribe the following ante-prandial plan of campaign. At 8 a.m., only one cup of tea, with two slices of thin bread-and-butter. At 9.30 breakfast: Tea (or coffee), two cups; fried sole; kidneys and bacon; *omelette aux fines herbes*; two lightly-boiled eggs; six pieces of toast; marmalade or strawberry jam; and a melon to wind up with. At 11 a.m., I recommend just one cup of turtle soup, with two captain's biscuits. At 1.45, lunch. This, again, should be a light meal—fish, cutlets, a bird, and a sweet omelette, washed down with a pint of Château Yquem, and topped up with café noir and a single glass of Crème de Menthe. With afternoon tea

at 5, nothing should be taken but a few caviare sandwiches. I know that this is asking a great deal of a healthy normal Englishman, but *sic fortis Etruria crevit*. If my readers are sufficiently resolute to adopt this Spartan programme during the day, they will find that at 8.30 they will be able to go "Nap" at the most gargantuan Christmas dinner beneath which a board ever groaned.

II.—By Dr. C. W. SALUBRY.

Christmas fare, like all other fare, should be carefully adjusted to promote that orthobiosis which, as METCHNIKOFF has clearly proved, should be the aim of all enlightened human beings. Acting on this irrefragable assumption, I venture to submit the following menu:—

Hors d'œuvre à la Japonaise.

Tortue claire de lune à la Ginnell.

Paupiettes de filets de Sole à la Humperdinck.

Parfait de foie gras Strasbourgeoise.

Noisettes d'Agneau à l'Ouragan. Pommes Poushkin.

Bécassines rôties. Salade Paderewski.

Oranges en surprise.

Plum Pudding flambé au Genièvre.

I may add the following simple recipe for the plum pudding:—

2 lbs. of Corinth raisins.

7 lbs. of Smyrna raisins.

3 lbs. of Carlsbad plums.

4 lbs. of Malaga raisins.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of orange peel.

3 lbs. of Turkish Delight.

2 lbs. of suet.

1 lb. of brown sugar.

1 lb. of golden syrup.

1 lb. of apricot jam.

The effect of such a pudding on one's phagocytes is little short of miraculous, and, if repeated at judicious intervals, cannot fail to affect one's chances of longevity one way or another.

III.—By Sir J. BRIGHTON CROWN, F.R.S.

So long as people steer clear of the unutterable donkeydom of the food faddists, it doesn't very much matter what they eat for their Christmas dinner. Personally, I prefer capercaillie to turkey, and chops to roast beef, and I consider mince-pies are only fit for people who wear Harris tweeds.

IV.—By Professor DUFF PLUMMER, THE FAMOUS DIETETIC SPECIALIST.

I am careful to avoid using the word "vegetarian," because I have an intense dislike of the fads of the vegetarian. Personally, like Mr. Punch, I am a Rooti-tootarian, and for nearly thirty years have subsisted on a Tooti-rooti diet, supplemented with mushrooms, jelly-fish, and other hygienic condiments. The Tooti-rooti regimen (or Tutti-rutti, as it is spelt in Italy) has long been enforced in the Municipal Hospital for Convalescent Condottieri at Taormina, of which I am the corresponding physician. My Christmas dinner will be taken amongst my patients, and I hope to join them in a menu something like the following, only, if possible, more so:—

Sunlight soup.

Rubber-cored stew.

Macaroni hash (with Bonzoline sauce, chipped edelweiss, and basilisk jelly).

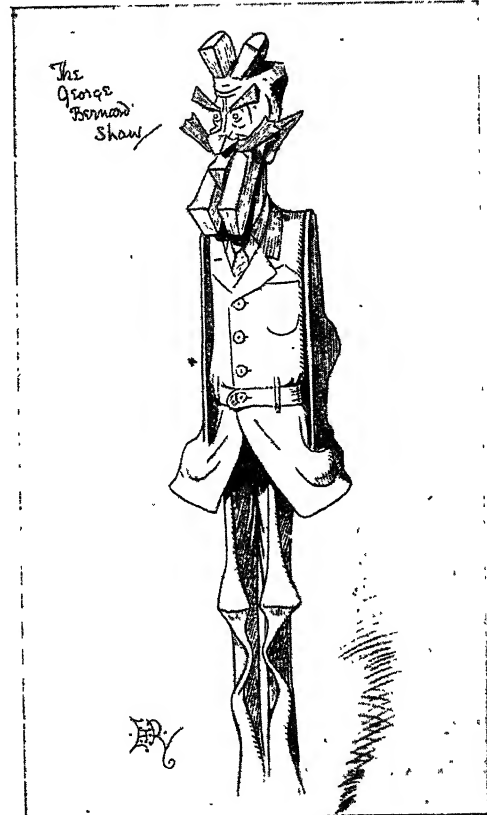
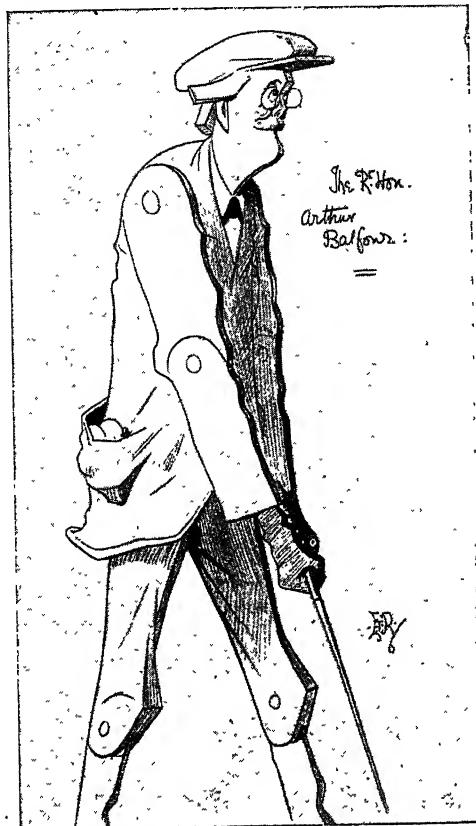
Sirloin of Nut Meat, with Horse-chestnut sauce:

Pneumatic Plum Pudding.

Compôte of Miriflons.

Dittany. Aboriginal Pastry:

Pemmican (assorted).



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR WOODEN TOYS À LA CARAN D'ACHE.

NO. II.—SOME POLITICIANS AND A DRAMATIST.

[With apologies—evenly distributed between the sufferers and M. Caran d'Ache.]

CHARIVARIA.

It has been suggested that it would be a graceful compliment to the distinguished potentate who was recently our guest if our new naval base at Rosyth were to be called Wilhelmsburgh, especially in view of the fact that its object is to look after the German Ocean.

We understand that the Government does not intend to answer the sensational naval programme of Germany with an increase in our own armaments. The Government places implicit reliance in the ability of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE to readjust any disagreement that may arise.

A Pittsburg baby has been christened ROOSEVELT CONNAUGHT EDWARD CZAR ALFONSO WILHELM McNAUGHTON, and the order of precedence is said to have caused much gnashing of teeth in several of the Courts of Europe.

The London County Council has decided not to follow the example of the Paris Municipal Council in erecting a pavilion at the coming Franco-British Exhibition; but it may have a stall for the sale of steamboats.

The Irish Independent, in chronicling the latest run of *The Mauretania*, calls attention to the fact that "she maintained an average speed all through of 23.69 knots." This is good reading. Some of our German rivals might perhaps by sporadic efforts sometimes attain an equally high average speed, but to maintain the same high average speed all through is undoubtedly the real test.

A rabbit shot at Eastwood, Essex, had a pair of horns branching out from its eyebrows. The poor little creature is supposed to have eaten a diabolio spool.

A little while ago Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON announced that he would write no more on the subject of whiskers. The abandonment of the crusade has now led to a deplorable result. At a meeting of Vienna barbers, *The Daily Mail* informs us,

it has been proposed that side whiskers shall be generally worn as a sign of loyalty to the Emperor FRANZ JOSEF, who himself affects them.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY is interesting himself in a scheme whereby theatrical scenery will be transported by motor-lorries instead of by rail. This, he declares, will save expense and preserve the scenery from damage. Our experience, however, is that it is just the motor traffic which spoils our scenery.

The Town Council of Tunbridge Wells has decided to admit motor-cars to the local cemetery when they form part of a funeral cortège. The concession is much appreciated

duced at the Lyceum, will, when he is wrecked, rise from the bed of the sea in a huge diving-bell electrically illuminated.

In a critique on a performance of *HANDEL'S Messiah* the *Dublin Evening Telegraph* tells us that "Mr. MAGRATH'S rendering of "Why do the Nations" was a performance seldom heard and never excelled." This is high praise indeed. At the same time we feel compelled to mention that we know a less prominent vocalist whose rendering of the same song, though never heard at all, has not only never been excelled, but has never even been equalled.

"PHEASANT EGGS CHARGE" was the title of a paragraph which appeared in *The Daily Chronicle* last week. Eggs at this time of year are, we know, inclined to be rather lively, but this action on their part surely constitutes a record.

According to *The Daily Telegraph* there is a dentist in Paris who has arranged that "while he pulls teeth, a phonograph sings the Jewel song from *Faust*, or the last drawing-room ballad." The latter seems the more appropriate.

As there are some persons who still appear to have doubts as to DINIZULU'S disloyalty, we would mention that we have it on excellent authority that the captive chief declared last Friday that he did not care whether England won the test match or not.

An electrical engineer of Akron, Ohio, claims to have invented a machine which will enable summer flowers to be grown in winter, or *vice versa*, without greenhouses. For the *vice versa*, at any rate, no machine is needed in our wonderful climate. Rule Britannia!

Mr. HENRY EVANS, goods manager of the Midland Railway Company, is dissatisfied with the way his clerks dress, and has issued an order that they shall wear bowler hats and trousers in future. This seems to be a not unreasonable minimum.



THE UP-TO-DATE WAITS.

by motorists, who might otherwise be inconvenienced when attending the funerals of their victims.

We are indebted to *The Scotsman* for drawing our attention to a daring theft, for the perpetrator of which we must confess to having a sneaking admiration. According to our contemporary the Edinburgh Detective Department is now searching for a gentleman who "some days ago, without saying anything to his wife on the subject, drove to the Waverley Station, and left with one of the East Coast trains." But it was too bad of him not to have told his wife.

Quite a feature of the stage of today is the trouble taken, in historical plays, to ensure historical accuracy, so that we are scarcely surprised to hear that *Robinson Crusoe*, in the play of that name which is to be pro-

VAE EVICTIS.

(Thoughts on the passing of the Ludgate Hill Hawkers.)

No more may country cousins and
their children

(Released from explorations of the
fane

Erected by the eminently skilled
WREN)

Admire the flash of dangled watch
and chain,

Or view in ecstasy the weird grimaces
Presented when the huckster's
wizard hand

Compresses and distends his "rub-
ber faces"

In goblin scowls, and smiles
grotesquely bland.

The bauble - monger's seasonable
image

Was not adored of rustic souls
alone,

For Londoners in legions swelled the
scrimmage

That struggled on the greasy paving
stone.

But vainly has the British Public
pleaded

Its "safety and convenience" is
nil;

In vain has good Sir WILLIAM inter-
ceded,

The Christmas fair must cease on
Ludgate Hill!

How merry was its noise! The
hawkers hawking

Their pretty gauds with rough and
eerie yells,

The dismal, shrill, *diminuendo*
squawking

Of dying "poets," pigs, and
cockerels,

The five queer, tiny notes of toy
pianos,

The clock-work cries of rabbit, dog,
and cow,

In most unnaturally harsh sopranos
Made one cacophonously jolly row!

On Christmas-Eve the revels grew
unbounded,

Till Banks became as puppet-
shows within,

And all Blackfriars' offices resounded
With this same carnival of festive
din.

The inmost shrines of Commerce
were invaded,

Her ledgers were explored by pea-
green frogs,

Her sacred tomes indecently paraded
By regiments of swarthy Golli-
wogs.

Though we may follow, when they
have departed

To unaccustomed quarters of the
town,



Lawyer (to bucolic client who has called to settle an account that contains, amongst other items, a number of unexpected charges). "WHY DON'T YOU COME INSIDE INSTEAD OF STANDING THERE IN THE DOORWAY?"

Client (warily). "No, THANKEE, MISTER. I'D RATHER NOT. I KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE AFTER. YOU'D BE CHARGING ME RENT IF I DID!"

And keep our kerbstone Santa Claus
brave-hearted

By liberal disbursement of the
"brown";

Yet, when the dark December days
are dying,

A sound will break upon the
twilight still

Of ghostly voices pitifully crying
Poor little spectral toys on Lud-
gate Hill!

The Limit (continued).

"The Bible-class dance is now ap-
proaching, but in some churches the
function is wisely brought off at the
end of the session, and the attend-
ances are accordingly higher than

they might otherwise have been. Re-
ligious matters seem to pall terribly
with some dancing enthusiasts after
the social."—*Paisley Gazette*.

The following story of the KAISER
is now going the round of the clubs:

"His Majesty showed his knowledge of
history while admiring a table which had
belonged to Catherine II. of Russia by pointing
out the extreme improbability of the story that
the Peace of Tilset was signed upon it in
1907."—*Birmingham Post*.

A pretty incident, which would
probably never have appeared in
print had it not been connected with
Royalty.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN, recently, Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL received the well-deserved honour of being added to the company of the Privy Council, a London evening paper, not to be outdone in recognition of merit, gave prominence to a portrait block labelled "The Right Hon. G. W. E. RUSSELL." Unfortunately some one had blundered. The wrong block was used, giving the counterfeit presentment of a bearded gentleman with a large mouth, more like the late Mr. KRAUGER than the gifted author of the book which bears the quaint title *A Pocketful of Sixpences* (GRANT RICHARDS). Mr. RUSSELL's innate modesty suggests the title. His favourite author, writing of one of the characters in *Lothair*, says "He was not an intellectual Cræsus, but his pockets were full of sixpences." Mr. RUSSELL's sixpences vary widely in date and stamp. But they are all good, sound metal, ringing clear. Successive chapters, seductively short, cover a wide range, from mothers in Israel to MAZZINI, from the Star and Garter to the Clapham Sect, from GLADSTONE to Lord BEACONSFIELD. It is the pleasant chat of a man who has read most books, and has been acquainted with most men and women who have shone in political or social life during the past forty years. Writing about great ladies, Mr. RUSSELL says, "If the King saw fit to confer his new Order of Merit on Florence Nightingale, he would be honouring the Order as well as the recipient." It may be a coincidence, anyway it is notable that within a fortnight of the publication of this suggestion the *Gazette* announced its adoption.

It is much too many ages since Mr. CHARLES L. GRAVES delighted the hearts of scholars with his *Hawarden Horace*. His new volume of verse, *Humours of the Fray* (SMITH, ELDER), contains, in "A Malwood Eclogue," a happy reminiscence of those adaptations. For the rest, its themes make a broader and more modern appeal. Himself an Oxonian, Mr. GRAVES takes a Cambridge man for his example: but it is PRAED and not CALVERLEY. In technique he is at once fluent and fastidious, the transposed epithet being the only licence which he allows himself. Perhaps his most distinguishing gift is the astounding wealth of his vocabulary. Witness that delightful *tour de force* in pure nonsense entitled "Stanzas suggested by a New Symphonic Poem," which, to my thinking, disputes the palm, among the lighter verses of the volume, with his "Thoughts on Drink in Time of Drought." In a busy career the time that Mr. GRAVES can spare from the claims of golf and music he divides between the sober diversions of a jester and the irresponsible frivolities of a serious journalist. This double life is reflected in these *Humours of the Fray*. "Humours" abound, but the element of "the Fray" is there too. He knows how to hit, whether he wants to plant a genial blow in the wind of the "New Music" or a nasty crack on the jaw of the "New Journalism." In both styles his attack is irresistible.

The Muse in Motley (BOWES, Cambridge) is another volume of light verse by a *Punch* contributor, an Oxford man of a younger generation. Since Mr. HARTLEY CARRICK made his reputation in the *Granta* (a suggestive desertion) with this deathless couplet, after J. K. S.:—

"When the Ivans cease to Caryll
And the Rubens Paul no more"—

his *métier* has been the felicitous distortion of familiar

phrases. He has the rare advantage of knowing both Universities, and it is good hearing for us Cantabs when an Oxonian tells the sons of his own *Alma Mater*:—

"Though you may boast the Oxford *Side*,
You 've nothing like the Cambridge *Backs*."

But his wit—and it is in wit, perhaps, rather than in humour that Mr. CARRICK shines—is metropolitan and escapes the academic provincialism which is the snare of poets in residence. His manners, it is true, are scholarly, but his tastes are catholic. And he is an honest and painstaking craftsman, one of a school that has learned how much devoted labour must go to the perfecting of an art which, more than most, demands the concealment of its methods.

It was, I feel sure, a little girl who described NELSON as putting the telephone to his blind eye. Boys are generally better up in such technical details. But both girls and boys will find plenty of things which they will be glad to get to know in three books published by HENRY FROWDE and HODDER and STOUGHTON. They are *The Romance of the King's Navy*, by EDWARD FRASER; *The Romance of the King's Army*, by A. B. TUCKER; and *The Romance of Every Day* by LILIAN QUILLER-COUGH. The scheme pretty well covers the field of romance in its relation to heroism, and the workmanship is of the best of its kind. There is none of that speechifying which is too apt to defeat its own ends. The books contain just a collection of straightforward records, with obvious though unspecified morals. My congratulations to the authors and to Messrs. H. F. and H. and S. By the way, why don't they call themselves STODDER and FROWTON, or, since they are directed by a "Joint Committee" (which sounds rather gastronomic), simply FODDER and SROUT? It would be so much easier.

Under the title *Never* (PITMAN) WALTER EMANUEL throws out some very useful hints on "Manners for the Multitude," and JOHN HASSALL drives them home with his clever thumb-nail. The ordinary books of etiquette are here supplemented by instruction on the avoidance of solecisms in comparatively exceptional circumstances. Thus we are told how to behave when we drop our opera-glasses upon the head of an old gentleman in the stalls, or when a sporting host gets in our line of fire and we shoot him dead. In the latter contingency we should "always be the first to say 'My fault.'" I suggest that, as a corrective for our cracker-mottoes, whose humour has never been of the subtlest, this little volume should be handed round with the dessert at every Christmas-dinner in the land.

From the lower slopes of Literature and Art, where the climate is very genial at this time of year, come seasonable gifts to fill the swelling hose of Mr. *Punch*—crackers from Mr. TOM SMITH and Messrs. CALEY, calendars from Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK and Messrs. MARCUS WARD, and diaries from Messrs. JOHN WALKER, Messrs. DE LA RUE, and Messrs. T. J. and J. SMITH. Mr. *Punch's* bewildered acknowledgments to all these Santa Clauses.

We understand that the Duke of ARGYLL, President of the Committee administering the affairs of the forthcoming Franco-British Exhibition, is anxious to add a Salmon leap to the athletic competitions which will form a principal attraction of the Show. There are obvious difficulties in the way, but hope for success is not abandoned.

CHARIVARIA.

THE White Star liner *Majestic* on a recent voyage carried a shipment of 4,500,000 British eggs to New York. This confirms the report that a Presidential election is impending.

The Express has published an article on "The Effects of a Foreign Tariff on British Fish." We cannot help thinking, however, that only a few exceptionally intelligent fish take any interest in the question.

Mr. L. V. HARCOURT, in a speech at Rawtenstall, threatened to swamp the Lords with Liberal peers. It is thought that the fees which the Government's supporters would be willing to pay for the distinction might be sufficient to make Old-age Pensions a possibility.

In the new issue of *Who's Who* three members of the present Cabinet give Shooting as their favourite diversion, while a fourth mentions that he is a Boxer. The Suffragettes declare, however, that they are not to be intimidated.

On the first day on which Mr. Justice Eve sat in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn the rain suddenly poured through the roof. "Dear me!" his lordship is said to have exclaimed. "This is as bad as the Garden of Eden!"

Preparations for a great London pageant are now being made. It is suggested that each district shall contribute from its midst the performers for one or other of the episodes, and we hear that there is keen rivalry between the New Cut and Notting Dale for the honour of presenting an incident in the career of JACK SHEPPARD.

The decision of the Zoological

Society to enlarge their grounds is hailed with satisfaction on all sides, the extension being much needed. It is not, we believe, generally known that the reason why the public is not allowed to feed the inmates at present is that, owing to lack of space, any increase in the girth of the animals has to be carefully avoided.

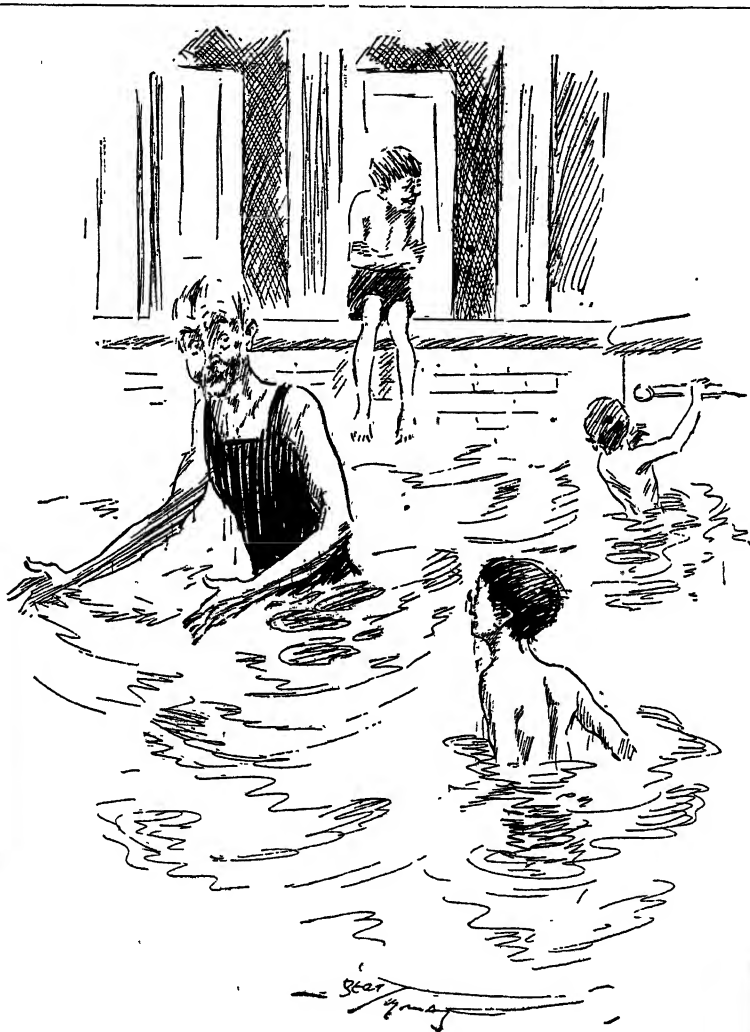
The rage for Lilliputian dogs con-

tinues to attract attention. There is one point, however, upon which the book, curiously enough, does not touch. We refer to the great age to which Ballet Girls live, a fact that is constantly commented on by visitors to the Music Halls.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD.

THE American Government, considering that its Indian wards would get on much better without their polysyllabic names, recently entrusted Dr. EASTMAN, a full-blooded Sioux who graduated at Dartmouth College, with the task of bringing these cumbersome titles into consonance with modern requirements. According to *The Daily Chronicle* Dr. EASTMAN has now returned from the Pine Ridge Reservation, Dakota, after giving new names to nearly 80,000 Sioux Indians, titles such as "Afraid-of-a-war," "Rain-in-the-face," "Big-black-raven-with-the-white-eyes" having been turned into plain JOHN, CHARLES, WALTER, etc.

We understand that Dr. EASTMAN, with a view to restoring the balance between the Old World and the New, meditates a visit to England, where he hopes to induce our leading celebrities to substitute the picturesque nomenclature of the Red Man for



HIS FIRST SWIM.

Small Boy (anxiously). "Oh, Pa, I've SWALLOWED SOME WATER! WILL THEY MIND?"

tinues, and the latest fashion among smart women, we hear, is to wear half-a-dozen of the priceless mites dangling from a chatelaine.

A little while ago there was a discussion in the columns of a contemporary as to which is the pluckier sex. Looking at the hats which the ladies are wearing to-day we think there can now be no doubt.

M. METCHNIKOFF's interesting work on "The Prolongation of Life"

their own bald and unconvincing appellations. Thus:—

ARTHUR.—Two-headed-nightingale-who-sits-on-the-fence.

JOHN (BURNS). — Boanerges-of-Battersea.

LULU. — Protector-of-Suffragettes.

AUGUSTINE. — Afraid-of-a-cow. Laughter-on-all-occasions.

MARIE. — Little-white-swan-chanting-sorrowful-songs-for-great-black-spirit.

HALL.—Red-head-with-three-legs.

HAROLD.—Caine-in-the-face.

SHORTER IN EGYPT.

A LITERARY DIARY.

Dec. 5.—I am going to Egypt, and have little time to read any books other than those that refer to that country. This is very rough on English authors and publishers, particularly on the remaining new illustrated editions of *Alice in Wonderland* which I have still omitted to call perfect; but it cannot be helped. Perhaps I can make up for lost opportunities on my return. Meanwhile I am going to Egypt, and have therefore just finished reading an easy primer of the Egyptian tongue; *The Encyclopædia Britannica* article on Egypt; *The Sphinx's Lawyer*, by the brilliant FRANK DANBY; *Bonaparte in Egypt*, by HAJI A. BROWNE; JOHN ROBERTS on *Pyramids*; MATTHEW ARNOLD's *Mycerinus*; Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL's *Ramleh Remarks*, and a Guide to Cromer. I naturally have many criticisms to pass on all these works, but there is no time.

Dec. 6.—I go to Egypt in the new steamer, the *Heliopolis*. Being anxious to see the literature that would be provided on the journey, I readily accepted to-day the invitation of the chief librarian of GOODIE'S Library to see the books being bound for that great ship. A wonderful equipment it is. Here were 900 or 1,000 volumes in English, French and German—a large number of them with an Egyptian atmosphere. I shall probably read them all before we sight the Pharos at Alexandria. All these books are bound in an attractive red leather. They will make a fine library, although not, of course, so fine as mine, for there are no autograph copies among them. Now I have several books with Mr. THOMAS J. WISE's autograph, for example, which are naturally priceless.

Dec. 7.—On board the *Heliopolis* (from *Helios*, the sun, and *polis*, a city; meaning literally the City of the Sun). I have had considerable difficulty in getting into my stateroom on account of the packing-cases of books which absolutely filled it. We had at last to effect an entrance through a port-hole. After some hours of steady application I read a pathway through the volumes, and now all is comfort and luxury. The officers and sailors are most polite.

They evidently know who I am. Probably they read *The Sphere*.

Dec. 8.—I cannot make sure how I have been recognised, for when I asked the captain this morning how he liked my literary letter in *The Sphere*, he replied that he had never noticed that it contained anything but pictures. No matter; I have no doubt that now and then Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN has had his rebuffs too. Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, I

time on German! Then I might be exchanging delightful badinage with these swarthy denizens of the storied past, instead of which I have to make all my remarks through Cook's interpreter. But what a country! Shades of JOSEPH and POTIPHAR and all the PHARAOHS, and CÆSAR and CLEOPATRA and the PTOLEMIES! I lay awake all night thinking of PASHT and CHEOPS and RAMESES II.; and this *nuit blanche* reminds me how infinitely superior is RACKHAM's *White Knight* to his mid-Victorian predecessor.

Dec. 14.—The Sphinx at last! Never do I remember a face so fraught with mystery; never do I remember having had before to give up a conundrum. Yet if ŒDIPUS REX could not guess it, how should I? (I do hope I have got my facts right; but of course I don't feel so safe in the pre-BRONZE period.) I wonder, by the way, what the Sphinx—the Red Queen of Egypt—read. And the PHARAOHS lying for ever beneath those massive piles of stone, what did they read? Oh to have been at Alexandria before the fire! To have been librarian, or even an under-librarian in that great temple of perusal, would have been happiness enough for me. "What—my donkey will catch cold if I don't move? Oh, all right"—thus does the insistent present ruin the day-dreams of the muser. But at least I have done letters one good turn. I have bribed my donkey-boy to change the name of my steed from Lord Kitchener to Joseph Vance.

"So far, the record is held by a pen of white Wyandottes, which has laid 156 eggs in the month. Its nearest rival is a pen of buff Plymouth Rocks, which has laid exactly 131 eggs."

Daily Mail.

This word "exactly" just shows upon what a little a good story depends. Another egg either way, and the whole savour of the jest would have been lost.

"Always fortunate in its speakers, the Hamilton Mossiel Burns Club may yet be said to have 'struck ile' in securing a popular orator and authority on Burns to propose 'The Immortal Memory.'"—*Hamilton Advertiser*.

This seems to give us the club at its happiest.

Commercial Candour.

"The F— Cigar, for which 12 gold medals have been awarded, price 3d. each."

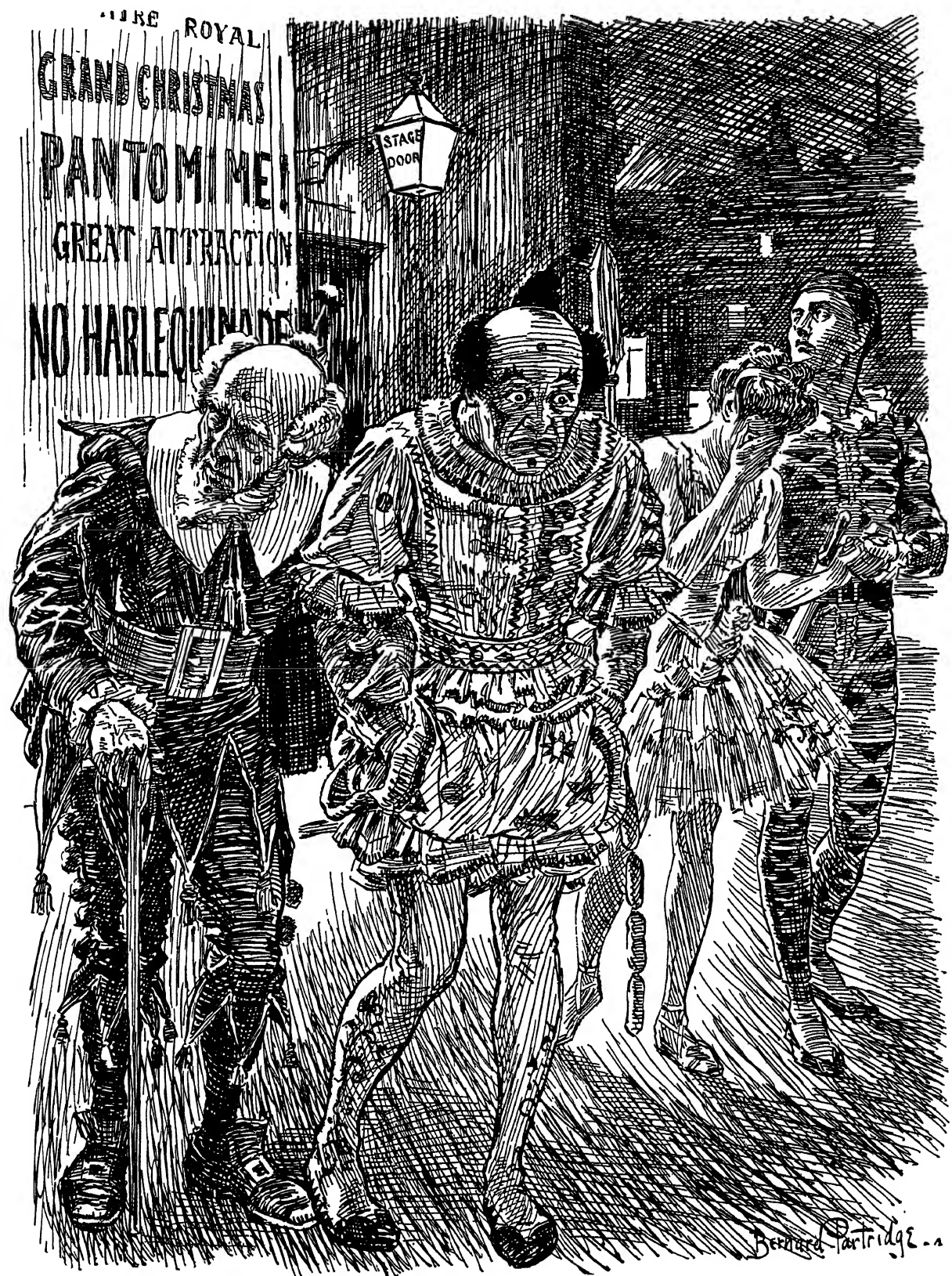


CHRISTMAS PEACE.

A PESSIMISTIC FORECAST OF THE WAITS IN THE AIRSHIP AGE.

might add, is the son of a famous and eccentric mathematician, greatly addicted to Spherical Trigonometry, and not altogether unlike LEWIS CARROLL (the Reverend CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON) in temperament, which reminds me that I have never seen such admirably illustrated books as all the new *Alices*, so vastly superior to poor TENNIEL.

Dec. 11.—Egypt at last. I am all among the Egyptians. How foolish of me not to have learned Egyptian sooner, instead of wasting so much



OUT OF THE BILL.

[The Management of Drury Lane Theatre proposes to dispense with the Harlequinade in this year's Pantomime.]



BEATEN OUT OF THE FIELD.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF MARS BY VENUS, AS SEEN NEAR WELLINGTON BARRACKS, DEC. 1907.

THE TRUTH.

[It is reported that GEORGE WASHINGTON, in his later years, was prosecuted for making a false property return.]

If there ever was a name
Of unpalatable fame
To the legions of our Anglo-Saxon youth,
'Tis of him that rose to glory
As the hero of the story
Of the Little Boy that always told the Truth.

It is said that when his sire
In a fit of petty ire
Had accused the lad of whittling at a tree
That was damaged in his orchard
(Tho' a very simple scorcher 'd
Have instinctively occurred to you and me)

He did not inform his dad
That he hadn't (when he had),
But he owned the soft impeachment with a sigh,
And explained his indiscretion—
Not the act, but the confession—
By the statement that he "couldn't tell a lie."

And that tale has been imprest
On the baby at the breast,
It has been a source of trouble to the weans;
We were taught it by our pastors
And our governors and masters
And our parents from our teething to our teens.

It has never once occurred
That we only had his word
For the statement; and, to give the boy his due,
He had never said he wouldn't
If he could, but that he couldn't,
Which was nothing much, assuming it were true;

But they diligently cracked
Up that Specialist in Fact,
And laboriously rammed him down the gorge,
Till we really felt a bias
For the human ANANIAS,
As a foil to the insufferable GEORGE.

But the stuffing 's knocked at last
From that phantom of the past,
And a sweet and blessed thing it is to learn
That that holy little terror
Was convicted of an error
(By the Jury) in his property return!

And the teacher of the child
Will in future draw it mild,
For we know that if the lad did not deny
His offence by saying, "No, Pa!"
It was probably a *faux pas*,
And the statement that he couldn't was a lie.

DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD has achieved the distinction of writing a tiresome book. To be precise, she has deliberately revived a saddening memory since *Milly and Olly* (FISHER UNWIN) was first published in 1881. "A Story for Children" it is called, and was originally designed for the edification of the family circle of Fox How. As Mr. BARRIE witnesses, there is nothing more delightful than a good book about children. There are few things more difficult to write. *Milly and Olly* is—one can't say are—chiefly made up of the pert prattle of children. It is of the kind an artful nursemaid might retail for the admiration of a fond mother, the mother in turn repeating the masterpieces to the fatuous father home from his day's work. Hoping for the best, I honestly read the book through, and came upon nothing better than this:—"Why don't we always get up at five o'clock, father?" asked OLLY. "Isn't it nice and funny?" "Very," said Mr. NORTON. "Still, I imagine, OLLY, if you had to get up every day at five o'clock you might think it funny, but I'm sure you wouldn't always think it nice." "Oh! I'm sure we should," said OLLY seriously." And so on through pages.

Valerie Upton (CONSTABLE), by ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK, is a remarkable study of the clash of temperaments. There is little action beyond that which goes to the formation of character. These developments are natural for the most

part, but it is difficult to believe that the odiously self-righteous *Imogen* (who reminds one of the heroine of *The Helpmate*, that brilliant novel against which Lady ROBERT CECIL has lately directed a rather unwarrantable and disingenuous attack) could ever actually have displaced her delightful mother in the affections of a man so mature and of so fixed a habit of life as *Sir Basil*. On the other hand, the shifting of the younger man's devotion in what Mr. HENRY JAMES would call "an opposite sense," from daughter to mother, is clearly inevitable. The author of *Valerie Upton* has high literary gifts and a very nice perception of differences in character, both individual and national. I sincerely commend her book to readers who care for the finer kind of work that can well afford to be independent of sensational attractions.

Outrageous Fortune, by "BAK" (HEINEMANN), ought to have a big question-mark after the title. It presents a pretty problem for the "Love and Courtship" page of a ladies' journal. Thus: A. is a widow, rather extravagant: she is engaged to B., who is also her executor and guardian: she gets into debt and doesn't tell him, but refuses to marry C., a highly eligible

millionaire (from whom she borrows money). B. finds out and jilts her. Then she inherits a fortune too late to help her. Can she claim damages (for waste of sympathy), or not? You see, if *Eleanor* (A.) had only accepted Mr. *Harding* (C.), who had a heart, as well as a purse, of the fashionable metal, she could have snapped her fingers at *Major Mortimer* (B.), who, by the way, is a bit of a flirt himself. The story doesn't move very far from Bond Street, but the heroine's emotional struggle is well sustained, and "BAK" keeps us going forward without time for breathing until the crash occurs.

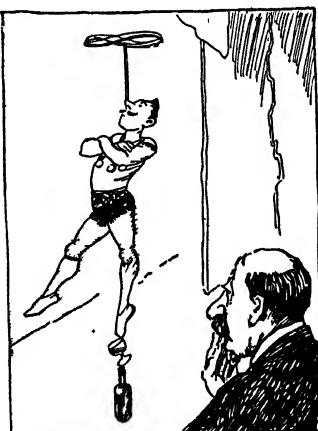
Everyone whose interest in Paris extends beyond the Boulevards and the restaurants and the Champs Elysées knows that wonderful museum in the house that once was Madame de Sévigné's—the Carnavelet—a treasury of Parisian history, where the whole pageant may be followed in picture and relic. The director is M. GEORGE CAIN, and M. GEORGE CAIN naturally knows more about old Paris and loves it with a deeper love

than any living man. Some of this tenderness and affection he puts from time to time into a book, and another of these is now offered to English readers under the title *Nooks and Corners of Old Paris* (E. GRANT RICHARDS), with all its myriad illustrations. If only it were pocketable it would be the most interesting companion imaginable as one explores this ancient faubourg and that; but alas, like *Hans Breitmann's* partner at the barty, it weighs "pout dree hondred pound," and would need a taximeter cab to carry it. Yet why not employ a

taximeter in this way? Not the least attractive part of the book is the charming Introduction by VICTORIEN SARDOU, who seems to know Paris very much as Mr. *Samuel Weller* knew London.

I used to think that that school had achieved a record in nicknomenclature which evolved Nails from Anthony. Anthony—Tony—Toenails—Nails were the steps. But Mr. DESMOND COKE has a good many nicknames quite as ingenious in his book *The House Prefect* (HENRY FROWDE and HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Brereton—Brer—Brer Rabbit—Rabbit—Bunny is one. This true presentment of a small part of that great pervading irresponsibility which is the yeast of schoolboy life is one of several things that make the book interesting. But apart from such subtleties—whose analysis is rather for Old Boys than present ones—there is a good story which will be just the thing to ensure a few quiet hours during the holidays. And in the following term schoolmasters will have to keep their eyes open.

A thin paper edition of *The Westcotes*, by Mr. QUILLER-COUCH, is being advertised. What we rather want just now is *thick* Westcotes.



WHY IS IT THAT A PERFORMANCE OF THIS KIND, SEEN ON A MUSIC-HALL STAGE, SEEMS TOO TRIVIAL TO MAKE ANY REMARK ON—



WHILE A SIMPLE LITTLE FEAT LIKE THIS, DONE BY YOURSELF, AT HOME, SEEMS QUITE CREDITABLE?

LIFE'S LITTLE ANOMALIES.



WHEN the fine morning came at last, Mr. PUNCH whistled to TOBY, and set forth to view his kingdom. Much of it was under water; but, keeping as far as possible to the dry portions, the Sage walked along briskly, and as he walked his thoughts wandered over the events of the past half-year.

"And what strikes me most," he said to TOBY, "is the number of anomalies which have revealed themselves of late to the student of affairs."

TOBY, doubtful of the meaning of the word "anomalies," barked a query.

"For instance," explained Mr. PUNCH, "cattle-driving, which must from all accounts be a delightful sport, is (apparently) legal in Ireland; and yet the Englishman, the Welshman, and the Scotsman have this recreation absolutely denied to them. The Suffragist, taking occasion by the hand, explains (doubtless with warrant) that she is not subject to the man-made laws of a man-made magistrate; yet, when burglars break into her house, she will not hesitate to call in the man-made policeman. Nay, she will even supplicate his stalwart arm to enable her to cross the road safely. The Socialist, again, talks with eloquence of the rights of the working man; but for some reason appears to make a distinction between the man who works with his hands and the man who works with his brain. The latter is allowed no grievance. You never, for instance, hear a Socialist stand up for the Editor of *The Times* against that bloated capitalist the Proprietor."

The bitterness of this last reflection filled the Sage's mind for a while. TOBY, too, seemed affected by the sadness of it.

"Yes," said Mr. PUNCH at last, "what we want is men who can see life steadily and see it whole—men who will think clearly, who look onwards and upwards toward—"

At this moment, as if in answer to the Sage's wish, two men appeared. One of them, if not looking onwards, was certainly looking upwards; he seemed, indeed, as if he could not look anywhere else. The other, it was equally clear, was thinking deeply. His left hand beat the air as if in time to his thoughts.

"The men themselves," said Mr. PUNCH, eagerly. "Their faces, indeed, seem to lack intellect, but doubtless this is only a form of our national impassivity."

At the sound of a voice the two strangers halted. The Thinker stopped beating time, and the Watcher, with a great effort, brought his head down to the ordinary level. They both looked at Mr. PUNCH.

"The very man," they said together. "He shall decide."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. PUNCH, with a bow, "I am very much at your service. What have I to decide?"

"Between us," said the Thinker. "Upon the scroll of fame which of us has the right to the premier place?"

"But I must first know something about you. You, I take it," he said to the Thinker, "are a philosopher, quietly at work in your study upon problems which may change profoundly the whole current of the world's thought. You," he

said to the other, "are no doubt a statesman. With your hand upon the helm you will guide the national barque into safe waters. Now, between Philosophy and Statesmanship——"

"Excuse me," said the Thinker, haughtily, "I am the All England Limerick Champion."

"I," said the Watcher disdainfully, "am the World's Diabolo Champion."

Mr. PUNCH coughed to hide his confusion.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "Of course, of course. Toxy, we had better go home."

"I don't want to boast," said the Watcher, "but facts are facts. I have caught it over ten thousand times consecutively. As a feat of endurance alone——"

"Talking about feet of endurance, what about these? 'He was green, but he took it as read.' Red, the colour, you know. Now that line will live. Taking each word as a foot, which is much the simplest way, you have nine feet of endurance. Rather good joke that—eh? I shouldn't wonder if you were to see it in my next."

"I have done it one hundred times in the minute," said the Watcher.

"I have earned one hundred pounds in a minute," said the other triumphantly. "And, after all, money's the thing."

"I could almost play in my sleep——"

"Well, I simply think in rhyme now, when I'm doing a last line. Rhyme, line—why, there's another one."

"I can do it with one hand," said the Watcher.

"I *always* do it with one hand," said the Thinker with a grin.

"If you think that's funny——"

"Of course *you* couldn't be expected to see a joke."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Mr. PUNCH, "please remember that *I* am the arbitrator."

"Well?"

"Well," said the Sage cautiously, "there is an ideal state which we all strive to reach—*Mens sana in corpore sano*; but if we cannot have both it is something to have one. Now, I think that even this gentleman's game might tend to produce the *corpus sanum* so much to be desired; and no doubt, in the other gentleman's pastime may be observed traces of that *mens sana* without which——"

"It's *mens insana*," said the Watcher, who knew that much Latin.

The Thinker started angrily. Mr. PUNCH hastily intervened.

"One moment," he said. "I was about to add that if you both wished for that healthy mind which of itself creates a healthy body——"

"I do," said the Watcher eagerly. "You know, I read more than that chap thinks. I've finished MARCEL's *How to play Diabolo*, and——"

"As a matter of fact," said the Thinker, "since I took to filling in postal orders my right wrist has developed a suppleness inferior only to that of RANJITSINGH'S."

"Excellent," said Mr. PUNCH. "I have the very thing for you both." And without more ado he presented to the rivals, thus reconciling their differences, a splendid gift in common. It was no other than his

One Hundred and Thirty-Third Volume.





Cartoons.

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY

Against Time	101
Alien Cheer	461
Baffled	191
Casus Belli	227
Coquette (The)	239
Depression in the City	389
Desperate Remedies	443
"For 'tis their Nature to"	29
Harmless Necessary Cat	245
"His Master's Voice"	173
Irresponsible (The)	119
Letting Ill Alone	407
Lloyd-George and his Dragon	251
Lloyd the Lubricator	353
Mischief-Monger (The)	263

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY

New Guy Fawkes Plot (The)	317
New Penny (The)	209
Quite at Home	335
Self-Treatment Preferred	11
Signal Indiscretion (A)	371
Spillt Pet (A)	65
Stationary Crusader (The)	425
Touch of the Sun (A)	47
Who's Afraid?	83

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Between Two Stools	39
Captured	93
Design for a "Recognition" Scene	273

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Divil of a Game (A)	219
Embarrassing Champion	137
Escaped "Captive" (The)	417
"Fiery Cross" (The)	237
"Filling up the Cup"	111
Hague Minstrels (The)	291
House of Peace (The)	3
Implacables (The)	363
Janus Fountain (The)	399
Julius Censor	327
Merric England once More!	345
New Altruism (The)	255
Old Reprobate (The)	381
On the Public's Service	21
Out of the Bill	453

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

"Parting is such Sweet Sorrow"	75
Reaping the Benefit	155
Slack Time (A)	57
Soap - and - Water Cure (The)	309
"Verray parlit Nobel Knight" (A)	435

RAVEN-HILL, L.

Good Riddance	183
Great Wall of Australia	147
Object Lesson (An)	128
Spare-room Guest (The)	165
Triple Alliance (A)	201

Articles.

BERNARD, H. D'O.

First Aid to the Hospitable	268
-----------------------------------	-----

BOOTH, J. L. C.

Cosmopolitan Contralto	416
Subtle Sense (The)	395

BRETHERTON, C. H.

Airs of an Exile	188, 200, 454
------------------------	---------------

BURNET, W. HODGSON

Boy—What will he Become?	16
--------------------------------	----

CARMELITE

History of the World	338
----------------------------	-----

CONTRIBUTOR'S GUIDE (The)

Contributor's Guide (The)	141
---------------------------------	-----

FOG FANCIES

Fog Fancies	387
-------------------	-----

FROM THE SCIENTIFIC SCRAP-HEAP

From the Scientific Scrap-Heap	415
--------------------------------------	-----

LATEST CHOICE BLEND (The)

Latest Choice Blend (The)	208
---------------------------------	-----

OUR ELYSIAN LIMERICKS

Our Elysian Limericks	182
-----------------------------	-----

CARNE, W.

English Spoken	204
----------------------	-----

CAMPBELL, A. J.

Winged Words	337
--------------------	-----

CAMPBELL, GERALD

Our Booking-Office	36, 54, 72, 90, 108, 144, 180, 198, 216, 252, 288, 306, 342, 414
--------------------------	--

CARRICK, HARTLEY

Contributory Negligence	149
-------------------------------	-----

NEW CURE (The)

New Cure (The)	248
----------------------	-----

O TEMPORA

O Tempora	189
-----------------	-----

TRAIL OF THE SERPENT (The)

Trail of the Serpent (The)	213
----------------------------------	-----

COMPTON, A. C.

Child's Gardening Alphabet (The)	9
--	---

COURLANDER, A.

Holiday Souvenir Bureau, Ltd.	114
-------------------------------------	-----

CRESWELL, BULKELEY

Simple Life (The)	181
-------------------------	-----

TIGER! TIGER!

Tiger! Tiger!	193
---------------------	-----

DARK, RICHARD

Blue Baby (The)	24
-----------------------	----

DE HAMEL, H. G.

Is Chivalry Declining?	77
------------------------------	----

DRINKWATER, JOHN

More Literary Help	133
--------------------------	-----

ECKERSLEY, A.

Another Hard Case	142
-------------------------	-----

ELIAS, FRANK

Patriotism of Puddlebury	71
--------------------------------	----

"AND WAVED HER SILLY HAND"

"And waved her Silly Hand"	742
----------------------------------	-----

LITERARY ENTERPRISE

Literary Enterprise	35
---------------------------	----

SHIPS THAT (SUR) PASS

Ships that (Sur) pass	206
-----------------------------	-----

SHORT CUT TO JOURNALISTIC SUCCESS

Short Cut to Journalistic Success	241
---	-----

EMANUEL, WALTER

Charivaria	6, 27, 44, 60, 73, 91, 109, 127, 150, 163, 197, 214, 226, 235, 258, 271, 289, 307, 325, 348, 366, 386, 412, 428, 448, 451
------------------	---

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE

Our Booking-Office	144
--------------------------	-----

GARVEY, LNA

Blanche's Letters	6, 105, 114, 176, 240, 301, 402, 456
-------------------------	--------------------------------------

RURAL ENGLAND

Rural England	100
---------------------	-----

GOLDSTEIN, A. S.

Vae Victis	449
------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L. AND LUCAS, E. V.

Animal Helpers	168
----------------------	-----

ARE OUR HEADS GROWING BIGGER?

Are our Heads Growing Bigger?	250
-------------------------------------	-----

B.A. AT WORK (The)

B.A. at Work (The)	340, 348
--------------------------	----------

BETTER WAY (The)

Better Way (The)	359
------------------------	-----

BROWNE STUDY (A)

Browne Study (A)	221
------------------------	-----

BUCKEYED VIEW (The)

Buckeyed View (The)	153
---------------------------	-----

BUSH'S GRIEVANCE

Bush's Grievance	179
------------------------	-----

CHEAP BOOKS

Cheap Books	438
-------------------	-----

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Christmas Books	422
-----------------------	-----

CLOTHES AND CLASSES

Clothes and Classes	89
---------------------------	----

CURTAINED DOGGREL A LA MODE

Curtained Doggerel à la Mode	145
------------------------------------	-----

DEPARTMENT FOR MUSIC LOVERS

Department for Music Lovers	439
-----------------------------------	-----

DICKENS LOVERS (The)

Dickens Lovers (The)	242
----------------------------	-----

DISTINGUISHED CONVERTS

Distinguished Converts	278
------------------------------	-----

"DO YOU KNOW B.P.?"

"Do you know B.P.?"	31
---------------------------	----

EDUCATIONAL UPHOLSTERY

Educational Upholstery	34
------------------------------	----

ETERNAL VERITIES OF CRICKET

Eternal Verities of Cricket	140
-----------------------------------	-----

EXTRACTS FROM A PRODIGY'S DIARY

Extracts from a Prodigy's Diary	212
---------------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L. AND LUCAS, E. V.

False Pirate (The)	70
--------------------------	----

FIGHT AGAINST SOCIALISM

Fight against Socialism	260
-------------------------------	-----

FRESH WORK FOR THE FRONTIERSMEN

Fresh Work for the Frontiersmen	150
---------------------------------------	-----

GREAT GOLF-BALL QUESTION

Great Golf-Ball Question	98
--------------------------------	----

GREAT SEA-DOG ON OUR GREATEST NOVELIST (A)

Great Sea-Dog on our Greatest Novelist (A)	122
--	-----

HANDICAPS OF GENIUS (THE)

Handicaps of Genius (The)	69
---------------------------------	----

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN UPSHIRE

Highways and Byways in Upshire	42, 60, 78, 96
--------------------------------------	----------------

HINTS ON DIET, ETC.

Hints on Diet, etc.	52
---------------------------	----

HOW I INVENTED CRICKETTE

How I Invented Cricket	261
------------------------------	-----

HOW THE ANGLO-ITALIAN WAR BEGAN

How the Anglo-Italian War Began	116
---------------------------------------	-----

HOW TO LIVE TO 200

How to Live to 200	397
--------------------------	-----

ILLUSTRIOUS GOLFERS

Illustrious Golfers	338
---------------------------	-----

IN A NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD

In a New Neighbourhood	5, 24
------------------------------	-------

J. H. S.

J. H. S.	188
----------------	-----

LETTERS TO AUBREY

Letters to Aubrey	366
-------------------------	-----

LITERARY NOTES

Literary Notes	302
----------------------	-----

LOVE AND MR. LE QUEUX

Love and Mr. Le Queux	413
-----------------------------	-----

LYN

Lyn	321
-----------	-----

MINISTERIAL MINSTRELS

Ministerial Minstrels	15
-----------------------------	----

MUSICAL NOTES

Musical Notes	106, 187, 278, 361
---------------------	--------------------

MY CHRISTMAS DINNER

My Christmas Dinner	446
---------------------------	-----

NEW BATTLE OF LIMERICKS

New Battle of Limericks	358
-------------------------------	-----

NEW BURGLARY (THE)

New Burglary (The)	60
--------------------------	----

NEW CULTURE (THE)

New Culture (The)	50
-------------------------	----

NEW NAMES FOR OLD

New Names for Old	451
-------------------------	-----

ON THE LOOSE

On the Loose	205
--------------------	-----

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE

Our Booking-Office	234, 378, 414, 432, 464
--------------------------	-------------------------

PYTHON'S MEALS

Python's Meals	384
----------------------	-----

QUESTION AND ANSWER FROM ABROAD

Question and Answer from Abroad	305
---------------------------------------	-----

REPUTATIONS OF THE SESSION

Reputations of the Session	222
----------------------------------	-----

SARAH'S EXAMPLE

Sarah's Example	131
-----------------------	-----

SHORTER IN EGYPT

Shorter in Egypt	452
------------------------	-----

SMITHFIELD GRATULATORS (THE)

Smithfield Gratulators (The)	332
------------------------------------	-----

"TEDDY" AND THE CROWNED HEADS

"Teddy" and the Crowned Heads	455
-------------------------------------	-----

THINGS SEEN

Articles—continued.

JOYCE, E. C.	LEHMANN, R. C.	MILNE, A. A.	SEAMAN, OWEN
Brigandage from a Business	Plea for the Censor (A).... 350	Diabolo Notes..... 244	Detachment of Prenderby
Point of View..... 125	Solace..... 154	Emptiness of Things (The) 172	(The)..... 2, 38, 74
KEIGWIN, R. P.	Sportsmen I have Known 8, 26, 38, 56, 80, 92, 110, 128	Epigrams with Tears..... 287	Detention..... 92
Correspondence..... 104	Tangle (The)..... 380	Eton Notes..... 222	Envoy Extraordinary (An) 56
Football Fashions for 1907-8 145	Tower (The)..... 218	Final Cricket Notes..... 194	"Fiery Cross" (The)..... 236
Passport (The)..... 46	Whitecross Vale..... 312	Final Test (The)..... 99	Government by the People 380
KENDALL, CAPTAIN		Five..... 284	Kiss and the Curse (The)..... 160
Close Time by the Sea... 203	LODGE, A. A.	Gentlemen of France..... 430	Loreley-on-Thames..... 70
Hogwash!..... 265	Hints to General Readers.. 154	Glorious Game (The)..... 394	Mr. Haldane "talks thro'
On Delia Singing..... 38	LUCY, H. W.	Great Chess Match..... 423	his hat"..... 326
Problem in Gloves (A)..... 132	Essence of Parliament 13, 81, 49, 67, 85, 103, 121, 139, 157, 175, 252	Great Olapham Mystery.. 410	Nation's Songs (The)..... 290
Risus Dramaticus..... 82	Our Booking-Office 18, 36, 54, 126, 198, 270, 288, 306, 324, 342, 360, 378, 396, 432, 450, 464	Henry's Idea..... 419	Our Booking-Office 144, 162, 198, 324, 360, 414, 432, 450, 464
To the First Catch..... 2		How to Play the Pianola. 296	Plays Censored and Un-
Truth (The)..... 463		Last Line (The)..... 79	censored..... 398
Weather Intelligence..... 55		Little Game of Croquet (A) 62	Real Mimi (A)..... 287
KELLETT, E. E.		Lord of Convention (A)..... 16	Retort Contumelious (The) 434
Scribendi Cacoethes..... 98	MACKENZIE, A. G.	M.O.C. Team (The)..... 132	Session Ends: Summer
KNOX, E. G. V.	Needles and Nerves..... 311	Mr. Punch's Last Lines.. 211	begins..... 164
Berried Thorn (The)..... 442	MANN, MISS K.	Musical Comedy (A)..... 330	Slim Life (The)..... 254
First Prize..... 359	New Act (The)..... 63	Our Booking-Office 18, 90, 126, 162, 180, 252, 270, 306, 342, 378, 396, 432	"Thief" (The)..... 362
Hymn to a Hack..... 357	MARTIN, N. R.	"Sins of Society" (The) 199	"Thou hast thy music too" 268
Joke (The)..... 190	Football Prospects..... 178	MITCHELL, E. W.	To a Friend, about to
Narrowing Years (The)..... 421	Football Strike of 1908... 355	Secrets of Long Driving... 19	Marry Beer..... 128
Ode to a Misanthrope..... 118	Pageant Problems..... 43	PALKE, R.	To an Amalgamated Porter
Our Booking-Office 36, 54, 72, 90, 126, 162, 180, 216, 270, 288, 324, 342, 366, 414, 464	Revolution of 1908 (The) 96	Madame la Patronne..... 186	To a Toast-Master..... 416
Perpetual "Tumbler" (The) 206	Shortness of Money (The) 374	POPE, JESSIE	To Prince Borghese..... 110
Pole Spa (The)..... 153	Wisdom while you Eat..... 314	Cherries are In..... 80	To Venus, shot in her
Route of the English Rose 261	MENZIES, G. K.	Last Wasp (The)..... 365	Tracks..... 20
Seamy Side of Arcady (The) 152	Benevolent Might..... 10	Limerick Correspondence.. 277	SENIOR, W.
Time The Consoler..... 215	Divorçons..... 28	Military Manœuvres..... 42	Æsop on Tour..... 160
Well-washed Isle (A)..... 1	Holiday Engagements..... 283	Percy's People..... 322	Coast-up Jetsam..... 275
Your Daily Health..... 343	Hypnotic Eye (The)..... 133	Soldier's Tub (The)..... 409	STAGG, J. R.
LANGLEY, F. O.	In praise of Fog..... 431	Soul of a Snail (The)..... 369	Burglary in two Versions. 217
Cynosure (The)..... 356	Les Malades Imaginaires. 388	When Cissie Swims..... 117	How to lose at Golf..... 250
Dirge..... 369	M.P.'s Husband (The)..... 242	QUIRK, J. D.	Victoria Plum (A)..... 284
Enthusiasm of Phyllis..... 135	Needles and Nerves..... 224	Multum in Parvo..... 311	STREET, G. S.
Impostor (The)..... 314	New Aids to Beauty..... 280	RANDELL, WILFRID L.	Boo!..... 240
In Cupid's Corner..... 78	Parental Pedagogy..... 370	Our Living Serial..... 230	Court and Empire..... 268
Late Janet (The)..... 230	Poet at Home (The)..... 59	RAVEN-HILL, L.	SYKES, A. A.
Motor and the Man (The) 459	Prince Charming..... 338	Our Booking-Office..... 18	Bump of Locomotion (The) 397
Pedant (A)..... 225	Recording Angel (The)..... 88	RITTENBERG, MAX	Forecast (A)..... 379
LEHMANN, R. C.	Retrenchment..... 295	News from Socialist Circles 337	Hope for the Hairless.... 316
Bang!..... 374	Wanted—Protection..... 420	ROPES, A. R.	"Not at Home"..... 262
Bowl (The)..... 276	MIALI, DERWENT	Hebrew Melodies..... 74	Our Booking-Office..... 108
Elf-King's Christmas Tree. 458	Bond Street Mystery (A) 343	ROWAN, HILL	Phantoms to Let..... 427
Glove (The)..... 206	Fed Up..... 257	La Haute Finesse..... 290	Warning to Fleet Street.. 304
Greeting (A)..... 441	James Smith's Present... 376	Overseas Editions..... 200	THOMPSON, V. S.
Hornpipe (The)..... 424	MILNE, A. A.	"Smart" Set (The)..... 402	Marine Insurance Notes.. 142
League (The)..... 164	Advertising as a Fine Art. 253	SEAMAN, OWEN	WATT, HANSARD
Lease (The)..... 236	Attila, My Attila..... 166	Aida in Egypt..... 304	Laundry (The)..... 207
Leaves (The)..... 326	Awkward Case (An)..... 124	America in London..... 34	Our Office Boy..... 189
Life and Joy..... 298	Bachelor Days..... 16	As Everybody Likes It... 286	To a German Band..... 72
Magistrate's Tripos (The) 182	Bruce..... 161	Caruso among the Poets.. 88	WEBB, F. G.
May and December..... 406	Cleggslator (The)..... 308		Waits that will not wait.. 401
Our Booking-Office.. 234, 270, 342, 396	Commentators (The)..... 440		WODEHOUSE, P. G.
	Diabolist (The)..... 232, 266		London Street Noises.... 53

Pictures and Sketches.

ARMOUR, G. DENHOLM ... 7, 33, 51, 59, 77, 105, 117, 141, 153, 167, 190, 203, 229, 247, 265, 283, 301, 311, 337, 355, 365, 387, 409, 427, 445, 459	MORROW, GEORGE .. 18, 26, 42, 55, 60, 78, 96, 108, 126, 127, 162, 163, 168, 196, 197, 199, 217, 222, 280, 289, 320, 358, 368, 384, 404, 422, 443, 464	OWEN, WILL..... 205, 235
BATEMAN, A. M..... 198		PARTRIDGE, BERNARD..... 466
BAUMER, LEWIS... 5, 63, 81, 145, 185, 208, 225, 239, 259, 297, 315, 325		PATTERSON, MALCOLM..... 395
BOOTE, J. L. C. ... 8, 35, 71, 73, 106, 109, 131, 142, 171, 181, 211, 216, 243, 270, 272, 296, 319, 391, 397, 415, 430, 438		PAYNE, G. M..... 452
BOYD, A. S..... 161, 250, 271, 376, 423		PEACE, VERNON..... 232, 288
BROOK, H. M..... 87, 179, 233, 287		PEGAM, FRED..... 43
BULL, RENÉ..... 379, 433		RAVEN-HILL, L. ... 10, 28, 46, 64, 82, 100, 118, 226, 244, 262, 280, 298, 316, 334, 352, 370, 388, 406, 424, 412, 460
BURGESS, PHILIP L..... 124		REED, E. T. ... 13, 14, 31, 32, 49, 50, 67, 68, 85, 86, 103, 101, 121, 122, 139, 140, 157, 158, 175, 176, 195, 213, 231, 249, 267, 285, 303, 321, 339, 375, 393, 411, 429, 447, 457
CLEAVER, REGINALD..... 383		REYNOLDS, FRANK..... 149, 180, 251, 367, 413
CROMBIE, CHARLES..... 329, 373, 439		ROUNTREE, HARRY..... 343, 419
HARRISON, CHARLES..... 36, 252		SAMBOURNE, E. LINDLEY..... 1
HASELDEN, W. K. ... 16, 34, 70, 88, 160, 186, 268, 286, 304, 362, 398		SARGISON, R..... 144, 253
HODGSON, RALPH..... 321		SHEPPERSON, C..... 45, 97, 133, 154, 277, 293, 332, 349
HOGG, ARTHUR..... 322		TENNANT, DUDLEY..... 223
HOLLIDAY, F..... 52		THACKERAY, LANCE..... 135
KING, GUNNING ... 23, 53, 69, 123, 159, 177, 189, 207, 269, 279, 323, 341, 351, 377, 403, 431		THOMAS, BERT..... 451
LEWIN, F. G..... 350		TOWNSEND, F. H. ... 15, 25, 41, 61, 79, 95, 113, 136, 151, 172, 187, 214, 215, 221, 241, 257, 275, 295, 313, 333, 347, 369, 385, 401, 421, 437, 455
LUNT, WILMOT... 17, 19, 89, 107, 125, 178, 261, 340		WEBB, ERNEST..... 378
MACKEWAN, ARTHUR..... 54		WEIRD, R. JASPER..... 143
MACPHERSON, D..... 99, 115, 359, 463		WHITELAW, G..... 412
MACWILSON, J..... 72, 90, 307, 394		WILLIAMS, F. A..... 306
MAYBANK, T..... 331, 456		WOOD, LAWSON..... 357, 449
MILLS, A. WALLIS... 9, 27, 37, 91, 169, 193, 305, 361, 405, 441		

